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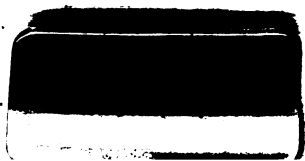
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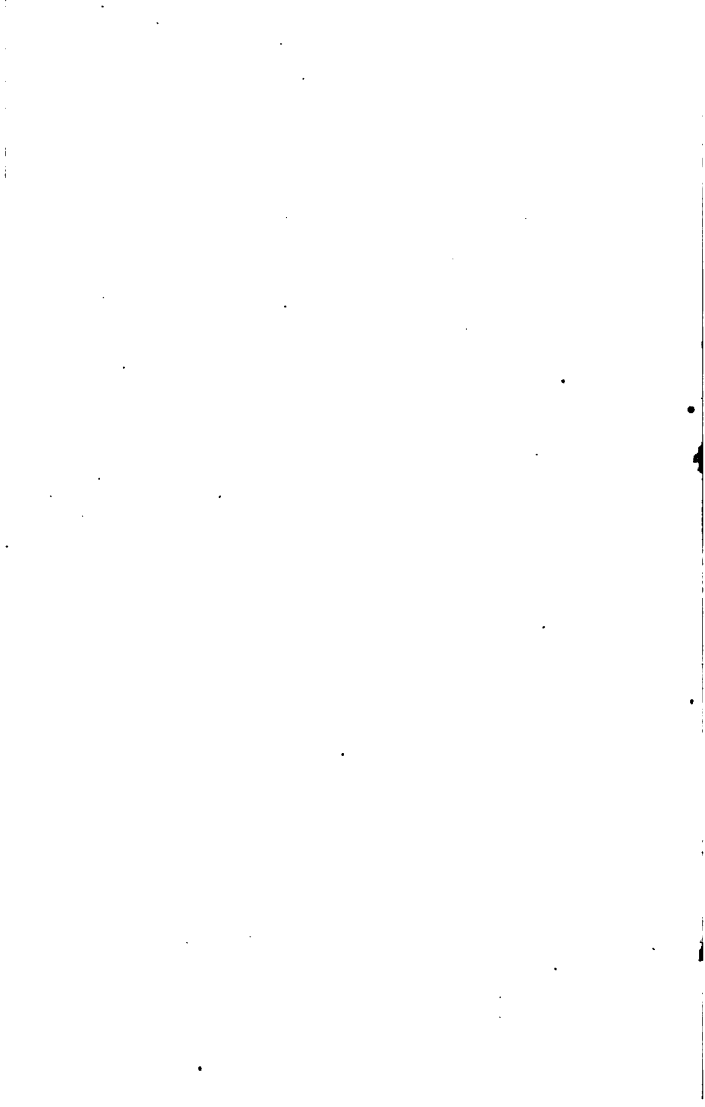


A. B. McGee.

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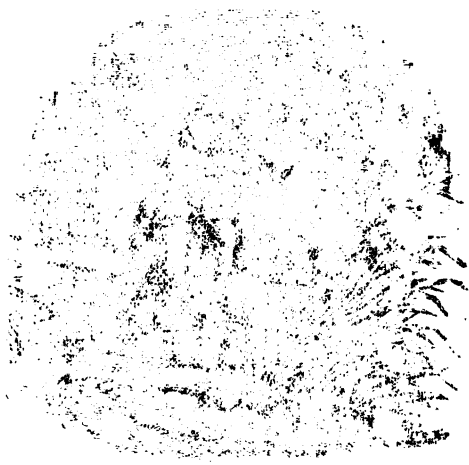








THE LIFE
OF
BARON TRERKA.



See Page 2.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM A. LEARY,
No. 135 North Second St.
1849.



THE LIFE
OF
BARON TRENCX.



See Page 57.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM A. LEARY,
No. 158 North Second St.
1849.



THE LIFE
OF
BARON FREDERIC TRENCK:
CONTAINING HIS
ADVENTURES,
AND
CRUEL AND EXCESSIVE SUFFERINGS
DURING AN
IMPRISONMENT OF TEN YEARS,
IN THE
FORTRESS OF MAGDEBURG.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM A. LEARY,
158 NORTH SECOND STREET.
1848.

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THE LIFE OF BARON TRENCK.

I WAS born at Königsberg, in Prussia, February 16, 1726, of one of the most ancient families of the country. My father, who was a knight of the military order, lord of Great Scharlack, Schakulack, and Meicken, and major-general of cavalry, died in 1740, after having received eighteen wounds in the Prussian service. My mother, descended from the house of Derschau, was daughter of the president of the high court at Königsberg; she had two brothers, generals of infantry, and a third minister of state, and post-master general at Berlin. After my father's death in 1740, she married Count Lostange, lieutenant-colonel in the Kiow regiment of cuirassiers, with whom, leaving Prussia, she went and resided at Breslaw. I had two brothers and a sister: my youngest brother was taken by my mother into Silesia; the other was a cornet in the last-named regiment of Kiow; and my sister was married to the only son of the aged General Valdow, who quitted the service, and with whom she lived in Brandenburg, on his estates.

My ancestors, both of the male and female line, are famous in the chronicles of the north, among the ancient Teutonic knights, who conquered Courland, Prussia, and Livonia.

I seek not, by this recital, to gain estimation, much

less to vaunt of the accident of a noble birth, which, when unsupported by a noble mind, I hold in sovereign contempt.

My reason for insisting on this circumstance is, that it has been contested and denied by some, who deem high birth to be the only test and standard of merit.

I write not, however, to a circle so narrow or ill-judging, but to the liberal and the wise—to the world at large, hoping my story may afford useful lessons of morality, inspiring patience, hope, and fortitude, Enough therefore of, and for ever adieu to, my noble ancestry: what I have said is sufficient to rescue my children from all pretended obloquy, to show they are not vassals born, and, as I trust, to inspire them with emulation, remembering the examples left by their forefathers, and that their name is Trenck.

By temperament I was choleric, and addicted to pleasure and dissipation: my tutors found this last defect most difficult to overcome; happily, they were aided by a love of knowledge inherent in me, an emulative spirit, and a thirst of fame, which disposition it was my father's care to cherish.

A too great consciousness of innate worth gave me a too great degree of pride; but the endeavours of my instructor to inspire humility were not all lost; and habitual reading, well-timed praise, and the pleasures flowing from science, made the labours of study at length my recreation.

My memory became remarkable; I was well read in the holy scriptures, the classics, and ancient history; was intimately acquainted with geography; could draw accurately, and learned fencing, riding, and other necessary exercises.

My religion was Lutheran; but morality, and not

superstitious bigotry, or childish fears, was taught me by my father, and by the worthy man to whose care he committed the forming of my heart, whose memory I shall ever hold in veneration. While a boy, I was enterprising in all the tricks of boys, and exercised my wit in crafty excuses; the warmth of my passions, then and afterward, gave a satiric, biting cast to my writings, whence it has been imagined, by those who knew but little of me, I was a dangerous man; though I was conscious, this was a hasty and false judgment.

A soldier himself, my father would have all his sons the same: thus when we quarrelled, we were not admitted to terminate our disputes in the common way, but were provided with wooden sabres, sheathed with leather, and brandishing these, contested blows for victory, while our father sat laughing, pleased at our valour and address. This practice, and the praises he bestowed, had the bad effect of encouraging a disposition which, with passions like mine, ought carefully to have been counteracted.

Covetous of praise, and accustomed to obtain the prize, and be the hero of scholastic contentions, I acquired also the bad habit of disputation, and of imagining myself a sage when little more than a boy. I became stubborn in argument; hasty to correct others, instead of patiently attentive; and, by my presumption, continually liable to incite enmity.

Gentle to my inferiors, but impatient of contradiction, and proud of resisting power, I may hence date the origin of all my evils. The abhorrence which I had of despotism, and its abuses, for the silent acquiescence in which my education and book-taught principles but ill fitted me, was an additional cause.

How might a man, however great his talents, im-

bued with the heroic principles of liberty, hope advancement and happiness under the despotic and iron government of Frederic ? I was taught neither to know nor avoid, but to despise, the whip of slavery. Had I learnt hypocrisy, craft, and meanness, I had long since become field-marshal, had been in quiet possession of my vast Hungarian estates, and had not passed the best years of my life in the dungeons of Magdeburg. I was addicted to no vice ; I laboured in the cause of science, honour, and virtue ; kept no vicious company ; was never, during the whole course of my life, once intoxicated ; was no gamester, no consumer of time in idleness nor brutal pleasures ; but devoted many hundred laborious nights to studies that might make me useful to my country ; yet was I punished with a severity too cruel even for the most worthless or most villanous.

I mean, in my narrative, to make candour and veracity my guides, and never to conceal or screen my failings : I wish my work may remain an instructive and moral lesson to the world. Yet is it an innate and inexpressible satisfaction, that I am conscious of never having acted with guilt or dishonour, even to the last act of this distressful tragedy.

I shall say little more of the first years of my life, except that my father, who had a tender affection for me, took especial care of my education, and sent me, at the age of thirteen, to the university of Königsberg, where, under the tuition of Kowalewsky, my progress was rapid. There were fourteen other nobleman, of the best families, in the same house, and under the same master.

The year following, that is to say in 1740, I had a quarrel with one young Wallenrodt, a fellow-student, much stronger and taller than myself, and who, de-

spising my weakness, thought proper to give me a blow. I demanded satisfaction—he came not to the appointed place, but treated my demand with contempt; and I, forgetting all further respect, procured a second, and attacked him in open day. We fought, and I had the fortune to wound him twice; the first time in the arm, the second in the hand.

This affair incited inquiry :—Doctor K walewsky, our tutor, laid complaints before the univeristy, and I was condemned to three hours confinement; but my grandfather and guardian, President Derschau, with whom I was a great favourite, was so pleased with my courage, that he instantly took me from this house, and placed me under Professor Christiani.

Here I first began to enjoy full and entire liberty; and from this worthy man I learnt all I know of experimental philosophy and science. He loved me as his own son, and sometimes continued instructing me till midnight. Under his auspices, 1742, I maintained, with great success, two public theses, although I was then but sixteen—an effort and an honour till then unknown.

Three days after my last public exordium, a contemptible fellow, and professional bully, sought a quarrel with me, and, as I may say, obliged me to draw in my own defence, whom, on this occasion, I wounded in the groin.

This continued success highly inflated my valour, and from that time I began to wear a sword of enormous length, and to assume the accoutrements and appearance of an Hector.

Such was the effect of prejudices inspired in youth, and which would inevitably have made me a quarrelsome, dangerous man, had not the rectitude of my

heart, and the extreme miseries of which I became the victim, soon reconducted me to the path of virtue.

Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed, after this last affair, before I had another with a lieutenant of the garrison, one of my friends, whom I had insulted, who received two wounds in the contest.

I ought to remark that, at this time, the university of Königsberg was still highly privileged. To send a challenge was held honourable; and this was not only permitted, but would have been difficult to prevent, considering the great number of proud, hot-headed, turbulent young nobility from Livonia, Courland, Sweden, Denmark, and Poland, who came there to study, and of whom there were more than five hundred. This brought the university into disrepute, and endeavours have been made to remedy the abuse. Men have acquired a greater extent of true knowledge, and have begun to perceive that a university ought to be a place of instruction, and not a field of battle; and that blood cannot be honourably shed, except in defence of life and country.

In November 1742, the king sent his adjutant general, Baron Lottom, who was related to my mother, to Königsberg, with whom I dined at my grandfather's. He conversed much with me; and after putting various questions, purposely to discover what my talents and inclinations were, he demanded, as if in joke, whether I had any inclination to go with him to Berlin, and serve my country, as my ancestors had ever done: adding, that in the army, I should find much better opportunities of sending challenges than at the university.—Inflamed with the desire of distinguishing myself, I listened with rapture to the proposition, and in a few days we departed for Potsdam.

On the morrow after my arrival, I was presented to the king, as indeed I had before been in the year 1740, with the character of being then one of the most hopeful youths of the university. My reception was most flattering; the justness of my replies to the questions he asked, my height, figure, and confidence, pleased him; and I soon obtained permission to enter as a cadet in his body-guards, with a promise of quick perferment.

The body-guards formed, at this time, a model and school for the Prussian cavalry: They consisted of one single squadron of men, selected from the whole army, and their uniform was the most splendid in Europe. Two thousand rixdollars were necessary to equip an officer: the cuirass was wholly plated with silver; and the horse furniture and accoutrements alone cost four hundred rixdollars.

This squadron only contained six officers, and a hundred and forty-four men; but there were always fifty or sixty supernumeraries, and as many horses; for the king incorporated all the most handsome men he found in these guards. The officers were the best taught of any the army contained; the king himself was their tutor, and he afterwards sent them to instruct the cavalry in manœuvres they had learnt. Their rise was rapid, if they behaved well; but they were broken for the least fault, and punished by being sent to a garrison regiment. It was likewise necessary they should be tolerably rich, as well as possess such talents as might be successfully employed, both at court and in the army.

There are no soldiers in the world who undergo so much as this body-guard; and during the time I was in the service of Frederic, I often had not eight hours sleep in eight days. Exercise began at four in

the morning, and experiments were made of all the alterations the king meant to introduce in his cavalry. Ditches of three, four, five, six feet, and still wider, were leaped, till some one broke his neck; hedges, in like manner, were freed; and the horse ran career, meeting each other full speed, in a kind of lists of more than half a league in length. We had often in these our exercises, several men and horses killed or wounded.

It happened, more frequently than otherwise, that the same experiments were repeated after dinner with fresh horses; and it was not uncommon, at Potsdam, to hear the alarm sounded twice in a night. The horses stood in the king's stables; and whoever had not dressed, armed himself, saddled his horse, mounted, and appeared before the palace in eight minutes, was under arrest for fourteen days.

Scarcely were the eyes closed before the trumpet again sounded, to accustom youth to vigilance. I lost, in one year, three horses, which had either broken their legs in leaping ditches, or died of fatigue.

I cannot give a stronger picture of this service, than by saying that the body-guard lost more men and horses in one year's peace, than they did during the following year in two battles.

We had at this time three stations: our service in the winter was at Berlin, where we attended the opera, and all public festivals; in the spring we were exercised at Charlottenburg; and at Potsdam, or wherever the king went, during the summer. The six officers of the guard dined with the king, and on gala days with the queen. It may be presumed there was not at that time on earth, a better school to form an officer and a man of the world than was the court of Berlin.

I had scarcely been six weeks a cadet before the king took me aside one day after the parade, and having examined me near half an hour on various subjects, commanded me to come and speak to him on the morrow.

His attention was to find whether the accounts that had been given him of my memory had not been exaggerated; and that he might be convinced, he first gave me the names of fifty soldiers to learn by rote, which I did in five minutes. He next repeated the subjects of two letters, which I immediately composed in French and Latin; the one I wrote, the other I dictated.

He afterwards ordered me to trace, with promptitude, a landscape, from nature, which I executed with equal success; and he then gave me a cornet's commission in his body-guards.

Each mark of bounty from the monarch increased an ardour already great, inspired me with gratitude, and the first of my wishes was to devote my whole life to the service of my king and country. He spoke to me as a sovereign should speak, like a father, like one who knew well how to estimate the gifts bestowed on me by nature; and perceiving, or rather feeling, how much he might expect from me, became at once my instructor and my friend.

Thus did I remain a cadet only six weeks; and few Prussians can vaunt, under the reign of Frederic, of equal good fortune.

The king not only presented me with a commission, but equipped me splendidly for the service. Thus did I suddenly find myself a courtier, and an officer in the finest, bravest, and best-disciplined corps in Europe. My good fortune seemed unlimited, when, in the month of August 1742, the king se-

lected me to go and instruct the Silesian cavalry in the new manœuvres, an honour never before granted to a youth of eighteen.

I have already said we were garrisoned at Berlin during winter, where the officers' table was at court; and, as my reputation had preceded me, no person whatever could be better received there, or live more pleasantly.

Frederic commanded me to visit the literati whom he had invited to his court: Maupertius, Jordon, La Metrie, and Pollnitz, were all my acquaintance. My days were employed in the duties of an officer, and my nights in acquiring knowledge. Pollnitz was my guide, and the friend of my heart. My happiness was well worthy being envied. In 1743, I was five feet eleven inches in height; and nature had endowed me with every requisite to please. I lived, as I vainly imagined, without exciting enmity or malice, and my mind was wholly occupied by the desire of earning well-founded fame.

I had hitherto remained ignorant of love, and had been terrified from illicit commerce by beholding the dreadful objects of the hospital at Potsdam. During the winter of 1743 the nuptials of his majesty's sister was celebrated, who was married to the king of Sweden, where she is at present queen-dowager, mother of the reigning Gustavus. I, as officer of my corps, had the honour to mount guard, and escort her as far as Stettin. Here first did my heart feel a passion, of which, in the course of my history, I shall have frequent occasion to speak. The object of my love was one whom I can only remember at present with reverence; and, as I write not romance but facts, I shall here briefly say, ours were mutually the first fruits of affection, and that to this hour I regret no

misfortune, no misery, with which, from a stock so noble, my destiny was overshadowed. Amid the tumult inseparable to occasions like these, on which it was my duty to maintain order, a thief had the address to steal my watch, and cut away a part of the gold fringe which hung from the waistcoat of my uniform, and afterwards to escape unperceived. This accident brought on me the raillery of my comrades, and the lady alluded to, thence took occasion to console me by saying, "it should be her care that I should be no loser." Her words were accompanied by a look I could not misunderstand; and a few days after, I thought myself the happiest of mortals. The name, however, of this high-born lady is a secret, which must descend with me to the grave; and though my silence concerning this incident leaves a void in my life, and indeed throws obscurity over a part of it which might else be clear, I would much rather incur this reproach, than become ungrateful toward my best friend and benefactress. To her conversation, to her prudence, to the power by which she fixed my affections wholly on herself, am I indebted for the improvement and polishing of my bodily and mental qualities. She never despised, betrayed, or abandoned me, even in the deepest of my distress; and my children alone, on my death-bed, shall be taught the name of her to whom they owe the preservation of their father, and consequently their own existence.

I lived at this time perfectly happy at Berlin, and highly esteemed. The king took every opportunity to testify his approbation; my mistress supplied me with more money than I could expend; and I was presently the best equipped and made the greatest figure of any officer in the whole corps. The style

in which I lived was remarked; for I had only received from my father's heritage the estate of Great Scharlach, the rent of which was eight hundred dollars a-year, which was far from sufficient to supply my then expenses. My amour, in the mean time, remained a secret from my best and most intimate friends. Twice was my absence from Potsdam and Charlottenburg discovered; and I was put under arrest; but the king seemed satisfied with the excuses I made, under pretext of having been hunting, and smiled as he granted my pardon.

Never did the days of youth glide away with more apparent success and pleasure than during these my first years at Berlin. This good fortune was, alas! also of short duration. Many are the incidents I might relate, but which I shall omit. My other adventures are sufficiently numerous, without mingling such as may any way seem foreign to the subject. In this gloomy history of my life, I wish to paint myself such as I am; and, by the recital of my sufferings, afford a memorable example to the world, and interest the heart of sensibility. I would also show how my fatal destiny has deprived my children of an immense fortune; and though I want a hundred thousand men to enforce and insure my rights, I will leave demonstration to my heirs that they are incontestible.

In the beginning of September 1744, war again broke out between the house of Austria and Prussia. We marched with all speed toward Prague, traversing Saxony without opposition. I will not relate, in this place, what the great Frederic said to me, with evident emotion, when surrounded by all his officers, on the morning of our departure from Potsdam.

Should any one be desirous of writing the lives

of him and his opponent, Maria Theresa, without flattery and without fear, let him apply to me, and I will relate anecdotes most surprising on this subject, unknown to all but myself, and which never must appear under my own name.

All monarchs going to war have reason on their side; and the churches of both parties resound with prayers and appeals to Divine Justice, for the success of their arms. Frederic, on this occasion, had recourses to them with regret, of which I was a witness.

If I am not mistaken, the king's army came before Prague on the fourteenth of September; and that of General Schwerin, which had passed through Silesia, arrived the next day on the other side of the Moldan. In this position we were obliged to wait some days for pontoons, without which we could not establish a communication between the two armies.

The height called Zischka, which overlooks the city, being guarded only by a few Croats, was instantly seized, without opposition, by some grenadiers; and the batteries erected at the foot of that mountain, being ready on the fifth day, played with such success on the old town, with bombs and red-hot balls, that it was set on fire. The king made every effort to take the city, before Prince Charles could bring his army from the Rhine to its relief.

General Haasch thought proper to capitulate, after a siege of twelve days, during which not more than five hundred men of the garrison, at the utmost, were killed and wounded, though eighteen thousand men were made prisoners.

Thus far we had met with no impediment. The Imperial army, however, under the command of Prince Charles of Lorraine, having quitted the banks of the Rhine, was advancing to save Bohemia.

During this campaign we saw the enemy only at a distance ; but the Austrian light troops being thrice as numerous as ours, prevented us from all foraging. Winter was approaching ; death and hunger made Frederic determine to retreat, without the least hope from the countries in our rear, which we had entirely laid waste as we had advanced. The severity of the season, in the month of November, rendered the soldiers excessively impatient of their hardships ; and, accustomed to conquer, the Prussians were ashamed of, and repined at retreat : the enemy's light troops facilitated desertion, and we lost, in a few weeks, above thirty thousand men. The pandours of my kinsman, the Austrian Trenck, were incessantly at our heels, gave us frequent alarms, did us great injury, and, by their alertness, we never could make any impression upon them with our cannon. Trenck at length passed the Elbe, and went and burnt and destroyed our magazines at Pardubitz ; it was therefore resolved wholly to evacuate Bohemia.

The king hoped to have brought Prince Charles to a battle, between Benneschau and Kannupitz, but in vain : the Saxons, during the night, had erected a battery of three-and-twenty cannon, on a mound which separated two ponds ; this was the precise road by which the king meant to make the attack.

Thus were we obliged to abandon Bohemia. The dearth, both for man and horse, began to grow extreme. The weather was bad ; the roads and ruts were deep ; marches were continual, and alarms and attacks from the enemy's light troops became incessant. The discontent all these inspired was universal, and this occasioned the great loss of the army.

Under such circumstances, had Prince Charles continued to harass us, by pursuing us into Silesia,

had he made a winter campaign, instead of remaining indolently at ease in Bohemia, we certainly should not have vanquished him, the year following, at Strigau; but he only followed at a distance, as far as the Bohemian frontiers. This gave Frederic time to recover, and the more effectually, because the Austrians had the imprudence to permit the return of deserters.

This was a repetition of what had happened to Charles XII, when he suffered his Russian prisoners to return home, who afterward so effectually punished his contempt of them at the battle of Pultowa.

Prague was obliged to be abandoned, with considerable loss; and Trenck seized on Tabor, Budweis, and Frauenberg, where he took prisoners the regiments of Walrabe and Kreutz.

No one would have been better able to give a faithful history of this campaign than myself, had I room in this place, and had I at that time been more attentive to things of moment; since I not only performed the office of adjutant to the king, when he went to reconnoitre, or choose a place of encampment, but it was, moreover, my duty to provide forage for the head-quarters. The king having only permitted me to take six volunteers from the body-guards to execute this latter duty, I was obliged to add to them horse chasseurs and hussars, with whom I was continually in motion. I was peculiarly fortunate on two occasions, by happening to come after the enemy, when they had left loaded waggons and forage bundles.

I seldom passed the night in my tent during this campaign: and my indefatigable activity obtained the favour and entire confidence of Frederic. Nothing so much contributed to inspire me with emulation

as the public praises I received, and my enthusiasm wished to perform wonders. The campaign, however, but ill supplied me with opportunities to display my youthful ardour.

At length no one durst leave the camp, notwithstanding the extremity of the dearth, because of the innumerable clouds of pandours and hussars, that hovered everywhere around.

No sooner were we arrived in Silesia than the king's body-guard was sent to Berlin, there to remain in winter quarters.

I should not here have mentioned the Bohemian war, but that, while writing the history of my life, I ought not to omit accidents by which my future destiny was influenced.

One day while at Bennaschen, I was commanded out with a detachment of thirty hussars and twenty chasseurs on a foraging party. I had posted my hussars in a convent, and gone myself with the chasseurs, to a mansion-house, to seize the carts necessary for the conveyance of the hay and straw from a neighbouring farm. An Austrian lieutenant of hussars, concealed with thirty-six horsemen in a wood, having remarked the weakness of my escort, taking advantage of the moment when my people were all employed in loading the carts first seized our sentinel, and then fell suddenly upon them, and took them all prisoners in the very farmyard. At this moment I was seated at my ease, beside the lady of the mansion-house, and was a spectator of the whole transaction through the window.

I was ashamed of, and in despair at my negligence. The kind lady wished to hide me when the firing was heard in the farmyard. By good fortune the hussars, whom I had stationed in the convent, had

learnt from a peasant that there was an Austrian detachment in the wood; they had seen us at a distance enter the farmyard, hastily marched to our aid, and we had not been taken more than two minutes before they arrived. I cannot express the pleasure with which I put myself at their head. Some of the enemy's party escaped through a backdoor, but we made two-and-twenty prisoners, with a lieutenant of the regiment of Kalnockichen: they had two men killed, and one wounded; and two men also of my chasseurs were hewed down, by the sabre, in the hay loft, where they were at work.

We continued our forage with more caution after this accident: the horses we had taken served, in part, to draw the carts; and, after raising a contribution of one hundred and fifty ducats on the convent, which I distributed among the soldiers to engage them to silence, we returned to the army, from which we were distant about two leagues.

We heard firing as we marched; and the foragers on all sides were skirmishing with the enemy. A lieutenant and forty horse joined me; yet, with this reinforcement, I durst not return to the camp, because I learnt we were in danger from more than eight hundred pandours and hussars, who were in the plain. I therefore determined to take a long, winding, but secret route; and had the good fortune to come safe to quarters, with my prisoners, and five-and-twenty loaded carts. The king was at dinner when I entered his tent. Having been absent all night, it was imagined I had been taken, that accident having happened the same day, to many others.

The instant I entered, the king demanded if I returned singly? "No, please your majesty," answered I; "I have brought five-and-twenty loads of forage,

and two-and-twenty prisoners, with their officers and horses."

The king then commanded me to sit down, and turning himself toward the English ambassabor, who was near him, said, laying his hand on my shoulder, "*C'est un matador de ma jeunesse.*" [He is one of my young Hectors.]

A reconnoitring party was, at the same moment, in waiting before his tent; he consequently asked me few questions, and to those he did ask I replied tremblingly. In a few minutes he rose from table, gave a glance at the prisoners, hung the order of merit round my neck, commanded me to go and take repose, and set off with his party.

It is easy to conceive the embarrassment of my situation; my unpardonable negligence deserved that I should have been broken, instead of which I was rewarded; an instance, this, of the great influence of chance on the affairs of the world. How many generals have gained victories by their very errors, which have been afterwards attributed to their genius! It is evident the serjeant of hussars, who retook me and my men, by bringing up his party, was much better entitled than myself to the recompense I received. On how many occasions have I since met with disgrace and punishment, when I deserved reward! My inquietude lest the truth should be discovered was extreme, especially recollecting how many people were in the secret; and my apprehensions were incessant.

As I did not want money, I gave the serjeants twenty ducats each, and the soldiers one, in order to insure their silence, which, being a favourite with them, they readily promised. I however was deter-

mined to declare the truth the very first opportunity, and this happened a few days after.

We were on our march, and I, as cornet, was at the head of my company, when the king, advancing, beckoned me to come to him, and bade me tell him exactly how the affair I had so lately been engaged in happened?

The question at first made me mistrust I was betrayed; but, remarking the king had a mildness in his manners, I presently recovered myself, and related the exact truth. I saw the astonishment of his countenance, but at the same time saw he was pleased with my sincerity. He spoke to me for half an hour, not as a king, but as a father, praised my candour, and ended with the following words, which, while life remains, I shall never forget—"Confide in the advice I give you; depend wholly upon me, and I will make you a man." Whoever can feel may imagine how infinitely my gratitude toward the king was increased by this his great goodness; from that moment I had no other desire than to live and die for his service.

I soon perceived the confidence the king had in me after this explanation, of which I received very frequent marks, the following winter, at Berlin. He permitted me to be present at his conversations with the literati of his court, and my state was truly enviable.

I received, this same winter, more than five hundred ducats as presents. So much happiness could not but excite jealousy, and this began to be manifest on every side. I had too little disguise for a courtier, and my heart was much too open and frank.

Before I proceed, I will here relate an incident which happened during the last campaign, and which will, no doubt, be read in the history of Frederic.

On the route, while retreating through Bohemia, the king came to Kollin, with his horse-guards, the cavalry piquets of the head-quarters, and the second and third battalions of guards. We had only four field-pieces, and our squadron was stationed in one of the suburbs. Our advanced posts, towards evening, were driven back into the town, and the hussars entered pell-mell: the enemy's light troops swarmed over the country, and my commanding officer sent me immediately to receive the king's orders. After much search, I found him at the top of a steeple, with a telescope in his hand. Never did I see him so disturbed, or undecided, as on this occasion. Orders were immediately given that we should retreat through the city into the opposite suburb, where we were to halt, but not unsaddle.

We had not been here long before a most heavy rain fell, and the night became exceedingly dark. My cousin Trenck made his approach about nine in the evening, with his pandour and janissary music, and set fire to several houses. They found we were in the suburb, and began to fire upon us from the city windows. The tumult became extreme; the city was too full for us to re-enter; the gate was shut, and they fired from above at us with our field-pieces. Trenck had let in the waters upon us, and we were up to the girths by midnight, and almost in despair. We lost seven men, and my horse was wounded in the neck.

The king and all of us had certainly been made prisoners, had my cousin, as he has since told me, been able to continue the assault he had begun; but, a cannon-ball having wounded him in the foot, he was carried off, and the pandours retired. The corps of Nassau arrived next day to our aid; we quitted

Kollin, and, during the march, the king said to me—"Your cousin had nearly played us a malicious prank last night; but the deserters say he is killed." He then asked me what our relationship was, and there our conversation ended.

It was about the middle of December when we came to Berlin, where I was received with open arms. I became less cautious than formerly, and perhaps was more narrowly observed. A lieutenant of the foot-guards, who was a public Ganymede, and against whom I had that natural antipathy and abhorrence I have for all such wretches, having indulged himself in some very impertinent jokes on the secret of my amour, I bestowed on him the epithet he deserved. We drew our swords, and he was wounded. On the Sunday following, I presented myself to pay my respects to his majesty on the parade, who said to me, as he passed—"The storm and the thunder shall rend your heart; beware." He added nothing more.

Some little time after, I was a few minutes too late on the parade; the king remarked it, and sent me under arrest, to the foot-guard at Potsdam. When I had been here a fortnight, Colonel Wartensleben came, and advised me to petition for pardon. I was then too much a novice in the modes of the court to follow his counsel, nor did I even remark the person who gave it me was himself a most subtle courtier. I complained bitterly that I had so long been deprived of liberty, for a fault which was usually punished by three, or at most, six days arrest. Here accordingly, I remained.

Eight days after, the king being come to Potsdam, I was sent by General Bourke to Berlin, to carry some letters, but without having seen the king. On my return, I presented myself to him on the parade; and

as our squadron was garrisoned at Berlin, I asked—“Does it please your majesty that I should go and join my corps?”—“Whence come you?” answered he.—“From Berlin.”—“And where were you before you went to Berlin?”—“Under arrest.”—“Then under arrest you must remain.”

I did not recover my liberty till three days before our departure for Silesia, toward which we marched, with utmost speed, in the beginning of May, to commence our second campaign.

Here I must recount an event which happened that winter, which became the source of all my misfortunes, and to which I must entreat my readers will pay the utmost attention; since this error, if innocence can be error, was the cause that the most faithful and the best of subjects became bewildered in scenes of wretchedness, and was the victim of misery, from his nineteenth to the sixtieth year of his age. I dare presume that this true narrative, supported by testimonies the most authentic, will fully vindicate my present honour and my future memory.

Francis baron of Trenck was the son of my father's brother, consequently my cousin-german. I shall speak hereafter of the singular events of his life. Being a commander of pandours in the Austrian service, and grievously wounded in Bavaria, in the year 1743, he wrote to my mother, informing her he intended me, her eldest son, for his universal legatee. This letter, to which I returned no answer, was sent to me at Potsdam. I was so satisfied with my situation, and had such numerous reasons so to be, considering the kindness with which the king treated me, that I would not have exchanged my good fortune for all the treasures of the Great Mogul.

On the 12th of February, 1744, being at Berlin, I

was in company with Captain Jaschinsky commander of the body-guard, the captain of which ranks as colonel in the army, together with Lieutenant Studnitz, and Cornet Wagnitz. The latter was my field-comrade, and is at this present commander-general of the cavalry of Hesse Cassel. The Austrian Treuck became the subject of conversation, and Jaschinsky asked if I was his kinsman: I answered yes, and immediately mentioned his having made me his universal heir. "And what answer have you returned?" said Jaschinsky.—"None at all."

The whole company then observed, that, in a case like the present, I was much to blame not to answer; that least I could do would be to thank him for his good wishes, and entreat a continuance of them. Jaschinsky further added—"Desire him to send you some of his fine Hungarian horses for your own use, and give me the letter; I will convey it to him, by means of Mr. Bossart, legation-counsellor of the Saxon embassy; but on condition that you will give me one of the horses. This correspondence is a family, and not a state affair; I will make myself responsible for the consequences."

I immediately took my commander's advice, and began to write; and had those who suspected me thought proper to make the least inquiry into these circumstances, the four witnesses, who read what I wrote, could have attested my innocence, and rendered it indubitable. I gave my letter open to Jaschinsky, who sealed it and sent it himself.

I must omit none of the incidents concerning this letter, it being the sole cause of all my sufferings. I shall therefore here relate an event, which was the first occasion of the unjust suspicions entertained against me.

One of my grooms, with two led horses, was, among many others, taken by the pandours of Trenck. When I returned to the camp, I was to accompany the king on a reconnoitring party. My horse was too tired, and I had no other: I informed him of my embarrassment, and his majesty immediately made me a present of a fine English courser.

Some days after, I was exceedingly astonished to see my groom return, with my two horses, and a pandour trumpeter, who brought me a letter, containing nearly the following words:—

“The Austrian Trenck is not at war with the Prussian Trenck, but on the contrary is happy to have recovered the horses from his hussars, and to return them to whom they first belonged,” &c.

I went the same day to pay my respects to the king, who receiving me with great coldness, said—“Since your cousin has returned your own horses, you have no more need of mine.”

There were too many who envied me to suppose these words would escape repetition. The return of the horses seems infinitely to have increased the suspicion Frederic entertained against me, and therefore became one of the principal causes of my misfortune: it is for this reason that I dwell upon this and such like small incidents, they being necessary for my own justification, and, were it possible, for that of the king. My innocence is indeed at present universally acknowledged by the court, the army, and the whole nation, who all mention the injustice I suffered with pity, and the fortitude with which it was endured with surprise.

We marched for Silesia, to enter on our second campaign, which to the Prussians was as bloody and murderous as it was glorious.

The king's head-quarters were fixed at the convent of Kamenz, where we rested fourteen days, and the army remained in cantonments. Prince Charles, instead of following us into Bohemia, had the imprudence to occupy the plain of Strigau, and we already concluded his army was beaten. Whoever is well acquainted with tactics, and the Prussians manœuvres, will easily judge, without the aid of calculation or witchcraft, whether a well or ill-disciplined army, in an open plain, ought to be victorious.

The army hastily left its cantonments, and in twenty-four hours was in order of battle; and on the 14th of June, eighteen thousand bodies lay stretched on the plain of Strigau. The allied armies of Austria and Saxony were totally defeated.

The body-guard was on the right; and previous to the attack, the king said to our squadron—"Prove to-day, my children, that you are my body-guard; and give no Saxon quarter."

We made three attacks on the cavalry, and two on the infantry. Nothing could withstand a squadron like this, which, for men, horses, courage, and experience, was assuredly the first in the world. Our corps alone took seven standards, and five pair of colours, and in less than an hour the affair was over.

I received a pistol-shot in my right hand, my horse was desperately wounded, and I was obliged to change him on the third charge. The day after the battle, all the officers were rewarded with the order of merit. For my own part, I remained four weeks among the wounded, at Schweidnitz, where there were sixteen thousand men under the torture of the army surgeons, many of whom had not their wounds dressed till the third day.

I was near three months before I recovered the use of my hand; I nevertheless rejoined my corps, continued to perform my duty, and as usual accompanied the king when he went to reconnoitre. For some time past, he had placed confidence in me, and his kindness toward me continually increased, which raised my gratitude even to enthusiasm.

I also performed the service of adjutant during this campaign, a circumstantial account of which no person is better enabled to write than myself, I having been present at all that passed. I was the scholar of the greatest master the art of war ever knew, and who believed me worthy to receive his instructions; but the volumes I am writing would be insufficient to contain all that personally relates to myself.

I must here mention an adventure that happened at this time, and which will show the art of the great Frederic in forming youth for his service, and devotedly attaching them to his person.

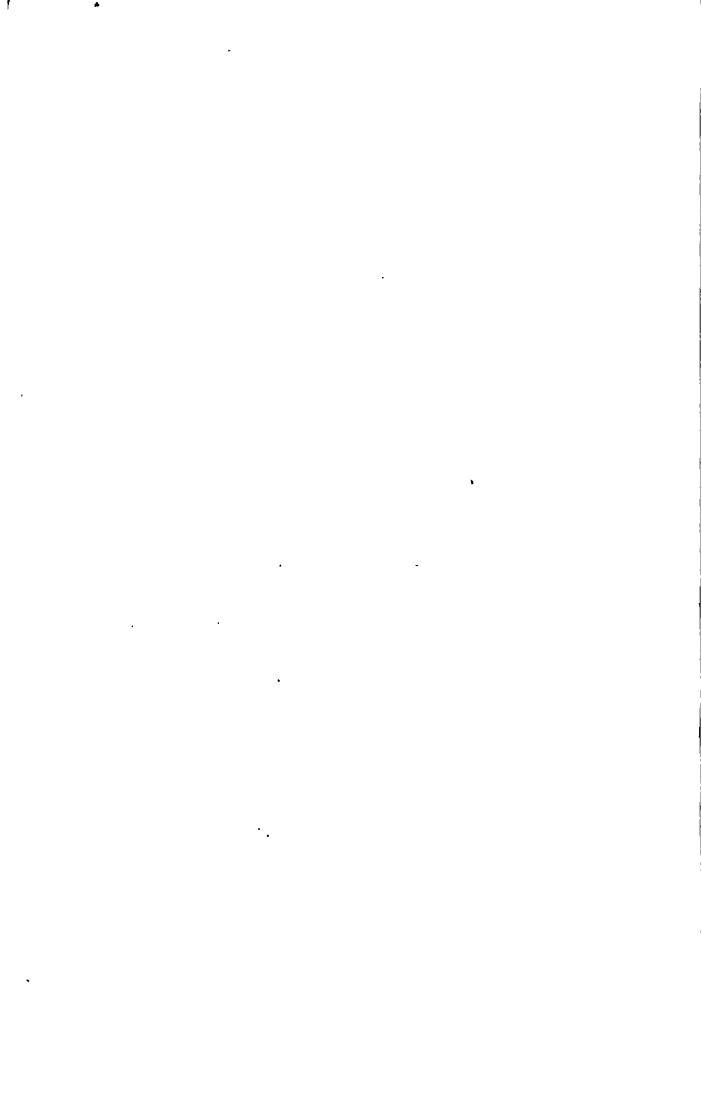
I was exceedingly fond of hunting, in which, notwithstanding it was severely forbidden, I indulged myself. I one day returned laden with pheasants; but judge my astonishment and fears, when I saw the army had decamped, and that it was with difficulty I could overtake the rear-guard.

In this my distress, I applied to an officer of hussars, who instantly lent me his horse, by the aid of which I rejoined my corps, which always marched as the vanguard. Mounting my own horse, I tremblingly rode to the head of my division, which it was my duty to precede. The king, however, had remarked my absence, or rather had been reminded of it by my superior officer, who, for some time past, had become my enemy.

Just as the army halted to encamp, the king rode



Trench and Frederick the Great.—Page 28.



toward me, and made a signal for me to approach, and reading my fears in my countenance, said, with a smile—"What, are you just returned from hunting?"—"Yes, your majesty—I hope—" Here, interrupting me, he added—"Well, well, for this time I shall take no further notice, remember Potzdam; but, however, let me find you more attentive to your duty."

So ended this affair, for which I deserved to have been broken. I must remind the readers that the king meant, by the words, *remembering Potzdam*, he remembered I had been punished too severely the winter before, and that my present pardon was intended as a compensation.

This was indeed to think and act greatly; this was indeed the true art of forming great men; an art much more effectual than that of ferocious generals, who threaten subalterns with imprisonment and chains on every slight occasion; and, while indulging all the rigors of military law, make no distinction of minds or of men. Frederic, on the contrary, sometimes pardoned the failings of genius, while mechanic souls he mechanically punished, according to the very letter of the laws of war.

I shall further remark, the king took no more notice of my late fault, except that sometimes, when I had the honour to dine with him, he would ridicule people who were too often at the chase, or who were so choleric that they took occasion to quarrel for the least trifle.

The campaign passed in different manœuvres, marches and countermarches. Our corps was the most fatigued, as being encamped round the king's tent, the station of which was central, and as likewise having the care of the vanguard; we were there-

fore obliged to begin our march two hours sooner than the remainder of the army, that we might be in our place. We also accompanied the king whenever he went to reconnoitre; traced the lines of encampment; led the horse to water; inspected the headquarters; and regulated the march and encampment, according to the king's orders; the performance of all which robbed us of much rest, we being but six officers to execute so many different functions.

Still further, we often executed the office of couriers, to bear the royal commands to detachments. The king was particularly careful that the officers of his guards, whom he intended should become excellent in the art of tactics, should not be idle in his school. It was necessary to do much, in order that much might be learnt. Labour, vigilance, activity, the love of glory, and the love of their country, animated all his generals; into whom, it may be said, he infused his spirit:

In this school I gained instruction, and here already was I selected, as one destined to instruct others: yet, in my fortieth year, a great general at Vienna told me—"My dear Trenck, our discipline would be too difficult for you to learn; for which indeed you are too far advanced in life?" Agreeable to this wise decision was I made an Austrian invalid, and an invalid have always remained: a judgment like this would have been laughed at, most certainly, at Berlin.

If I mistake not, the famous battle of Soor, or Sorau, was fought on the 14th day of September. The king had sent so many detachments into Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia, that the main army did not consist of more than twenty-five thousand men. Neglected advice, and obstinate in judging his enemy by numbers, and not according to the excellence of

discipline, and other accidents, Prince Charles, blind to the real strength of the Prussian armies, had enclosed this small number of Pomeranian and Brandenburg regiments with more than eighty-six thousand men, intending to take them all prisoners.

It will soon be seen, from my narrative, with what kind of secrecy his plan was laid and executed.

The king came into my tent about midnight; as he also did into that of all the officers, to awaken them: his orders were—"Secretly to saddle, leave the baggage in the rear, and that the men should stand ready to mount at the word of command."

Lieutenant Studnitz and myself attended the king, who went in person, and gave directions through the whole army; mean time, break of day was expected with anxiety.

Opposite the defile through which the enemy was to march to the attack, eight field-pieces were concealed behind a hill. The king must necessarily have been informed of the whole plan of the Austrian general, for he had called in the advanced post from the heights, that he might lull him into security, and make him imagine we should be surprised in the midst of sleep.

Scarcely did break of day appear, before the Austrian artillery, situated upon the heights, began to play upon our camp, and their cavalry to march, through the defile, to the attack.

As suddenly we were in battle array; for in less than ten minutes we ourselves began the attack, notwithstanding the smallness of our number, the whole army only contained five regiments of cavalry. We fell with fury upon the enemy (who at this time were wholly employed in forming their men at the mouth of the defile, and that slowly, little expecting so sud-

den and violent a charge), that we drove them back into the defile, were they pressed upon each other in crowds: the king himself stood ready to unmask his eight field-peices, and a dreadful and bloody slaughter ensued in this narrow place, from which the enemy had not the power to retreat. This single incident gained the battle, and deceived all the hopes of Prince Charles.

Nadasti, Trenck, and the light troops, sent to attack our rear, were employed in pillaging the camp. The ferocious Croats met no opposition, while this their error made our victory more secure. It deserves to be noticed that, when advice was brought to the king that the enemy had fallen upon and were plundering the camp, his answer was—"So much the better: they have found themselves employment, and will be no impediment to our main design."

Our victory was complete, but all our baggage was lost; the head-quarters, utterly undefended, were totally stripped; and Trenck had, for his part of the booty, the king's tent, and his service of plate.

I have mentioned this circumstance here, because that, in the year 1746, my cousin Trenck, having fallen into the power of his enemies, who had instituted a legal process against him, was accused, by some villainous wretches, of having surprised the king in bed at the battle of Sorau, and of having afterwards released him for a bribe.

What was still worse, they hired a common prostitute, a native of Brunn, who pretended she was the daughter of a Marshal Schwerin, to give in evidence that she herself was in bed with the king when Trenck entered his tent, whom he immediately made prisoner, and as immediately released.

To this part of the prosecution I myself, an eye-witness, can answer; the thing was false and impossible. He was informed of the intended attack. I accompanied the watchful king from midnight till four in the morning, which time he employed in riding through the camp, and making the necessary preparations to receive the enemy; and the action began at five. Trenck could not take the king in bed, for the battle was almost gained when he and his pandours entered the camp, and plundered the head-quarters.

As far the tale of Miss Schwerin, it is only fit to be told by schoolboys, or examined by the inquisition, and was very unworthy of making part of a legal prosecution against an innocent man at Vienna.

This incident, however, is so remarkable, that I shall give, in this work, a farther account of my kinsman, and what are called his criminal process: at reading which the world will be astonished. My own history is so connected with his, that this is necessary; and the more so, because there are many ignorant or wicked people at Vienna, who believe, or affirm, Trenck had actually taken the king of Prussia prisoner.

Never yet was there a traitor of the name of Trenck; and I hope to prove, in the clearest manner, the Austrian Trenck as faithfully served the empress queen as the Prussian Trenck did Frederic, his king. Maria Theresa, speaking to me of him some time after his death, and the snares that had been laid for him, said—"Your kinsman has made a better end than will be the fate of his accusers and judges."

Of this more hereafter: I approach that epocha when my own misfortunes began, and when the suf-

ferings of martyrdom attended me from my youth onwards till my hair grew grey.

A few days after the battle of Sorau, the usual camp postman brought me a letter from my cousin Trenck, the colonel of pandours, antedated at Essek four months, of which the following is a copy :—

“ Your letter, of the twelfth of February, from Berlin, informs me you desire to have some Hungarian horses. On these you would come and attack me and my pandours. I saw with pleasure during the last campaign, that the Prussian Trenck was a good soldier ; and that I might give you some proofs of my attachment, I then returned the horses which my men had taken. If, however, you wish to have Hungarian horses, you must take mine, in like manner, from me, in the field of battle ; or, should you so think fit, come and join one who will receive you with open arms, like his friend and son, and who will procure you every advantage you can desire.”

At first I was terrified at reading this letter, yet could not help smiling. Cornet Wagenitz, now general in chief of the Hesse Cassel forces, and Lieutenant Grothausen, both now alive, and then present, were my camp comrades. I gave them the letter to read, and they laughed at its contents. It was determined to show it to our superior officer, Jaschinsky, on a promise of secrecy ; and it was accordingly shown him within an hour after it was received.

The reader will be so kind as to recollect that, as I have before said, it was this Colonel Jaschinsky who on the 12th of February, the same year, at Berlin, prevailed on me to write to the Austrian Trenck, my cousin ; that he received the letter open, and undertook to send it according to its address ; also, that in his letter I had, in jest, asked him to send me

some Hungarian horses ; and, should they come, had promised one to Jaschinsky. He read the letter with an air of surprise ; we laughed, and, it being whispered through the army that, in consequence of our late victory, detached corps would be sent into Hungary, Jaschinsky said—"We shall now go and take Hungarian horses for ourselves." Here the conversation ended, and I, little suspecting future consequences, returned to my tent.

I must here make the following observations :—

1st. I had not observed the date of the letter brought by the postman, which, as I have said, was undated four months ; this however the colonel did not fail to remark.

2dly. The probability is, that this was a net spread for me by this false and wicked man. The return of my horses, during the preceding campaign, had been the subject of much conversation. It is possible he had the king's orders to watch me ; but more probably he only prevailed on me to write that he might entrap me by a fictitious answer. Certain it is my cousin Treck, at Vienna, affirmed to his death he never received any letter from me, consequently never could send any answer. I must therefore conclude this letter was forged.

Jaschinsky was at this time one of the king's favourites : his spy over the army : a tale-bearer : an inventor of lies and wicked calumnies. Some years after the event of which I am now speaking, the king was obliged to break and banish him the country.

He was then also the paramour of the beautiful Madame Brossart, wife of the Saxon resident at Berlin ; and there can be little doubt but that this false letter was, by her means, conveyed to some Saxon or Austrian post-office, and thence, according to its

address, sent to me. He had daily opportunities of infusing suspicions into the king's mind concerning me, and, unknown to me, of pursuing his diabolical plan.

I must likewise add, he was four hundred ducats indebted to me. At that time I had always a plentiful supply of money. This booty became his own, when I, unexamined, was arrested, and thrown into prison. In like manner he seized on the greatest part of my camp equipage.

Further, we had quarrelled during our first campaign, because he had beaten one of my servants; we even were proceeding to fight with pistols, had not Colonel Winterfield interfered, and amicably ended our quarrel. The Luthuanian is, by nature, obstinate and revengeful; and, from that day, I have reason to believe he sought my destruction.

God only knows what were the means he took to excite the king's suspicions; for it is incredible that Frederic, considering his well-known professions of public justice, should treat me in the manner he did, without a hearing, without examination, and without a court-martial. This to me has ever remained a mystery, which the king alone was able to explain; he afterwards was convinced I was innocent; but my sufferings had been too cruel, and the miseries he had inflicted too horrible, for me ever to hope compensation.

In an affair of this nature, which will soon be known to all Europe, as it long has been in Prussia, the weakest is always guilty. I have been made a terrible example, to this our age, how true that maxim is in despotic states.

A man of my rank, having once unjustly suffered, and having the power of making his sufferings known,

must either be highly rewarded, or still more unjustly punished. My name and injuries will ever stain the annals of *Frederic the Great*; even those who read this book will perhaps suppose that I, from political motives of hope or fear, have sometimes concealed truth, by endeavouring to palliate his conduct.

It must ever remain incomprehensible, that a monarch so clear-sighted, himself the daily witness of my demeanor, one well acquainted with mankind, and conscious I wanted neither money, honour, nor hope of future preferment; I say, it is incomprehensible that he should really suppose me guilty. I take God to witness, and all those who knew me in prosperity and misfortune, I never harboured a thought of betraying my country. How was it possible to suspect me? I was neither madman nor idiot. In my eighteenth year I was a cornet of the body-guards, adjutant to the king, and possessed his favour and confidence in the highest degree. His presents to me, in one year, amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. I kept seven horses, four men in livery; I was valued, distinguished, and beloved by the mistress of my soul. My relations held high offices, both civil and military; I was even fanatically devoted to my king and country, and had nothing to wish.

That I should become thus wretched, in consequence of this unfortunate letter, is equally wonderful; it came by the public post. Had there been any criminal correspondence, my kinsman certainly would not have chosen this mode of conveyance, since, it is well known, all such letters are opened; nor could I act more openly. My colonel read the letter I wrote, and also that which I received, immediately after it was brought.

The day after the receipt of the letter I was, as I

have before said, unheard, unaccused, unjudged, conducted, like a criminal, from the army, by fifty hussars, and imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz. I was allowed to take three horses, and my servants, but my whole equipage was left behind; which I never saw more, and which became the booty of Jaschinsky. My commission was given to Cornet Schatzel, and I cashiered, without knowing why. There were no legal inquiries made; all was done by the king's command.

Unhappy people! where power is superior to law, and where the innocent and the virtuous meet punishment instead of reward. Unhappy land! where the omnipotent, *Such is our will*, supersedes all legal sentence, and robs the subject of property, life, and honour.

I once more repeat, I was brought to the citadel of Glatz. I was not however thrown into a dungeon, but imprisoned in a chamber of the officer of the guard; was allowed my servants to wait on me, and permitted to walk on the ramparts.

I did not want money, and there was only a detachment, from the garrison regiment, in the citadel of Glatz, the officers of which were all poor. I soon had both friends and freedom, and the rich prisoner every day kept open table.

He only who had known me in this the ardour of my youth, who had witnessed how high I aspired, and the fortune that attended me at Berlin, can imagine what my feelings were, at finding myself thus suddenly cast from my high hopes.

I wrote submissively to the king requesting to be tried by a court-martial, and not desiring any favour, should I be found guilty. This haughty tone, in a youth, was displeasing, and I received no answer,

which threw me into despair, and induced me to use every possible means to obtain my liberty.

My first care was to establish, by the intervention of an officer, a certain correspondence with the object of my heart. She answered, she was far from supposing I had ever entertained the least thought traitorous to my country; that she knew, too well, I was perfectly incapable of dissimulation. She blamed the precipitate anger, and unjust suspicions of the king; promised me speedy aid, and sent me a thousand ducats.

Had I, at this critical moment, possessed a prudent and intelligent friend, who could have calmed my impatience, nothing perhaps might have been more easy than to have obtained pardon of the king, by proving my innocence; or, it may be, than to have induced him to punish my enemies.

But the officers who were then at Glatz fed the flame of discontent. They supposed the money I so freely distributed came all from Hungary, furnished by the pandour chest; and advised me not to suffer my freedom to depend upon the will of the king, but to enjoy it in his despite.

It was not more easy to give this advice than to persuade a man to take it, who, till then, had never encountered any thing but good fortune, and who consequently supported this reverse with impatience. I was not yet however determined, because I could not yet resolve to abandon my country, and especially Berlin.

Five months soon passed away in prison! peace was concluded; the king was returned to his capital; my commission in the guards was bestowed on another, when Lieutenant Piaschky, of the regiment of Fouquet, and Ensign Reitz, who often mounted

guard over me, proposed that they and I should escape together. I yielded, our plan was fixed, and every preparatory step taken.

At that time there was another prisoner at Glatz, whose name was Manget, by birth a Swiss, and captain of cavalry in the Natzmerschen hussars: he had been condemned by a court-martial to ten years' imprisonment, with allowance of only four rix-dollars per month.

Having done this man kindnesses, I was resolved to rescue him from bondage, at the same time that I obtained freedom for myself. I communicated my design, and made the proposal, which was accepted by him, and measures were taken; yet we were betrayed by this vile man, who thus purchased pardon and liberty.

Piaschky, who had been informed that Reitz was arrested, saved himself by deserting. I denied the fact in presence of Manget, with whom I was confronted, and bribed the auditor with a hundred ducats. By this means Reitz only suffered a year's imprisonment, and the loss of his commission. I was afterwards closely confined in a chamber, for having endeavoured to corrupt the king's officers, and was guarded with greater caution.

Here I will interrupt my narrative, for a moment, to relate an adventure which happened between me and this Captain Manget, three years after he had thus betrayed me, that is to say, in 1749, at Warsaw.

I there met him by chance, and it is not difficult to imagine what was the salutation he received. I caned him; he took this ill, and challenged me to fight with pistols. Captain Heuckin, of the Polish guards, was my second. We both fired together: I

shot him through the neck at the first shot, and he fell dead on the field.

He, alone, of all my enemies, ever died by my own hand; and he well merited his end, for his cowardly treachery toward the two brave fellows of whom I have spoken; and still more so with respect to myself, who had been his benefactor. I own, I have never reproached myself for this duel, by which I sent a rascal out of the world.

I return to my tale. My destiny at Glatz was now become more untoward and severe. The king's suspicions were increased, as likewise was his anger, by this my late attempt to escape.

Left to myself, I considered my situation in the worst point of view, and determined either on flight or death. The length and closeness of my confinement became insupportable to my impatient temper.

I had always had the garrison on my side, nor was it possible to prevent my making friends among them. They knew I had money, and, in a poor garrison regiment, the officers of which are all dissatisfied, having most of them been draughted from other corps and sent thither as a punishment, there was nothing that might not be undertaken.

My scheme was as follows:

My window looked toward the city, and was ninety feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel, out of which I could not get, without having found a place of refuge in the city.

This an officer undertook to procure for me, and prevailed on an honest soap-boiler to grant me a hiding-place. I then notched my penknife, and sawed through three large iron bars; but this mode was too tedious, it being necessary to file away eight bars from my window, before I could pass through; an-

other officer therefore procured me a file, which I was obliged to use with caution, lest I should be overheard by the sentinels.

Having ended this labour, I cut my leather portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of my bed, and descended safely from this astonishing height.

It rained, the night was dark, and all seemed fortunate ; but I had to wade through moats full of mud, before I could enter the city, a circumstance I had never once considered. I sunk up to the knees, and, after long struggling, and incredible efforts to extricate myself, I was obliged to call the sentinel, and desire him to go and tell the governor, that Trenck was stuck fast in the moat.

My misfortune was the greater on this occasion, because that general, Fouquet, was then governor of Glatz. He was one of the cruellest of men. He had been wounded by my father in a duel ; and the Austrian Trenck had taken his baggage in 1774, and had also laid the country of Glatz under contribution. He was therefore an enemy to the very name of Trenck ; nor did he lose any opportunity of giving me proofs of his enmity, and especially on the present occasion, when he left me standing in the mire till noon, the sport of the soldiers. I was then drawn out, half dead, only again to be prisoned, and shut up the whole day, without water to wash me. No one can imagine how I looked, exhausted and dirty, my long hair having fallen into the mud, with which, by my struggling, it was loaded. I remained in this condition till the next day, when two fellow-prisoners were sent to assist and clean me.

My imprisonment now became more intolerable. I had still eighty louis-d'ors in my purse, which had

not been taken from me at my removal into another dungeon, and these afterwards did me good service.

The passions soon all assailed me at once, and impetuous, boiling, youthful blood, overpowered reason; hope disappeared; I thought myself the most unfortunate of men, and my king an irreconcilable judge, more wrathful and more fortified in suspicion by my own rashness. My nights were sleepless, my days miserable; my soul was tortured by the desire of fame; a consciousness of innocence was a continued stimulus, inciting me to end my misfortunes. Youth, inexperienced in woe and disastrous feats, beholds every evil magnified, desponds on every new disappointment, more especially after having failed in attempting freedom. Education had taught me to despise death, and these opinions had been confirmed by my friend La Metrie, author of the famous work, *L'Homme machine*, or *Man a Machine*.

I read much during my confinement at Glatz, where books were allowed me; time was therefore less tedious; but when the love of liberty awoke, when fame and affection called to Berlin, and my balked hopes painted the wretchedness of my situation; when I remembered that my country, judging by appearances, could not but pronounce me a traitor; then was I hourly impelled to rush on the naked bayonets of my guards, by whom, to me, the road of freedom was barred.

Big with such-like thoughts, eight days had not elapsed, since my last fruitless attempt to escape, when an event happened which would appear incredible, were I, the principal actor in the scene, not alive to attest its truth, and might not all Glatz, and the Prussian garrison, be produced as eye and ear-witnesses. This accident will prove that adventur-

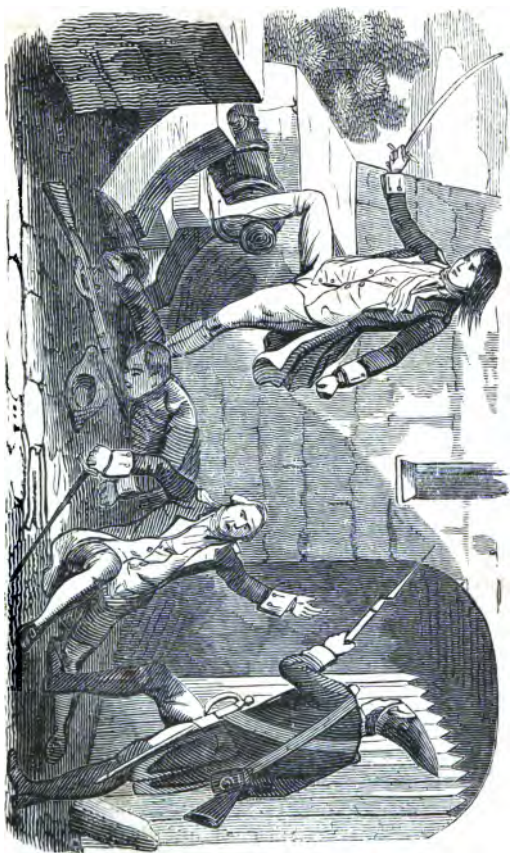
ous, and even rash, daring will render the most improbable undertakings possible, and that desperate attempts may often make a general more fortunate, and famous, than the wisest and best concerted plans.

Major Doo came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard, and an adjutant. After examining every corner of the chamber, he addressed me, taxing me with a second crime in endeavouring to obtain my liberty; adding, this must certainly increase the anger of the king.

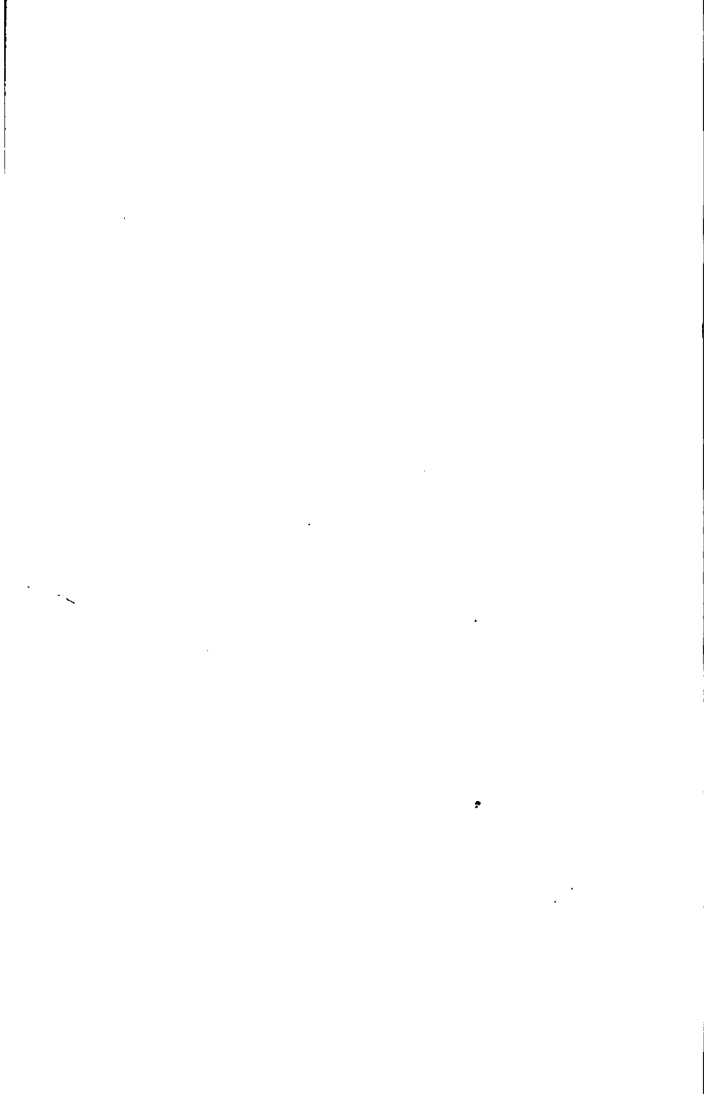
My blood boiled at the word crime; he talked of patience; I asked him how long the king had condemned me to imprisonment? He answered—"A traitor to his country, who has corresponded with the enemy, cannot be condemned for a certain time; but must depend for grace and pardon, on the king."

At that instant, I snatched his sword from his side, on which my eyes had some time been fixed, sprang out of the door, tumbled the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the men who happened to be drawn up before the prison-door to relieve guard, attacked them, sword in hand, threw them suddenly into surprise by the manner in which I laid about me, wounded four of them, made through the rest, sprang over the breastwork of the ramparts, and, with my sword drawn in my hand, immediately leaped this astonishing height, without receiving the least injury. I leaped the second wall with equal safety and good fortune. None of their pieces were loaded; no one durst leap after me, and, in order to pursue, they must go round, through the town and the gate of the citadel; so that I had the start full half an hour.

A sentinel, however, in a narrow passage, endeavoured to oppose my flight, but I parried his fixed



Trench's attempt to escape from the Fortress of Gratz.—Page 44.



bayonet, and wounded him in the face. A second sentinel, mean time, ran from the outworks, to seize me behind, and I to avoid him, made a spring at the palisadoes ; there I was unluckily caught by the foot, and received a bayonet wound in the upper lip ; thus entangled, they beat me with the butt-end of their muskets, and dragged me back to prison, while I struggled and defended myself like a man grown desperate.

Certain it is, had I more carefully jumped the palisadoes, and dispatched the sentinel who opposed me, I might have escaped, and gained the mountains. Thus might I have fled to Bohemia, after having, at noonday, broken from the fortress of Glatz, sprung past all its sentinels, over all its walls, and passed with impunity, in despite of the guard, who were under arms, ready to oppose me. I should not, having a sword, have feared any single opponent, and was able to contend with the swiftest runners.

That good fortune which had so far attended me, forsook me at the palisadoes, where hope was at an end. The severities of imprisonment were increased ; two sentinels and an under-officer were locked in with me, and were themselves guarded by sentinels without : I was beaten and wounded by the butt-ends of their muskets, my right foot was sprained, I spit blood, and my wounds were not cured in less than a month.

I was now first informed the king had only condemned me to a year's imprisonment, in order to learn whether his suspicions were well founded. My mother had petitioned for me, and was answered—"Your son must remain a year imprisoned, as a punishment for his rash correspondence."

Of this I was ignorant, and it was reported in Glatz,

that my imprisonment was for life. I had only three weeks longer to repine for the loss of liberty, when I made this rash attempt. What must the king think? Was he not obliged to act with this severity? How could prudence excuse my impatience, thus to risk a confiscation, when I was certain of receiving freedom, justification, and honour, in three weeks? But, such was my adverse fate, circumstances all tended to injure and persecute me, till at length I gave reason to suppose I was a traitor, notwithstanding the purity of my intentions.

Once more, then, was I in a dungeon; and no sooner was I there than I formed new projects of flight. I first gained the intimacy of my guards. I had money, and this, with the compassion I had inspired, might effect anything among discontented Prussian soldiers. Soon had I gained thirty-two men, who were ready to execute, on the first signal, whatever I should command. Two or three excepted, they were unacquainted with each other; they consequently could not all be betrayed at a time; and I had chosen the sub-officer, Nicholai, to head them.

The garrison consisted only of one hundred and twenty men from the garrison regiment, the rest being dispersed in the country of Glatz, and four officers their commanders, three of whom were in my interest. Every thing was prepared; swords and pistols were concealed in an oven, which was in my prison. We intended to give liberty to all the prisoners, and retire with drums beating into Bohemia.

Unfortunately an Austrian deserter to whom Nicholai had imparted our design, went and discovered our conspiracy. The governor instantly sent his adjutant to the citadel, with orders that the officer on

guard should arrest Nicholai, and, with his men, take possession of the casemate.

Nicholai was one of the guard, and the lieutenant was my friend, and, being in the secret, gave the signal that all was discovered. Nicholai only knew all the conspirators, several of whom were that day on guard. He instantly formed his resolution, leaped into the casemates, crying—"Comrades, to arms, we are betrayed!" All followed to the guard-house, where they seized on the cartridges, the officer having only eight men, and, threatening to fire on whoever should offer resistance, came to deliver me from prison; but the iron door was too strong, and the time too short, for that to be demolished. Nicholai, calling to me, bid me aid them, but in vain; and perceiving nothing more could be done for me, this brave man, heading nineteen others, marched to the gate of the citadel, where there was a sub-officer and ten soldiers, obliging these to accompany him, and thus arrived safely at Braunau, in Bohemia; for before the news was spread through the city, and men were collected for the pursuit, they were nearly half-way on their journey.

Two years after, I met this extraordinary man at Ofenbourg, where he was a writer; he entered immediately into my service, and became my friend, but died some months after, of a burning fever, at my quarters in Hungary, at which I was deeply grieved, for his memory will ever be dear to me.

Now I was exposed to all the storms of ill-fortune; a prosecution was entered against me as a conspirator, who wanted to corrupt the officers and soldiers of the king. They commanded me to name the remaining conspirators; but to these questions, I made no answer, except by steadfastly declaring I was an in-

noctent prisoner, an officer unjustly broken ; unjustly, because I had never been brought to trial ; that consequently I was released from all my engagements ; nor could it be thought extraordinary that I should avail myself of that law of nature which gives every man a right to defend his honour defamed, and seek by every possible means to regain his liberty ; that such had been my sole purpose in every enterprise I had formed, and such should still continue to be ; for I was determined to persist, till I should either be crowned with success, or lose my life in the attempt.

Things thus remained ; every precaution was taken, except that I was not put in irons ; it being a law in Prussia, that no gentleman, or officer, can be loaded with chains, unless he has first for some crime been delivered over to the executioner ; and certainly this had not been my case.

The soldiers were withdrawn from my chamber ; but the greatest ill was, I had expended all my money, and my kind mistress, at Berlin, with whom I had always corresponded, which my persecutors could not prevent, at last wrote——

“My tears flow with yours ; the evil is without remedy—I dare no more—escape if you can. My fidelity will ever be the same, when it shall be possible for me to serve you.—Adieu, unhappy friend ! you merit a better fate.”

This letter was a thunderbolt :—my comfort however still was, that the officers were not suspected, and that it was their duty to visit my chamber several times a day and examine what passed ; from which circumstance I felt my hopes somewhat revive. Hence an adventure happened, which is almost unexampled in tales of knight-errantry.

A lieutenant, whose name was Bach, a Dane by

nation, mounted guard every fourth day, and was the terror of the whole garrison; for, being a perfect master of arms, he was incessantly involved in quarrels, and generally left his marks behind him. He had served in two regiments, neither of which would associate with him for this reason, and he had been sent to the garrison regiment at Glatz as a punishment. Bach, one day, sitting beside me, related how the evening before he had wounded a lieutenant, of the name of Schell, in the arm. I replied, laughing—"Had I my liberty, I believe you would find some trouble in wounding me, for I have some skill in the sword." The blood instantly flew in his face; we split off a kind of a pair of foils from an old door, which had served me as a table, and at the first lunge I hit him on the breast.

His rage became ungovernable, and he left the prison. What was my astonishment when, a moment after, I saw him return with two soldiers' swords, which he had concealed under his coat—"Now then, boaster, prove," said he, giving me one of them, "what thou art able to do!" I endeavoured to pacify him, by representing the danger, but ineffectually. He attacked me with the utmost fury, and I wounded him in the arm.

Throwing his sword down, he fell upon my neck, kissed me, and wept. At length, after some convulsive emotions of pleasure, he said—"Friend thou art my master; and thou must, thou shalt, by my aid, obtain thy liberty, as certainly as my name is Bach." We bound up his arm as well as we could. He left me, and secretly went to a surgeon, to have it properly dressed, and at night returned.

He now remarked that it was humanly impossible I should escape, unless the officer on guard should

desert with me; that he wished nothing more ardently than to sacrifice his life in my behalf, but that he could not resolve so far to forget his honour and duty as to desert himself, while on guard; he notwithstanding gave me his word of honour he would find me such a person in a few days, and that, in the mean time he would prepare every thing for my flight.

He returned the same evening, bringing with him Lieutenant Schell, and as he entered said—"Here is your man." Schell embraced me, gave his word of honour, and thus was the affair settled, and, as it proved, my liberty ascertained.

We soon began to deliberate on the means necessary to obtain our purpose. Schell was just come from garrison at Habelchwert to the citadel of Glatz, and in two days was to mount guard over me, till when our attempt was suspended. I have before said, I received no more supplies from my beloved mistress, and my purse at that time only contained some six pistoles. It was therefore resolved that Bach should go to Schweidnitz, and obtain money of a sure friend of mine in that city.

Here I must inform the reader that, at this period, the officers and I all understood each other, Captain Roder alone excepted, who was exact, rigid, and gave trouble on all occasions.

Major Quaadt was my kinsman, by my mother's side; a good friendly man, and ardently desirous I should escape, seeing my calamities were so much increased. The four lieutenants, who successively mounted guard over me, were Bach, Schroeder, Lunitz, and Schell. The first was the grand projector, and made all the preparations; Schell was to desert with me; and Schroeder and Lunitz, three days after, were to follow.

No one ought to be surprised that officers of garrison regiments should be so ready to desert. They are, in general, either men of violent passions, quarrelsome, overwhelmed with debts, or unfit for service. They are usually sent to the garrison as a punishment, and are called the refuse of the army. Dissatisfied with their situation, their pay much reduced, and despised by the troops, such men, expecting advantage, may be brought to engage in the most desperate undertaking. None of them can hope for their discharge, and they live in the utmost poverty. They all hoped, by means, to better their fortune, I always having had money enough; and with money nothing is more easy than to find friends, in places where each individual is desirous of escaping from slavery.

The talents of Schell were of a superior order; he spoke and wrote six languages, and was well acquainted with all the fine arts. He had served in the regiment of Fouquet, had been injured by his colonel, who was a Pomeranian; and Fouquet, who was no friend to well-informed officers, had sent him to a garrison regiment. He had twice demanded his dismissal, but the king sent him then to this species of imprisonment; he then determined to avenge himself by deserting, and was ready to aid me in recovering my freedom, that he might by that means spite Fouquet.

We determined every thing should be prepared against the first time Schell mounted guard, and that our project should be executed on the next. Thus, as he mounted guard every four days, the eighth was to be that of our flight.

The governor meantime had been informed how familiar I was become with the officers; at which, taking offence, he sent orders that my door should no more be opened, but that I should receive my food

through a small window that had been made for that purpose. The care of the prison was committed to the major, and he was forbidden to eat with me, under pain of being broken.

His precautions were ineffectual: the officers procured a false key, and remained with me half the day and night.

Captain Damnitz was imprisoned in an apartment by the side of mine. This man had deserted from the Prussian service, with the money belonging to his company, to Austria, where he obtained a commission in his cousin's regiment, who having prevailed on him to serve as a spy during the campaign of 1744, he was taken in the Prussian territories, known, and condemned to be hanged.

Some Swedish volunteers, who were then in the army, interested themselves in his behalf, and his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment, with a sentence of infamy.

This wretch, who, two years after, by the aid of his protectors, not only obtained his liberty, but a lieutenant-colonel's commission, was the secret spy of the major over the prisoners; and he remarked that, notwithstanding the express prohibition laid on the officers, they still passed the greater part of their time in my company.

The 24th of December came, and Schell mounted guard. He entered my prison immediately, where he continued a long time; and we made our arrangements for flight when he next should mount guard.

Lieutenant Schroeder that day dined with the governor, and heard orders given to the adjutant that Schell should be taken from the guard, and put under arrest.

Schroeder, who was in the secret, had no doubt

but that we were betrayed, not knowing that the spy Damnitz had informed the governor that Schell was then in my chamber.

Schroeder full of terror, came running to the citadel, and said to Schell—"Save thyself, friend; all is discovered, and thou wilt instantly be put under arrest."

Schell might have easily provided for his own safety, by flying singly, Schroeder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany him into Bohemia.

How did this worthy man, in a moment so dangerous, act toward his friend.

Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, said—"Friend, we are betrayed; follow me, only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."

I would have spoken; but interrupting me, and taking me by the hand, he added—"Follow me—we have not a moment to lose." I therefore slipped on my coat and boots, without having time to take the little money I had left; and, as we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel—"I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment; stand where you are."

Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisades, and afterward escape the best manner we might. We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met the adjutant and Major Quaadt.

Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped the wall, which was there not very high. I followed, and alighted unhurt, except having grazed

my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, and begged me to dispatch him, and fly. He was a small weak man; but, far from complying with his request, I took him in my arms, threw him over the palisadoes, afterwards got him on my back, and began to run, without very well knowing which way I went.

It may not be unnecessary to remark those fortunate circumstances that favoured our enterprise.

The sun had just set as we took to flight: the hoar frost fell. No one would run the risk that we had done, by making so dangerous a leap. We heard a terrible noise behind us. Every body knew us; but before they could go round the citadel, and through the town, in order to pursue us, we had got a full half-league.

The alarm guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases, it was generally impossible to escape from Glatz, unless the fugitives had got the start full two hours before the alarm guns were heard, the passes being immediately all stopped by the peasants and hussars, who are exceedingly vigilant. No sooner is a prisoner missed than the gunner runs from the guard-house and fires the cannon on the three sides of the fortress, which are kept loaded day and night for that purpose.

We were not five hundred paces from the walls when all, before us and behind us, were in motion. It was daylight when we leaped, yet was our attempt as fortunate as it was wonderful. This I attribute to my presence of mind, and the reputation I had already acquired, which made it thought a service of danger for two or three men to attack me.

It was, beside, imagined we were well provided with arms for our defence; and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword, and I an old corporal's sabre.

Among the officers commanded to pursue us was Lieutenant Bart, my intimate friend. Captain Zerbst, of the regiment of Fouquet, who had always testified the kindness of a brother toward me, met us on the Bohemian frontiers, and called to me—"Make to the left, brother, and you will see some lone houses, which are on the Bohemian confines: the hussars have rode straight forward." He then passed on, as if he had not seen us.

We had nothing to fear from the officers; for the intimacy between the Prussian officers was at that time so great, and the word of honour so sacred, that during my rigorous detention at Glatz, I had been once six-and-thirty hours hunting at Neurode, at the seat of Baron Stillfriede. Lunitz had taken my place in the prison, which the major knew when he came to make his visit. Hence may be conjectured how great was the confidence in which the word of the unfortunate Treck was held at Glatz, since they did not fear letting him leave his dungeon, and hunt on the very confines of Bohemia. This too, shows the governor was deceived, in despite of his watchfulness and orders, and that a man of honour, with money, and good head and heart, will never want friends.

These my memoirs will be a picture of what the national character then was; and will prove that, with officers who lived like brothers, and held their words so sacred, the Great Frederic well might vanquish his enemies.

Arbitrary power has now introduced the whip of slavery, and mechanic subordination has eradicated

those noble and rational incitements to concord and honour; instead of which, mistrust and slavish fear have arisen; the enthusiastic spirit of the Brandenburg warrior declines; and into this error have most of the other European states fallen.

Scarcely had I borne my friend three hundred paces before I set him down, and looked around me; but darkness came on so fast that I could see neither town nor citadel; consequently we ourselves could not be seen.

My presence of mind did not forsake me; death or freedom was my determination. "Where are we, Schell?" said I to my friend; "where does Bohemia lie? on which side is the river Neiss?" The worthy man could make no answer; his mind was all confusion, and he despaired of our escape; he still, however, entreated I would not let him be taken alive; and affirmed my labour was all in vain.

After having promised, by all that was sacred, I would save him from an infamous death, if no other means were left, and thus raised his spirits, he looked round, and knew by some trees we were not far from the city gates. I asked him "Where is the Neiss?" He pointed sideways—"All Glatz has seen us fly toward the Bohemian mountains; it is impossible we should avoid the hussars, the passes being all guarded, and we beset with enemies." So saying, I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the Neiss: here we distinctly heard the alarm sounding in the villages; and the peasants, who likewise were to form the line of desertion, were every where in motion, and spreading the alarm. As it may not be known to all my readers in what manner they proceed on these occasions in Prussia, I will here give a short account of it.

Officers are daily named, on the parade, whose duty it is to follow fugitives as soon as the alarm guns are fired.

The peasants in the villages, likewise, are daily appointed to run to the guard of certain posts. The officers immediately fly to these posts, to see that the peasants do their duty, and prevent the prisoner's escape. Thus does it seldom happen that a soldier can effect his escape, unless he be, at the least, an hour on his road before the alarm guns are fired.

I now return to my story.

I came to the Niess, which was a little frozen, entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade; and when I could not feel the bottom, which did not continue for more than a space of eighteen feet, he clung round me, and thus we got safely to the other shore:

My father taught all his sons to swim, for which I have often had to thank him; since by means of this art, which is easily learnt in childhood, I had on various occasions preserved my life, and was more bold in danger. Princes who wish to make their subjects soldiers, should have them educated so as to fear neither fire nor water. How great would be the advantage of being able to cross a river with whole battalions, when it is necessary to attack, or retreat before the enemy, and when time will not permit to prepare bridges!

The reader will easily suppose swimming in the midst of December, and remaining afterward eighteen hours in the open air, a severe hardship. About seven o'clock the hoar fog was succeeded by frost and moonlight. The carrying of my friend kept me warm, it is true; but I began to be tired, while he suffered every thing that frost, the pain of a dislocated

foot, which I in vain endeavoured to reset, and the danger of death from a thousand hands, could inflict.

We were somewhat more tranquil, however, having reached the opposite shore of the Neiss, since nobody would pursue us on the road to Silesia. I followed the course of the river for half an hour, and having once passed the first villages that formed the line of desertion, with which Schell was perfectly acquainted, we in a lucky moment found a fisherman's boat moored to the shore. Into this we leaped, crossed the river again, and soon gained the mountains.

Here being come, we set ourselves down awhile on the snow : hope revived in our hearts, and we held council concerning how it was best to act. I cut a stick to assist Schell in hopping forward, as well as he could, when I was tired of carrying him ; and thus we continued our route, the difficulties of which were increased by the mountain-snows.

Thus passed the night ; during which, up to the middle in snow, we made but little way. There were no paths to be traced in the mountains, and they were in many places impassible. Day at length appeared—we thought ourselves near the frontiers, which are twenty English miles from Glatz, when we suddenly, to our great terror, heard the city clock strike.

Overwhelmed as we were by hunger, cold, fatigue, and pain, it was impossible we should hold out through the day. After some consideration and another half-hour's labour, we came to a village at the foot of the mountain, on the side of which, about three hundred paces from us, we perceived two separate houses, which inspired us with a stratagem that was successful.

We lost our hats in leaping the ramparts; but Schell had preserved his scarf and gorget, which would give him authority among the peasants.

I then cut my finger, rubbed the blood over my face, my shirt, and my coat, and bound up my head, to give myself the appearance of a man dangerously wounded.

In this condition I carried Schell to the end of the wood, not far from these houses; here he tied my hands behind my back, but so that I could easily disengage them in case of need, and hobbled after me, by aid of his staff, calling for help.

Two old peasants appeared, and Schell commanded them to run to the village, and tell a magistrate to come immediately with a cart. "I have seized this knave," added he, "who has killed my horse, and in the struggle I have put out my ankle; however, I have wounded and bound him—fly quickly, bring a cart, lest he should die before he is hanged.

As for me, I suffered myself to be led, as if half dead, into the house. A peasant was dispatched to the village. An old woman and a pretty girl seemed to take great pity on me, and gave me some bread and milk: but how great was our astonishment when the aged peasant called Schell by his name, and told him he well knew we were deserters, having the night before been at a neighbouring alehouse, where the officer in pursuit of us came, named and described us, and related the whole history of our flight. The peasant knew Schell, because his son served in his company, and had often spoken of him when he was quartered at Habelschwert.

Presence of mind and resolution were all that were now left. I instantly ran to the stable, while Schell detained the peasant in the chamber: he however,

was a worthy man, and directed him the road toward Bohemia. We were still but about some seven miles from Glatz, having lost ourselves among the mountains, where we had wandered many miles. The daughter followed me: I found three horses in the stable, but no bridles. I conjured her, in the most passionate manner, to assist me: she was affected, seemed half willing to follow me, and gave me two bridles. I led the horses to the door, called Schell, and helped him, with his lame leg, on horseback. The old peasant then began to weep and beg I would not take his horses; but he luckily wanted courage, and perhaps the will to impede us; for with nothing more than a dung-fork, in our then feeble condition, he might have stopped us long enough to have called in assistance from the village.

And now behold us on horseback, without hats or saddles; Schell with his uniform scarf and gorget, and I in my red regimental coat. Still we were in danger of seeing all our hopes vanish, for my horse would not stir from the stable; however, at last, good horseman like, I made him move. Schell led the way; and we had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we perceived the peasants coming in crowds from the village.

As kind fortune would have it, the people were all at church, it being a festival: the peasants Schell had sent were obliged to call aid out of the church. It was but nine in the morning; and had the peasants been at home, we had been lost past redemption.

We were obliged to take the road to Wunshelburg, and pass through the town, where Schell had been quartered a month before, and in which he was known by every body. Our dress, without hats or saddles, sufficiently proclaimed we were deserters;

our horses, however, continued to go tolerably well; and we had good luck to get through the town, although there was a garrison of one hundred and eighty infantry, and twelve horse, purposely to arrest deserters. Schell knew the road to Brummen, where he arrived at eleven o'clock, after having met, as I before mentioned, Captain Zerbst.

He who has been in the same situation only can imagine, though he never can describe, all the joy we felt. An innocent man, languishing in a dungeon, who, by his own endeavours, has broken his chains, regained his liberty, in despite of all the arbitrary power of princes, who vainly would oppose him, conceives, in moments like these, such an abhorrence of despotism, that I could not well comprehend how I ever could resolve to live under governments where wealth, content, honour, liberty, and life, all depend upon a master's will, and who, were his intentions the most pure, could not be able, singly, to do justice to a whole nation.

Never did I, during life, feel pleasure more exquisite than at this moment. My friend for me had risked a shameful death, and now, after having carried him at least twelve hours on my shoulders, I had saved both him and myself. We certainly should not have suffered any man to bring us alive back again to Glatz. Yet this was but the first act of the tragedy of which I was doomed the hero, and the mournful incidents of which all arose out of, and depended on, each other.

Could I have read the book of fate, and have seen the forty years fearful afflictions that were to follow, I certainly should not have rejoiced at this my escape from Glatz. One year's patience might have appeased the irritated monarch; and, taking a retrospect of all

that has passed, I now find it would have been a fortunate circumstance had the good and faithful Schell and I never met, since he also fell into a train of misfortunes, which I shall hereafter relate, and from which he could never extricate himself but by death. The sufferings which I have since undergone will be read with astonishment.

It is my consolation that both the laws of honour and nature justify the action. It may serve as an example of the fortitude with which danger ought to be encountered, and show monarchs that in Germany, as well as in Rome, there are men who refuse to crouch beneath the yoke of despotism, and that philosophy and resolution are stronger than even those lords of slaves, with all their threats, whips, tortures, and instruments of death.

In Prussia, where my sufferings might have made me supposed the worst of traitors, is my innocence universally acknowledged; and instead of contempt, there have I gained the love of the whole nation, which is the best compensation for all the ills I have suffered, and for having persevered in the virtuous principles taught me in my youth, persecuted, as I have been, by envy and malicious power. I have not time further to moralise; the numerous incidents of my life would otherwise swell these volumes to too great an extent.

Thus in freedom at Braunau, on the Bohemian frontiers, I sent the horses, with the corporal's sword, back to General Fouquet, at Glatz. The letter accompanying them was so pleasing to him, that all the sentinels before my prison door, as well as the guard under arms, and all those we passed, were obliged to run the gauntlet, although, the very day before, he had himself declared my escape was now rendered im

possible. He, however, was deceived; and thus do the mean revenge themselves on the miserable, and the tyrant on the innocent

And now, for the first time, did I quit my country, and fly, like Joseph, from the pit into which his false brother had cast him; and in this the present moment of joy for my escape, the loss even of friends and country appeared to me the excess of good fortune.

The estates which had been purchased by the blood of my forefathers were confiscated; and thus was a youth, of one of the noblest families in the land, whose heart was all zeal for the service of his king and country, and who was among those most capable to render them service, banished by this unjust and misled king, and treated like the worst of miscreants, malefactors, and traitors.

I wrote to the king, and sent him a true state of my case; sent indubitable proofs of my innocence, and supplicated justice, but received no answer.

In this the monarch may be justified, at least in my apprehension. A wicked man had maliciously and falsely accused me; Colonel Jaschinsky had made him suspect me for a traitor, and it was impossible he should read my heart. The first act of injustice had been hastily committed; I had been condemned unheard, unjudged, and the injustice that had been done me was known too late; Frederic the Great found he was not infallible. Pardon I would not ask, for I had committed no offence; and the king would not probably own, by a reverse of conduct, he had been guilty of injustice. My resolution increased his obstinacy; but, in the discussion of the cause, our power was very unequal.

The monarch once really loved me; he meant my

punishment should only be temporary, and as a trial of my fidelity. That I had been condemned to no more than a year's imprisonment had never been told me, and was a fact I did not learn till long after.

Major Doo, who, as I have said, was the creature of Fouquet, a mean and covetous man, knowing I had money, had always acted the part of a protector, as he pretended to me, and continually told me I was condemned for life. He perpetually turned the conversation on the great credit of his general with the king, and his own great credit with the general. For the present of a horse, on which I rode to Glatz, he gave me the freedom of walking about the fortress; and for another, worth a hundred ducats, I rescued Ensign Reitz from death, who had been betrayed when endeavouring to effect our escape. I have been assured that, on that very day on which I snatched his sword from his side, desperately passed through the garrison, and leaped the walls of the rampart, he was expressly come to tell me, after some prefatory threats, that, by his general's intercession my punishment was only to be a year's imprisonment, and that, consequently, I should be released in a few days.

How vile were means like these to wrest money from the unfortunate! The king, after this my mad flight, certainly was never informed of the major's base cunning; he could only be told that, rather than wait a few days, I had chosen, in this desperate manner, to make my escape, and go over to the enemy.

Thus deceived and strengthened in his suspicion, must he not imagine my desire to forsake my country, and desert to the enemy, was unbounded? How could he do otherwise than imprison a subject, who thus endeavoured to injure him, and aid his foes? Thus, by the calumnies of wicked men, did my cruel

destiny daily become more severe, and at length render the deceived monarch irreconcilable and cruel.

Yet how could it be supposed that I would not willingly have remained three weeks longer in prison, to have been honourably restored to liberty; to have prevented the confiscation of my estate; and to have once more returned to my loved mistress at Berlin?

And now was I, in Bohemia, a fugitive stranger, without money, protector, or friend, and only twenty years of age.

In the campaign of 1744, I had been quartered at Braunau, with a weaver, whom I advised and assisted to bury his effects, and preserve them from being plundered. The worthy man received us with joy and gratitude. I had lived in this same house, but two years before, as absolute master of him and his fate. I had then nine horses and five servants, with the highest and most favourable hopes of futurity; but now I came a fugitive, seeking protection, and having lost all a youth like me had to lose.

I had but a single louis-d'or in my purse, and Schell forty kreutzers, or some three shillings; with this small sum, in a strange country, we had to cure his sprain, and provide for all our wants.

I was determined not to go to my cousin Trenck, at Vienna, fearful this should seem a justification of all my imputed treasons; I rather wished to embark for the East Indies, than to have recourse to this expedient. The greater my delicacy was, the greater became my distress. I wrote to my mistress at Berlin, but received no answer; possibly because I could not indicate any certain mode of conveyance. My mother believed me guilty, and abandoned me; my brothers were still minors; and my friend, at

Schweidnitz, could not aid me, being gone to Königsberg.

After three weeks abode at Braunau, my friend recovered of his lameness. We had been obliged to sell my watch, with his scarf and gorget, to supply our necessities; and had only four florins remaining.

From the public papers I learnt, my cousin, the Austrian Treck, was at this time closely confined and under criminal prosecution. It will easily be imagined what effect this news had upon me.

Never till now had I felt any inconvenience from poverty; my wants had all been amply supplied, and I had ever lived among, and been highly loved and esteemed by, the first people of the land. I was now destitute, without aid, and undetermined how to seek employment or obtain fame.

At length I determined to travel, on foot, to Prussia, to my mother, and obtain money from her, and afterward enter into the Russian service. Schell, whose destiny was linked to mine, would not forsake me. We assumed false names; I called myself Knert, and Schell, Lesch; then obtaining passports, like common deserters, we left Braunau on the 21st of January in the evening, unseen of any person, and proceeded towards Bilitz in Poland. A friend I had at Neurode gave me a pair of pocket pistols, a musket, and three ducats; the money was spent at Braunau. Here let me take occasion to remark, I had lent this friend, in urgent necessity, a hundred ducats, which he still owed me; and, when I sent to request payment, he returned me three, as if I had asked charity.

Though a circumstantial description of our travels would alone fill a volume, I shall only relate the most singular accidents which happened to us; I

shall also insert the journal of our route, which my friend Schell had preserved, and gave me, in 1776, when he came to see me at Aix-la-Chapelle, after an absence of thirty years.

This may be called the first scene in which I appeared as an adventurer; and perhaps my good fortune may even have overbalanced the bad, since I have escaped death full thirty times, when the chances were at least a hundred to one against me; certain it is, I undertook many things in which I seemed to have owed my preservation to the very rashness of the action, in which others equally brave would have found death.

JOURNAL

Of travels on foot, from Braunau, in Bohemia, through Bilitz in Poland, to Meseritz; and from Meseritz by Thorn, to Elbing; in the whole 169 German miles, performed without begging or stealing.

JAN. 18, 1747.—From Braunau, by Politz, to Nachod, three miles, we having three florins forty-five kreutzers in our purse.

JAN. 19.—To Neudstat. Here Schell bartered his uniform for an old coat; and a Jew gave him two florins fifteen kreutzers in exchange; from hence we went to Reichenau; in all three miles.

JAN. 20.—We went to Leutomischel, five miles. Here I bought a loaf hot out of the oven, which eating greedily, had nearly caused my death.—This obliged us to rest a day; and the extravagant charge of the landlord almost emptied our purse.

JAN. 22.—From Tribau to Zwittaw in Moravia, four miles.

JAN. 23.—To Sternberg, six miles. This day's journey fatigued poor Schell; his sprained ankle being still extremely weak.

JAN. 24.—To Leipnitz, four miles; in a deep snow, and with empty stomachs. Here I sold my stock-buckle for four florins.

JAN. 25.—To Freyberg, by Weiskirch, to Drachotushch, five miles. Early in the morning we found a violin and case on the road; the innkeeper in Weiskirch gave us two florins for it on condition that he should return it to the owner, on proving his right; it being worth at least twenty.

JAN. 26.—To Freiderick, in Upper Silesia, two miles.

JAN. 27.—To a village four miles and a half.

JAN. 28.—Through Scotscha to Bilitz, three miles. This was the last Austrian town on the frontiers of Poland; and Captain Capi, of the regiment of Marischall, who commanded the garrison, demanded our passports. We had both false names, and called ourselves common Prussian deserters; but a drummer who had deserted from Glatz knew us, and betrayed us to the captain, who immediately arrested us very rudely, and sent us on foot to Teschin, refusing us a hearing, four miles distant.

Here we found Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Schwarzer, a perfectly worthy man, who was highly interested in our behalf, and who blamed the irregular arbitrary conduct of Captain Capi. I frankly related my adventures, and he used every possible argument to persuade me, instead of continuing my journey through Poland, to go to Vienna; but in vain: my good genius this time preserved me; would to God

it had ever ! How many miseries had I then avoided, and how easily might I have escaped the snares spread for me by the powerful, who have seized on my property, and, in order to secure it, have hitherto rendered me useless to the state, by depriving me of all post or employment.

I returned, therefore, a second time to Bilitz, travelling these four miles once more. Schwarzer lent us his own horse, and four ducats, which I have since repaid, but which I shall never forget, as they were of signal service to me, and procured me a pair of new boots.

Irritated against Captain Capi, we passed through Bilitz without stopping, went immediately to Biala, the first town in Poland, and from thence I sent Capi a challenge to fight me with sword or pistol, but received no answer ; and his non-appearance has ever confirmed him, in my opinion, a rascal.

And here suffer me to take a retrospective view of what was then my situation. By the orders of Capi I was sent prisoner as a contemptible deserter, and was unable to call him to account. In Poland, indeed, I had that power, but was despised as a vagabond, because of my poverty. What, alas ! are the advantages which the love of honour, science, courage, or desire of fame can bestow, wanting the means that should introduce us to, and bid us walk erect in presence of our equals ? Youth, depressed by poverty, is robbed of the society of those who best can afford example and instruction. I had lived familiar with the great ; men of genius had formed and enlightened me ; I had been enumerated among the favourites of a court ; and now I was a stranger, unknown, unesteemed, nay, contemned, obliged to endure the extremes of cold, hunger, and thirst ; to wander many

a weary mile, suffering both in body and mind, while every step led me farther from her whom I most loved, and dearest; yet had I no fixed plan, no certain knowledge in what these my labours and sufferings should end.

I was too proud to discover myself; but indeed to whom could I discover myself in a strange land? My name might have availed me in Austria, where this name was known, would I not remain; rather than seek my fortune there, I was determined to shun whatever might tend to render me suspicious in the eyes of my country. How liable was a temper so ardent as mine, in the midst of difficulties, fatigues, and disappointments hard to endure, to betray me into all those errors of which rash youth, unaccustomed to hardship, impatient of contrariety, are so often guilty! But I had taken my resolution; and my faithfull Schell, to whom hunger, or ease, contempt, or fame, for my sake, were become indifferent, did whatever I desired.

Once more to my journal.

FEB. 1.—We proceeded four miles from Biala to Oswintzin, I having determined to ask aid from my sister, who had married Waldow and lived, much at her ease, on a fine estate at Hanmer in Brandenburg, between Lansberg on the Warta and Meseritz, a frontier town of Poland. For this reason we continued our route all along the Silesian confines to Meseritz.

FEB. 2.—To Bobrek and Elkus, five miles. We suffered much this day because of the snow, and that the lightness of our dress was ill suited to such severe weather. Schell, negligently, lost our purse, in which were nine florins. I had still, however, nineteen grosch in my pocket (about half-a-crown).

FEB. 3.—To Crumelw, three miles; and

FEB. 4.—To Wladowiegud Joreck, three miles more; and from thence, on

FEB. 5.—To Czenstochowa, where there is a magnificent convent, concerning which, had I room, I might write many remarkable things, much to the disgrace of its inhabitants.

We slept at an inn kept by a very worthy man, whose name was Lazar. He had been a lieutenant in the Austrian service, where he had suffered much, and was now become a poor innkeeper in Poland. We had not a penny in our purse, and requested a bit of bread. The generous man had compassion on us, and desired us to sit down, and eat with himself. I then told him who we were, and trusted him with the motives of our journey. Scarcely had we supped before a carriage arrived, with three people. They had their own horses, a servant, and a coachman.

This is a remarkable incident, and I must relate it circumstantially, though as briefly as possible.

We had met this carriage at Elkus, and one of these people had asked Schell where he was going: he had replied, to Czenstochowa; we therefore had not the least suspicion of them, notwithstanding the danger we ran.

They lay at the inn, saluted us, but with indifference, not seeming to notice us, and spoke little. We had not been long in bed before our host came to awaken us, and told us with surprise, these pretended merchants were sent to arrest us from Prussia; that they had offered, first, fifty, afterwards a hundred ducats, if he would permit them to take us in his house, and carry us into Silesia; that he had firmly rejected the proposal, though they had increased their

promises; and that at last they had given him six ducats, to engage his silence.

We clearly saw these were an officer and under-officers sent by General Fouquet, to recover us. We conjectured by what means they had discovered our rout, and imagined the information they had received could only come from one Lieutenant Mollinie, of the garrison of Habelschwert, who had come to visit Schell, as a friend, during our stay at Braunau. He had remained with us two days, and had asked many questions concerning the road we should take, and he was the only one who knew it. He was probably the spy of Fouquet, and the cause of what happened afterwards, which, however, ended in the defeat of our enemies.

The moment I heard of this infamous treachery, I was for entering with my pistols primed, into the enemy's chamber, but was prevented by Schell and Lazar; the latter entreated me, in the strongest manner, to remain in his house till I should receive a supply from my mother, that I might be enabled to continue my journey with more ease and less danger; but his entreaties were ineffectual. I was determined to see her, uncertain as I was of what effect my letter had produced. Lazar assured me we should, most infallibly, be attacked on the road. "So much the better," retorted I; "that will give me an opportunity of dispatching them, sending them to the other world, and shooting them as I would highwaymen." They departed at break of day, and took the road to Warsaw.

We would have been gone likewise; but Lazar, in some sort, forcibly detained us, and gave us the six ducats he had received from the Prussians, with which we bought us each a shirt, another pair of pocket pistols, and other urgent necessities: then took an

affectionate leave of our host, who directed us on our way, and we testified our gratitude for the great service done us.

FEB. 6.—From Czenstochowa to Dankow, two miles. Here we expected an attack. Lazar had told us our enemies had only ~~one~~ musket; I also had a musket, and an excellent sabre, and each of us was provided with a pair of pistols. They knew not we were so well armed, which perhaps was the cause of their panic, when they came to engage.

FEB. 7.—We took the road to Parsemечи: we had not been an hour on the road before we saw a carriage: as we drew near, we knew it to be that of our enemies, who pretended it was set in the snow. They were round it, and, when they saw us approach, began to call for help. This, we guessed, was an artifice to entrap us. Schell was not strong; they would all have fallen upon me, and we should easily have been carried off; for they wanted to take us alive.

We left the causeway about thirty paces, answering—"We had not time to give them help;" at which they all ran to their carriage, drew out their pistols, and returning full speed after us, called—"Stop, rascals!" We began to run; but I, suddenly turning round, presented my piece, and shot the nearest dead on the spot. Schell fired his pistols; our opposers did the same, and Schell received a ball in the neck at this discharge. It was now my turn: I took out my pistols; one of the assailants fled, and I, enraged, pursued him three hundred paces, overtook him, and, as he was defending himself with his sword, perceiving he bled and made a feeble resistance, pressed upon him, and gave him a stroke that brought him down. I instantly returned to Schell, whom I found in the power of two others, that were dragging him towards

the carriage; but when they saw me at their heels, they fled over the fields. The coachman, perceiving which way the battle went, leaped on his box, and drove off at full speed.

Schell, though delivered, was wounded with a ball in the neck, and by a cut in the right hand, which had made him drop his sword; though he affirmed he had run one of his adversaries through.

I took a silver watch from the man I had killed, and was going to make free with his purse, when Schell called, and showed me a coach and six coming down a hill. To stay would have exposed us to have been imprisoned as highwayman: for the two fugitives, who had escaped us, would certainly have borne witness against us. Safety only could be found in flight. I, however, seized the musket and hat of him I had first killed, and we then gained the copse, and after that the forest. The road was round about, and it was night before we reached Parsemechi.

Schell was besmeared with blood; I had bound up his wounds the best I could: but in Polish villages no surgeons are to be found; and he performed his journey with great difficulty. We met with two Saxon under-officers here, who were recruiting for the regiment of guards at Dresden. My six-foot height and person pleased them, and they immediately made themselves acquainted with me. I found them intelligent and entrusted them with our secret, told them who we were, related the battle we had that day had with our pursuers; and I had not reason to repent of my confidence in them. Schell had his wounds drest, and we remained seven days with these good Saxons, who faithfully kept us company.

I learned, meantime, that of the four men by whom we had been assaulted, one only, and the coachman,

returned alive to Glatz. The name of the officer who undertook this vile business, was Gerhdoff; he had a hundred and fifty ducats in his pocket when found dead. How great would our good fortune have been, had not that cursed coach and six, by its appearance, made us take to flight, since the booty would have been most just! Fortune, this time, did not favour the innocent; and though treacherously attacked, I was obliged to escape like a guilty wretch. We sold the watch to a Jew for four ducats, the hat for three florins and a half, and the musket for a ducat, Schell being unable to carry it farther. We left most of this money behind us at Parsemechi. A Jew surgeon sold us dear plaisters, which we took with us, and departed.

FEB. 15.—From Parsemechi, through Vielum, to Biala, four miles.

FEB. 16.—Through Jerischow to Misorczen, four miles and a half.

FEB. 17.—To Osterkow and Schwarzwald, three miles.

FEB. 18.—To Sdune, four miles.

FEB. 19.—To Goblin, two miles.

Here we arrived wholly destitute of money. I sold my coat to a Jew, who gave me four florins and a coarse waggoner's frock in exchange, which I did not think I should long need, as we now drew nearer to where my sister lived, and where I hoped I should be better equipped. Schell, however, grew weaker and weaker; his wounds healed slowly, and were expensive; the cold also was injurious to him; and, as he was not by nature cleanly in his person, his body soon became the harbour of every species of vermin to be picked up in Poland. We often arrived wet and weary to our smoky, reeking stove-room;

often we were obliged to lie on straw, or the bare boards; and the various hardships we suffered are almost incredible. Wandering as we did in the midst of winter, through Poland, where humanity, hospitality, and gentle pity, are scarcely so much as known by name; where merciless Jews deny the poor traveller a bed, and where we, disconsolately, strayed without bread, and almost naked; these were sufferings, the full extent of which he only can conceive by whom they have been felt. My musket now and then procured us an occasional meal of tame geese, and cocks and hens, when these were to be had; otherwise we never took or touched any thing that was not our own. We met with Saxon and Prussian recruiters at various places; all of whom, on account of my youth and stature, were eager to inveigle me. I was highly diverted to hear them enumerate all the possibilities of future greatness, and how liable I was hereafter to become a corporal: nor was I less merry with their mead, ale, and brandy, given with an intent to make me drunk. Thus had we many artifices to guard against; but thus had we, likewise very luckily for us, many a good meal gratis.

FEB. 21.—We went from Goblin to Pugnitz, three miles and a half.

FEB. 22.—Through Storchnest to Schmiegel, four miles.

Here happened a singular adventure. The peasants at this place were dancing to a yile scraper on the violin; I took the instrument myself, and played while they continued their hilarity. They were much pleased with my playing; but when I was tired, and desired to have done, they obliged me, first by importunities, and afterwards by threats, to play on all night. I was so fatigued, I thought I should have

fainted : at length they quarrelled among themselves. Schell was sleeping on a bench, and some of them fell on his wounded hand : he rose furious ; I seized my arms, began to lay about me, and while all was in confusion we escaped without farther ill treatment.

What ample subject of meditation on the various turns of fate did this night afford ? But two years before I danced at Berlin with the daughters and sisters of kings ; and here was I, in a Polish hut, a ragged, almost-naked musician, playing for the sport of ignorant rustics, whom I was at last obliged to fight.

I was myself the cause of the trifling misfortune that befel me on this occasion. Had not my vanity led me to show these poor peasants I was a musician, I might have slept in peace and safety. The same vain desire of proving I knew more than other men made me, through life, the continued victim of envy and slander. Had nature too bestowed on me a weaker, or a deformed body, I had been less observed, less courted, less sought, and my adventures and mishaps had been fewer. Thus the merits of the man often becomes his miseries ; and thus the bear, having learned to dance, must live and die in chains.

This ardour, this vanity, or, if you please, this emulation, has however taught me to vanquish a thousand difficulties, under which others of cooler passions, and more temperate desires, would have sunk. May my example remain a warning, and thus may my sufferings become somewhat profitable to the world, cruel as they have been to myself ! Cruel they were, and cruel they must continue ; for the wounds I have received are not, will not, cannot, be healed.

FEB. 23.—From Schmiegel to Rakonitz, and from

thence to Karger Holland, four miles and a half. Here we sold, to prevent dying of hunger, a shirt, and Schell's waistcoat, for eighteen grosch, or nine schostack. I had shot a pullet the day before, which necessity obliged us to eat raw. I also killed a crow, which I devoured alone, Schell refusing to taste. Youth and hard travelling created a voracious appetite, and our eighteen grosch were soon expended.

FEB. 24.—We came through Benzen to Lettel, four miles. Here we halted a day, to learn the road to Hammer in Brandenburg, where my sister lived. I happened, luckily, to meet with the wife of a Prussian soldier, who lived at Lettel, and belonged to Kolschen, where she was born a vassal of my sister's husband. I told her who I was, and she became our guide.

FEB. 26.—To Kurschen and Falkenwalde.

FEB. 27.—Through Neuendorff and Oost, and afterwards through a pathless wood, five miles and a half to Hammer; and here I knocked at my sister's door at nine o'clock in the evening.

A maid-servant came to the door, whom I knew; her name was Mary, and she had been born and brought up in my father's house. She was terrified at seeing a sturdy fellow in a beggar's dress; which perceiving, I asked—"Molly, do not you know me?" She answered—"No;" and I then discovered myself to her. I asked whether my brother-in-law was at home. Mary replied—"Yes; but he was sick in bed." "Tell my sister, then," said I, "that I am here." She showed me into a room, and my sister presently came.

She was alarmed at seeing me, not knowing that I had escaped from Glatz; and ran to inform her husband, but did not return.

A quarter of an hour after, the good Mary came weeping, and told us her master commanded us to quit the premises instantly, or he should be obliged to have us arrested, and delivered up as prisoners.

My sister's husband forcibly detained her, and I saw her no more.

What my feelings must be, at such a moment, let the reader imagine. I was too proud, too enraged, to ask money; I furiously left the house, uttering a thousand menaces against its inhabitants, while the kind-hearted Mary, still weeping, slipped three ducats into my hand, which I accepted.

And now behold us, once more, in the wood, which was not above a hundred paces from the house, half dead with hunger and fatigue, not daring to enter any habitation while in the states of Brandenburg, and dragging our weary steps, all night, through snow and rain, until our guide at length brought us back, at daybreak, once again to the town of Lettel.

FEB. 29.—We continued, tired, anxious, and distressed at Lettel.

MARCH 1.—We went three miles to Pleese, and on

MARCH 2.—A mile and a half farther to Meseritz.

MARCH 3.—Through Wersebaum to Birnbaum, three miles.

MARCH 4.—Through Zircke, Wruneck, Obestchow, to Stubnitz, seven miles, in one day, three of which we had the good fortune to ride.

MARCH 5.—Three miles to Rogosen, where we arrived without so much as a heller to pay our lodging. The Jew innkeeper drove us out of his house; we were obliged to wander all night, and at break of day found we had strayed two miles out of the road.

We entered a peasant's cottage, where an old woman was drawing bread hot out of the oven. We had no money to offer; and I felt, at this moment, the possibility of committing murder for a morsel of bread, to satisfy the intolerable cravings of hunger. Shuddering with torments inexpressible at the thought, I hastened out of the door, and we walked on two miles more to Wongrosze.

Here I sold my musket for a ducat, which had procured us many a meal: such was the extremity of our distress. We then satisfied our appetites, after having been forty hours without food or sleep, and having travelled ten miles in sleet and snow.

MARCH 6.—We rested, and came, on the 7th, through Genin, to a village in the forest, four miles.

Here we fell in with a gang of gipsies (or rather banditti), amounting to four hundred men, who dragged me to their camp. They were mostly French and Prussian deserters; and, thinking me their equal, would force me to become one of their band. But venturing to tell my story to their leader, he presented me with a crown, gave us a small provision of bread and meat, and suffered us to depart in peace, after having been four-and-twenty hours in their company.

MARCH 9.—We proceeded to Lapuschin, three miles and a half; and the 10th to Thorn, four miles.

A new incident here happened, which showed I was destined, by fortune, to a variety of adventures, and continually to struggle with new difficulties.

There was a fair held at Thorn on the day of our arrival. Suspicion might well arise among the crowd, on seeing a strong tall young man, wretchedly clothed, with a large sabre by his side, and a pair of pistols in his girdle, accompanied by another as poorly apparelled as himself, with his hand and neck bound

up, and armed likewise with pistols; so that altogether he more resembled a spectre than a man.

We went to an inn, but were refused entertainment: I then asked for the Jesuits' college, where I inquired for the father-rector. They supposed at first I was a thief come to seek an asylum. After long waiting, and much entreaty, his Jesuitical highness, at length made his appearance, and received me as the Grand Mogul would his slaves. My case certainly was pitiable: I related all the events of my life, and the purport of my journey; conjured him to save Schell, who was unable to proceed further, and whose wounds grew daily worse; and prayed him to entertain him at the convent till I should have been to my mother, have obtained money, and returned to Thorn, when I would certainly repay him whatever expense he might have been at, with thanks and gratitude.

Never shall I forget the haughty insolence of this priest. Scarcely would he listen to my humble request; thou-ed and interrupted me continually, to tell me, "Be brief; I have more pressing affairs than thine." In fine, I was turned away without obtaining the least assistance; and here I was first taught Jesuitical pride; God help the poor and honest man who needs the assistance of Jesuits! They, like all other monks, are seared to every sentiment of human pity, and commiserate the distressed by taunts and irony.

Four times in my life I have sought assistance and advice from convents, and am convinced it is the duty of every honest man to aid in erasing them from the face of the earth.

They succour rascals and murderers, that their power may be idolized by the ignorant, and osten-

tationously exert itself to impede the course of law and justice; but in vain do the poor and needy virtuous apply to them for help.

The reader will pardon my native hatred of hypocrisy and falsehood, especially when he hears I have to thank the Jesuits for the loss of all my great Hungarian estates. Father Kampmüller, the bosom friend of the Count Grashalkowitz, was confessor to the court of Vienna, and there was no possible kind of persecution I did not suffer from priestcraft. Far from being useful members of society, they, taking advantage of the prejudices of superstition, exist for themselves alone, and sacrifice every duty to the support of their own hierarchy, and found a power on error and ignorance, which is destructive of all moral virtue.

Let us proceed.—Mournful and angry, I left the college, and went to my lodging-house, where I found a Prussian recruiting-officer waiting for me; who used all his arts to engage me to enlist; offering me five hundred dollars, and to make me a corporal, if I could write. I pretended I was a Livonian who had deserted from the Austrians, to return home and claim an inheritance left me by my father. After much persuasion, he at length told me in confidence—"It was very well known in the town I was a robber; that I should soon be taken before a magistrate; but that, if I would enlist, he would ensure my safety."

This language was new to me; my passion rose instantaneously; I remembered my name was Trenck. I struck him, and drew my sword; but, instead of defending himself, he sprang out of the chamber, charging the host not to let me quit the house. I knew the town of Thorn had agreed with the king of Prussia, secretly, to deliver up deserters, and began to fear

the consequences. Looking through the window, I presently saw two under Prussian officers enter the house. Schell and I instantly flew to our arms, and met the Prussians at the chamber door. "Make way!" cried I, presenting my pistols. The Prussian soldiers drew their swords, but retired with fear. Going out of the house, I saw a Prussian lieutenant in the street, with the town-guard. These I overawed likewise, by the same means, and no one durst oppose me, though every one cried—"Stop thief!" I came safely, however, to the Jesuits' convent; but poor Schell was taken and dragged to prison like a malefactor.

Half mad at not being able to rescue him, I imagined he must soon be delivered up to the Prussians. My reception was much better at the convent than it had been before, for they no longer doubted but I was really a thief, who sought an asylum. I addressed myself to one of the fathers, who appeared to be a good kind of a man, related briefly what had happened, and entreated he would endeavour to discover why they sought to molest us.

He went out, and returning in an hour after, told me—"Nobody knows you: a considerable theft was yesterday committed in the fair; all suspicious persons are seized; you entered the town accoutred like banditti. The man where you put up is employed as a Prussian enlister, and has announced you as suspicious people. The Prussian lieutenant thereupon laid complaint against you, and it was thought necessary to secure your persons.

My joy, at hearing this, was great. Our Moravian passport, and the journal of our route, which I had in my pocket, were full proofs of our innocence. I requested they would send and inquire at the town

where we lay the night before. I soon convinced the Jesuit I spoke truth; he went and presently returned with one of the syndics, to whom I gave a more full account of myself. The syndic examined Schell, and found his story and mine agreed; besides which, our papers, that they had seized, declared who we were. I passed the night in the convent, without closing my eyes, revolving in my mind all the rigours of my fate. I was still more disturbed for Schell, who knew not where I was, but remained firmly persuaded we should be conducted to Berlin: and, if so, determined to put a period to his life.

My doubts were all ended at ten in the morning, when my good Jesuit arrived, and was followed by my friend Schell. The judges, he said, had found us innocent; and declared us free to go where we pleased; adding, however, that he advised us to be upon our guard, we being watched by the Prussian enlistsers; that the lieutenant had hoped, by having us committed as thieves, to oblige me to enter, and this would account for all that had happened.

I gave Schell a most affectionate welcome, who had been very ill used when led to prison, because he endeavoured to defend himself with his left hand, and follow me. The people had thrown mud at him, and called him a rascal, that would soon be hanged. Schell was little able to travel further. The father rector sent us a ducat, but did not see us; and the chief magistrate gave each of us a crown, by way of indemnification for false imprisonment. Thus sent away, we returned to our lodging, took our bundles, and immediately prepared to leave Thorn.

As we went, I reflected that, on the road to Elbing, we must pass through several Prussian villages, and inquired for a shop where we might purchase a map.

We were directed to an old woman, who sat at a door, across the way, and were told that she had a good assortment, for that her son was a scholar. I addressed myself to her, and my question pleased her, I having added we were unfortunate travellers, who wished to find, by the map, the road to Russia.

She showed us into a chamber, laid an atlas on the table, and placed herself opposite me, while I examined the map, and endeavoured to hide a bit of a ragged ruffle, that had made its appearance. After steadfastly looking at me, she at length exclaimed, with a sad and mournful tone—"Good God! who knows what is now become of my poor son? I can see, sir, you too are of a good family. My son would go and seek his fortune, and for these eight years have I had no tidings of him. He must now be in the Austrian cavalry." I asked in what regiment.—"The regiment of Hohenhem; you are his very picture."—"Is he not my height?"—"Yes, nearly."—"Has he not light hair?"—"Yes, like yours, sir."—"What is his name?"—"His name is William."—No, my dear mother," cried I, "William is not dead; he was my best friend when I was with my regiment."—Here the poor woman could not contain herself with joy. She threw herself round my neck, called me her good angel, who brought her happy tidings, asked me a thousand questions, which I easily contrived to make her answer herself: and thus, forced by imperious necessity, bereft of all other means, did I act the deceiver.

The story I made was nearly as follows: I told her I was a soldier in the regiment of Hohenhem, that I had a furlough to go and see my father, and that I should return in a month, would then take her letters, and undertake that, if she wished it, her son should

purchase his discharge, and once more come and live with his mother. I added, that I should be for ever, and infinitely obliged to her, if she would suffer my comrade, mean time, to live at her house, he being wounded by the Prussian recruiters, and unable to pursue his journey: that I would send him money to come to me, or would myself come back and fetch him, thankfully paying every expense. She joyfully consented; told me her second husband, father-in-law to her dear William, had driven him from home, that he might give what substance they had to the younger son! and that the eldest had gone to Magdeburg. She determined Schell should live at the house of a friend, that her husband might know nothing of the matter; and, not satisfied with this kindness, she made me eat with her, gave me a new shirt, stockings, sufficient provision for three days, and six Luneburg florins. I left Thorn, and my faithful Schell, the same night, with the consolation he was well taken care of; and, having parted from him with regret, went, on this, the 13th, two miles further, to Bunglow.

I cannot describe what my sensations were, or the despondence of my mind, when I thus saw myself wandering alone, and leaving, forsaking, as it were, the dearest of friends. These may certainly be numbered among the bitterest moments of my life. Often was I ready to return, and drag him along with me, though at last reason conquered sensibility. I drew near the end of my journey, and was impelled forward by hope.

MARCH 14.—I went to Schwetz, and,

MARCH 15.—To Neuburg and Mowe. In these two days I travelled thirteen miles. I lay at Mowe, in some straw, among a number of carters and, when I awoke, perceived they had taken my pistols, and

what little money I had left, even to my last penny. The gentlemen, however, were all gone.

MARCH 17th.—To Elbing, four miles..

Here I met with my former worthy tutor, Brodowsky, who was become a captain, and auditor in the Polish regiment of Golz. He met me just as I entered the town. I followed, triumphantly, to his quarters; and here at length ended the painful, long, and adventurous journey I had been obliged to perform.

This good and kind gentleman, after providing me with immediate necessities, wrote so affectingly to my mother, that she came to Elbing in a week, and gave me every aid of which I stood in need.

The pleasure I had in meeting once more this tender mother, whose qualities of heart and mind were equally excellent, was inexpressible. She found a certain mode of conveying a letter to my dear mistress, at Berlin, who, a short time after, sent me a bill of exchange for four hundred ducats, upon Dantzic. To this my mother added a thousand rix-dollars, and a diamond cross, worth nearly half as much, remained a fortnight with me, and persisted, in spite of all remonstrance, in advising me to go to Vienna. My determination had been fixed for Petersburg; all my fears and apprehensions being awakened at the thought of Vienna, and which indeed, afterwards became the source of my cruel sufferings and sorrows. She would not yield in opinion, and promised her future assistance only in case of my obedience: it was my duty not to continue obstinate. Here she left me, and I have never seen her since. She died in 1751, and I have ever held her memory in veneration. It was a happiness for this affectionate mother, that she did not live to be a witness of my afflictions, in the year 1754.

An adventure, resembling that of Joseph in Egypt, happened to me in Elbing. The wife of the worthy Brodowsky, a woman of infinite personal attraction, grew partial to me; but I durst not act ungratefully by my benefactor. Never to see me more, was too painful to her, and she even proposed to follow me, secretly, to Vienna. I felt the danger of my situation, and doubted whether Potiphar's wife offered temptations so strong as Madam Brodowsky. I own I had affection for this lady; but my passions were overawed. She preferred me to her husband, who was in years, and very ordinary in person. Had I yielded to the slightest degree of guilt, that of present enjoyment, a few days of pleasure must have been followed by years of bitter repentance.

Having once more assumed my proper name and character, and made presents of acknowledgment to the worthy tutor of my youth, I became eager to return to Thorn.

How great was my joy at again meeting my honest Schell! The kind old woman had treated him like a mother. She was surprised and half terrified at seeing me enter in an officer's uniform, and accompanied by two servants. I gratefully and rapturously kissed her hand—repaid, with thankfulness, every expense, for Schell had been nurtured with truly maternal kindness—told her who I was—acknowledged the deceit I had put upon her, concerning her son, but faithfully promised to give a true, and not fictitious account of him, immediately on my arrival at Vienna. Schell was ready in three days, and we left Thorn, came to Warsaw, and passed thence through Cracow, to Vienna.

And now another act of the tragedy is going to begin.

Here I found my cousin, Baron Francis Trenck, the famous partisan and colonel of pandours, imprisoned at the arsenal, and involved in a most perplexing prosecution.

This Trenck was my father's brother's son. His father had been a colonel and governor of Leitschau, and had possessed considerable lordship in Solavonia, those of Pleternitz, Prestowacz, and Pakratz. After the siege of Vienna, in 1683, he had left the Prussian service for that of Austria, in which he remained sixty years.

That I may not here interrupt my story, I shall give some account of the life of my cousin, Baron Trenck, so renowned in the war of 1741, and who fell, at last, the shameful sacrifice of envy and avarice, and received the reward of all his great and faithful services, in the prison of the Spielberg.

The vindication of the family of the Trencks requires I should speak of him; nor will I, in this, suffer restraint for fear of any man, however powerful. Those, indeed, who sacrificed a man most ardent in his country's service, to their own private and selfish views, are now in their graves.

I shall insert no more of his history here than what is interwoven with my own, and relate the rest in its proper place.

A revision of his suit was at this time instituted. Scarcely was I at Vienna, before his confidential agent, M. Leber, presented me to Prince Charles and the emperor: both knew the services of Trenck, and the malice of his enemies: therefore permission for me to visit him in his prison, and procure him such assistance as he might need, were readily granted. On my second audience, the emperor spoke so much in my persecuted cousin's favour, that I became highly

interested : he commanded me to have recourse to him on all occasions ; and, moreover, owned the president of the council of war was a man of a very wicked character, and a declared enemy of Trenck. This president was the count of Lowenwalde, who, with his associates, had been purposely selected as men proper to oppress the best of subjects. The suit soon took another face ; the good empress-queen, who had been deceived, was soon better informed ; and Trenck's innocence appeared, on the revision of the process, most evidently. The trial, which had cost them twenty-seven thousand florins, and the sentence which followed, were proved to have been partial and unjust ; and that sixteen of Trenck's officers, who most of them had been broken for different offences, had perjured themselves to insure his destruction.

It is a most remarkable circumstance, that public notice was given, in the Vienna Gazette, to the following purport :—

“All those who have any complaints to make against Trenck, let them appear, and they shall receive a ducat per day, so long as the prosecution continues.”

It will readily be imagined how fast his accusers would increase, and what kind of people they were. The pay of these witnesses alone amounted to fifteen thousand florins. I now began to labour, in concurrence with Doctor Gerhauer, and the cause soon took another turn ; but such was the state of things, it would have been necessary to have broken all the members of the council of war, as well as Counsellor Weber, a man of great power. Thus, unfortunately, politics began to interfere with the course of justice.

The empress-queen gave Trenck to understand, she required he would ask her pardon ; and on that condition all proceedings should be stopped, and he

immediately set at liberty. Prince Charles, who knew the court of Vienna, advised me also to persuade my cousin to comply; but nothing could shake his resolutions. Feeling his right and innocence, he demanded strict justice; and this made ruin more swift.

I soon learned Trenck must fall a sacrifice—he was rich—his enemies already had divided among them more than eighty thousand florins of his property, which was all sequestered, and in their hands. They had treated him too cruelly, and knew him too well, not to dread his vengeance the moment he should recover his freedom.

I was moved to the soul at his sufferings; and as he vented public threats, at the prospect of approaching victory over his enemies, they gained over the court-confessor; and, dreading him as they did, put every wily art in practice to insure his destruction, I therefore, in the fullness of my heart, made him the brotherly proposition of escaping, and, having obtained his liberty, to prove his innocence to the empress-queen. I told him my plan, which might easily have been put in execution, and which he seemed perfectly decided to follow.

Some days after, I was ordered to wait on a field-marshal, Count Konigseck, governor of Vienna. This respectable old gentleman, whose memory I shall ever revere, behaved to me like a father and the friend of humanity, advised me to abandon my cousin, who, he gave me to understand, had betrayed me, by having revealed my proposed plan of escape, willing to sacrifice me to his ambition, in order to justify the purity of his intentions to the court, and show that instead of wishing to escape, he only desired justice.

Confounded at the cowardly action of one for whom I would willingly have sacrificed my life, and whom

I only sought to deliver, I resolved to leave him to his fate, and thought myself exceedingly happy that the worthy field-marshal would, after a fatherly admonition, smother all farther inquiry into this affair.

I related this black trait of ingratitude to Prince Charles of Lorraine, who prevailed on me again to see my cousin, without letting him know what had passed, and still to render him every service in my power.

Before I proceed I will here give the reader a portrait of this Trenck.

He was a man of superior talents and unbounded ambition; devoted, even fanatically, to his sovereign; his boldness approached temerity; he was artful of mind, wicked of heart, vindictive, and unfeeling. His cupidity equalled the utmost excess of avarice, even in his thirty-third year, in which he died. He was too proud to receive favours or obligations from any man, and was capable of ridding himself of his best friend, if he thought he had any claims on his gratitude, or could get possession of his fortune.

He knew I had rendered him very important services, supposed his cause already won, having bribed the judges, who were to revise the sentence, with thirty thousand florins; which money I received from his friend, Baron Lopresti, and conveyed to these honest counsellors. I knew all his secrets; and nothing more was necessary to prompt his suspicious and bad heart to seek my destruction.

Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed, after his having betrayed me, before the following remarkable events happened.

I left him one evening to return home, taking under my coat a bag with papers and documents relating to the prosecution, which I had been examining for him, and transcribing. There were at this time about five-

and-twenty officers in Vienna, who had laid complaints against him, and who considered me their greatest enemy, because I had laboured earnestly in his defence. I was therefore obliged, on all occasions, to be upon my guard. A report had been propagated through Vienna, that I was secretly sent, by the king of Prussia, to free my cousin from imprisonment; he however, constantly denied, to the hour of his death, his ever having written to me at Berlin; hence also it will follow, the letter I received had been forged by Jaschinsky.

Leaving the arsenal, I crossed the court, and perceived I was closely followed by two men in grey roquelaures, who, pressing upon my heels, held loud and insolent conversation concerning the runaway Prussian Trenck. I found they sought a quarrel, which was a thing of no great difficulty at that moment; for a man is never more disposed to duelling than when he has nothing to lose, and is discontented with his condition. I supposed they were two of the accusing officers broken by Trenck, and endeavoured to avoid them, and gain the Jew's place.

Scarcely had I turned down the street that leads thither, before they quickened their pace. I turned round, and in a moment received a thrust with a sword, in the left side, where I had put my bag of papers, which accident alone saved my life; the sword pierced through the papers, and slightly grazed the skin. I instantly drew, and the heroes ran. I pursued; one of them tripped, and fell. I seized him; the guard came up; he declared he was an officer of the regiment of Kollowrat, showed his uniform, was released, and I was taken to prison. The town-major came the next day, and told me I had intentionally sought a quarrel with two officers, Lieutenants F—g

and K—n. These kind gentlemen did not reveal their humane intention of sending me to the other world.

I was alone, could produce no witness; they were two. I must necessarily be in the wrong, and I remained six days in prison. No sooner was I released, than these my good friends sent to demand satisfaction for the said pretended insult. The proposal was accepted, and I promised to be at the Scotch gate, the place appointed by them, within an hour. Having heard their names, I presently knew them to be two famous swaggerers, who were daily exercising themselves in fencing at the arsenal, and where they often visited Trenck. I went to my cousin to ask his assistance, related what had happened, and, as the consequences of this duel might be very serious, desired him to give me a hundred ducats that I might be able to fly if either of them should fall.

Hitherto I had expended my own money on his account, and had asked no reimbursement; but what was my astonishment when this wicked man said to me, with a sneer—"Since, good cousin, you have got into a quarrel without consulting me, you will also get out of it without my aid!" As I left him, he called me back to tell me—"I will take care and pay your undertaker;" for he certainly believed I should never return alive.

I ran now, half despairing, to Baron Lopresti, who gave me fifty ducats and a pair of pistols; provided with which, I cheerfully repaired to the field of battle.

Here I found half a dozen officers of the garrison. As I had few acquaintances in Vienna, I had no second, except an old Spanish invalid captain, named Perayra, who met me going in all haste, and, having learned whither, would not leave me.

Lieutenant K—n was the first with whom I fought,

and who received satisfaction by a deep wound in the right arm. Hereupon I desired the spectators to prevent farther mischief; for my own part, I had nothing more to demand. Lieutenant F—g next entered the lists, with threats, which were soon quieted by a lunge in the belly. Hereupon Lieutenant M—f, second to the first wounded man, told me very angrily—"Had I been your man, you would have found a very different reception." My old Spaniard of eighty, proudly and immediately advanced with his long whiskers and tottering frame, and cried—"Hold!—Trench has proved himself a brave fellow; and if any man thinks proper to assault him further, he must first take a breathing with me." Every body laughed at this bravado, from a man who scarcely could stand, or hold a sword. I replied—"Friend, I am safe, unhurt, and want not aid; should I be disabled, you then, if you think proper, may take my place; but, as long as I can hold a sword, I shall take pleasure in satisfying all these gentlemen, one after another." I would have rested myself a moment; but the haughty M—f, enraged at the defeat of his friend, would not give me time, but furiously attacked me; and, having wounded him twice, once in the hand, and again in the groin, he wanted to close, and sink me to the grave with himself; but I disarmed and threw him.

None of the others had any desire to renew the contest. My three enemies were sent bleeding to town; and, as M—f appeared to be mortally wounded, and the Jesuits and Capuchins of Vienna refused me an asylum, I fled to the convent at Keltenberg.

I wrote from the convent to Colonel Baron Lopresti, who came to me. I told him all that had passed, and by his good offices had liberty, in a week, to appear once more at Vienna.

Shortly after I left Vienna; would to God it had been for ever! but fate, by strange ways and unknown means, brought me back, where Providence thought proper I should become a vessel of wrath and persecution: I was to enact my part in Europe, and not in Asia. At Nuremburg I met with a body of Russians, commanded by General Lieuwen, my mother's relation, who were marching to the Netherlands, and were the peace-makers of Europe. Major Buschkow, whom I had known when Russian resident at Vienna, prevailed on me to visit him, and presented me to the general. I pleased him, and may say, with truth, he behaved to me like a friend and a father. He advised me to enter into the Russian service, and gave me a company of dragoons, in the regiment of Tobolski, on condition I should not leave him, but employ myself, in his cabinet; and his confidence and esteem for me were unbounded.

Peace followed; the army returned to Moravia, without firing a musket, and the head-quarters were fixed at Prosnitz.

In this town a public entertainment was given by General Lieuwen, on the coronation-day of the Empress Elizabeth; and here an adventure happened to me, which I shall ever remember, as a warning to myself, and insert as a memento to others.

The army physician, on this day, kept a faro-bank, for the entertainment of the guests. My stock of money consisted of two-and-twenty ducats. Thirst of gain, or perhaps example, induced me to venture two of these, which I immediately lost, and very soon, by venturing again to regain them, the whole two-and-twenty. Chagrined at my folly, I returned home: I had nothing but a pair of pistols left, for which, because of their workmanship, General Woyekow had

offered me twenty ducats. These I took, intending, by their aid, to attempt to retrieve my loss. Firing of guns and pistols were heard throughout the town, because of the festival; and I, in imitation of the rest, went to the window, and fired mine. After a few discharges, one of my pistols burst, and endangered my own hand, and wounded my servant. I felt a momentary despondency, stronger than I ever remembered to have experienced before; insomuch that I was half induced, with the remaining pistol, to shoot myself through the head. I however recovered my spirits, asked my servant what money he had, and received from him three ducats. With these I repaired, like a desperate gamester, once more to the faro-table, at the general's; again began to play, and, so extraordinary was my run of luck, I won at every venture. Having recovered my principal, I played on upon my winnings, till at last I had absolutely broken the doctor's bank. A new bank was set up, and I won the greatest part of this likewise; so that I brought home about six hundred ducats.

Rejoiced at my good fortune, but recollecting my danger, I had the prudence to make a solemn resolution never more to play at any game of chance; to which I have ever strictly adhered.

It were to be wished young men would reflect upon the effects of gaming, remembering that the love of play has made the most promising and virtuous miserable; the honest, knaves—and the sincere, deceivers and liars. Officers, having first lost all their own money, being entrusted with the soldier's pay, next lose that also: and thus been cashiered, and eternally disgraced. I might, at Prosnitz, have been equally rash and culpable. The first venture, whether the gamester wins or loses, ensures a second; and, with that, too often destruction. My good fortune was

almost miraculous, and my subsequent resolution very uncommon : and I entreat and conjure my children, when I shall no longer be living to advise and watch for their welfare, most determinedly to avoid play. I seemed preserved by Providence from this evil, but to endure much greater.

General Lieuwen, my kind patron, sent me to Cracow, to conduct a hundred and forty sick men down the Vistula to Dantzic, where there were Russian vessels to receive and transport them to Riga.

I requested permission of the general to proceed forward, and visit my mother and sister, whom I was very desirous to see : at Elbing, therefore, I resigned the command to Lieutenant Platen, and, attended by a servant, rode to the bishopric of Ermeland, where I had appointed an interview with them in a frontier village.

Here an incident happened that had nearly cost me my life. The Prussians, some days before, had carried off a peasant's son, from this village, as a recruit. The people were all in commotion. I wore leather breeches, and the blue uniform of the Russian cavalry. They took me for a Prussian, at the door, and fell upon me with every kind of weapon. A chasseur, who happened to be there, and the landlord, came to my assistance : while I, battling with the peasants, had thrown two of them down. I was delivered, but not till I had received, among others, two violent bruises ; one on the left arm, and another which broke the bridge of my nose. The landlord advised me to escape as fast as possible, or that the village would rise and certainly murder me ; my servant, therefore, who had retired, for defence, with a pair of pistols, into the oven, got ready the horses, and we rode off.

I had my bruises dressed at the next village; my hand and eyes were exceedingly swelled; but I was obliged to ride two miles farther, to the town of Ressel, before I could find an able surgeon; and here I so far recovered, in a week, that I was able to return to Dantzic. My brother visited me, while at Ressel; but my good mother had the misfortune, as she was coming to me, to be thrown out of her carriage, by which her arm was broken, so that she and my sister were obliged to return; and I never saw her more.

I was now at Dantzie, with my sick convoy, where another most remarkable event happened, which I, with good reason, shall ever remember.

I became acquainted with a Prussian officer, whose name I shall conceal, out of respect to his very worthy family; he visited me daily, and we often rode out together in the neighbourhood of Dantzic.

My faithful servant became acquainted with him, and my astonishment was indeed great, when he one day said to me, with anxiety—"Beware sir, of a snare laid for you by Lieutenant N—; he means to entice you out of town, and deliver you up to the Prussians." I asked him where he learned this.—"From the lieutenant's servant," answered he, "who is my friend, and wishes to save me from misfortune."

I now, with the aid of a couple of ducats, discovered the whole affair; and learned it was agreed between the Prussian resident, Reimer, and the lieutenant, that the latter should entice me into the suburb of Langfuhr, where there was an inn on the Prussian territories; here eight recruiting under-officers were to wait concealed, and seize me the moment I entered the house, hurry me into a carriage, and drive away for Lauenburg in Pomerania. Two under-officers were to escort me, on horseback, as far as the fron-

tiers, and the remainder to hold, and prevent me from calling for help, so long as we should remain on the territories of Dantzic.

I farther learned my enemies were only to be armed with sabres ; and that they were to wait behind the door. The two officers on horseback were to secure my servant, and prevent him from riding off and raising an alarm.

These preparations might easily have been rendered fruitless, by my refusing to accept the proposal of the lieutenant ; but vanity gave me other advice ; and resentment made me desirous of avenging myself for such detestable treachery.

Lieutenant N—— came, about noon, to dine with me as usual ; was more pensive and serious than I had ever observed him before, and left me, at four in the afternoon, after having made me promise to ride early next day with him as far as Langfuhr. I observed my consent gave him great pleasure ; and my heart pronounced sentence on the traitor. The moment he had left me, I went to the Russian resident, M. Scheerer, an honest Swiss, related the whole conspiracy, and asked whether I might not take six of the men under my command for my personal defence ; I told him my plan, which he at first opposed ; but seeing me obstinate, he answered, at last—"Do as you please ; I must know nothing of the matter, nor will I make myself responsible."

I immediately joined my soldiers, selected six men, and took them, while it was dark, opposite the Prussian inn, hid them in the corn, with an order to run to my help, with their firelocks loaded, the first discharge they should hear, to seize all who should fall into their power, and only to fire in case of resistance. I provided them with fire-arms, by concealing

them in the carriage which brought them to their hiding-place.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, I still thought it necessary to prevent surprise, by informing myself what were the proceedings of my enemies, lest my intelligence should have been false; and I learned from my spies that, at four in the morning, the Prussian resident, Reimer, had left the city with post-horses.

I loaded mine and my servant's horse and pocket pistols, prepared my Turkish sabre, and in gratitude to the lieutenant's man, promised to take him into my service, being convinced of his honesty.

The lieutenant cheerfully entered about six in the morning, expatiated on the fineness of the weather, and jocosely told me I should be very kindly received by the handsome landlady of Langfuhr.

I was soon ready; we mounted, and left the town, attended by our servants. Some three hundred paces from the inn my worthy friend proposed that we should alight, and let our servants lead the horses, that we might enjoy the beauty of the morning; I consented; and having dismounted, observed his treacherous eyes sparkle with pleasure.

The resident, Reimer, was at the window of the inn, and called out, as soon as he saw me—"Good morrow, captain! good morrow! come, come in, your breakfast is waiting." I, sneering, smiled, and told him I had not time at present. So saying, I continued to walk; but my companion would absolutely force me to enter, took me by the arm, and partly struggled with me; on which losing all patience, I gave him a blow, which almost knocked him down, and ran to my horses, as if I meant to fly.

The Prussians instantly rushed from behind their

door, with clamour, to attack me. I fired at the first; my Russians sprang from their hiding-place, presented the pieces; and called—“*Stuy, stuy yebionnamat.*”

The terror of the poor Prussians may well be supposed. All began to run. I had taken care to make sure of my lieutenant, and was next running to seize the resident, but he had escaped out of the back-door, with the loss only of his white periwig. The Russians had taken four prisoners, and I commanded them to bestow fifty strokes upon each of them, in the open street. An ensign, named Bassecurg, having told me his name, and that he had been my brother's school-fellow, begged remission, and excused himself on the necessity which he was under to obey his superiors. I admitted his excuses, and suffered him to go. I then drew my sword, and bade the lieutenant defend himself; but he was so confused, that, after drawing his sword, he asked my pardon, laid the whole blame upon the resident, and had not power to put himself upon his guard. I twice jerked his sword out of his hand; and at last, taking the Russian corporal's cane, I exhausted my strength with beating him, without his offering the least resistance. Such is the meanness of detected treachery. I left him kneeling, saying to him—“Go, rascal! now, and tell your comrades the manner in which Treck punishes robbers on the highway.”

The people had assembled round us during the action, to whom I related the affair; and the attack having happened on the territories of Dantzic, the Prussians were in danger of being stoned by the populace. I and my Russians marched off victorious, proceeded to the harbour, embarked, and three or four days after, set sail for Riga.

It is remarkable that none of the public papers took

any notice of this affair; no satisfaction was required. The Prussians, no doubt, were ashamed of being defeated in an attempt so perfidious.

I since have learned that Frederic, no doubt by the false representations of Reimer, was highly irritated; and what afterwards happened proves his anger pursued me through every corner of the earth, till at last I fell into his power at Dantzic, and suffered a martyrdom most unmerited and unexampled.

The Prussian envoy, Goltz, indeed, made complaints to Count Bestuchef, concerning this Dantzic skirmish, but received no satisfaction. My conduct was justified in Russia, I having defended myself against assassins, as a Russian captain ought.

Some dispassionate readers may blame me for not having avoided this rencontre, and demanded personal satisfaction of Lieutenant N——. But I have, through life, rather sought than avoided danger. My vanity and revenge were both roused. I was every where persecuted by the Prussians, and was therefore determined to show that, far from fearing, I was able to defend myself.

I hired the servant of the lieutenant, whom I found honest and faithful, and whom I comfortably settled in marriage, at Vienna, in 1753. After my ten years' imprisonment, I found him poor, and again took him into my service, in which he died, at Zwerbach, in 1779.

And now behold me at sea on my voyage to Riga. I had eaten heartily before I went on board: a storm came on: I worked half the night, to aid the crew, but at length became sea-sick, and went to lie down. Scarcely had I closed my eyes before the master came with the joyful tidings, as he thought, that we were running for the port of Pillau. Far from pleasing, this, to me, was dreadful intelligence, I ran on deck,

saw the harbour right before me, and a pilot coming off. The sea must now be either kept in a storm, or I fall into the hands of the Prussians; for I was known to the whole garrison of Pillau.

I desired the captain to tack about and keep the sea, but he would not listen to me. Perceiving this, I flew to my cabin, snatched my pistols, returned, seized the helm, and threatened the captain with instant death if he did not obey. My Russians began to murmur; they were averse to encountering the dangers of the storm, but luckily they were still more averse to meet my anger, overawed, as they were, by my pistols, and my two servants, who stood by me faithfully.

Half an hour after the storm began to subside, and we fortunately arrived, the next day, in the harbour of Riga. The captain, however, could not be appeased, but accused me before the old and honourable Marshal Lacy, then governor of Riga. I was obliged to appear, and replied to the charge by relating the truth. The governor answered—"My obstinacy might have occasioned the death of a hundred and sixty persons." I, smiling, retorted—"I have brought them all into port, please your excellency; and, for my part, my fate would have been more merciful, by falling into the hands of my God than into the hands of my enemies. My danger was so great, that I forgot the danger of others; besides, sir, I know my comrades were soldiers, and feared death as little as I do." My answer pleased the fine grey-headed general, and he gave me a recommendation to the Chancellor Bestuchef at Moscow.

General Lietuwen had marched from Moravia, for Russia, with the army, and was then at Riga. I went to pay him my respects; he kindly received me, and took me to one of his seats, named Annanburg, four

miles from Riga. Here I remained some days, and he gave me every recommendation to Moscow, where the court then was. It was intended I should endeavour to obtain a company in the regiment of cuirassiers, the captains of which then ranked as majors; and he advised me throw up my commission in the Siberian regiment of Tobolski dragoons. Peace be to the manes and memory of this worthy man! May God reward his benevolence! From Riga I departed, in company with M. Oettinger, lieutenant-colonel of engineers, and Lieutenant Wiesmann, for Moscow. This is the same Wiesmann who rendered so many important services to Russia, during the last war with the Turks.

On my arrival, after delivering my letters of recommendation, I was particularly well received by Count Bestuchef. Oettinger, whose friendship I had gained, was exceedingly intimate with the chancellor; and my interest was thereby promoted.

I had not been long at Moscow before I met Count Hamilton, my former friend during my abode at Vienna. He was captain of cavalry in the regiment of General Bernes, who had been sent as imperial ambassador to Russia.

Bernes had been ambassador at Berlin in 1743, where he had consequently known me during the height of my favour at the court of Frederic. Hamilton presented me to him, and I had the good fortune so far to gain his friendship, that, after a few visits, he endeavoured to detach me from the Russian service, offering me the strongest recommendations to Vienna, and a company in his own regiment. My cousin's misfortunes, however, had left too deep an impression upon my memory, for me to follow his advice. The Indies would then have been preferred by me to Austria.

Bernes invited me to dine with him, in company with his bosom friend, Lord Hyndford, the English ambassador. How great was the pleasure I that day received! This eminent statesman had known me at Berlin, and was present when Frederic had honoured me with saying—" *C'est un matador de ma jeunesse.*" He was well read in men, conceived a good opinion of my abilities, and became a friend and a father to me. He seated me by his side at table, and asked me—"Why came you here, Trenck?"—"In search of bread and honour, my lord," answered I, "having unmeritedly lost them both in my own country." He farther inquired the state of my finances; I told him my whole store might be some thirty ducats.

"Take my counsel," said he; "you have the necessary qualifications to succeed in Russia; but the people here despise poverty, judge from the exterior only, and do not include services or talents in the estimate; you must have the appearance of being wealthy. I and Bernes will introduce you into the best families, and will supply you with the necessary means of support. Splendid liveries, led horses, diamond rings, deep play, a bold front, undaunted freedom with statesmen, and gallantry among the ladies, are the means by which foreigners must make their way in this country. Avail yourself of them, and leave the rest to us." This lesson lasted some time. Bernes entered in the interim, and they determined mutually to contribute towards my promotion.

Few of the young men who seek their fortune in foreign countries meet incidents so favourable. Fortune for a moment seemed willing to recompense my past sufferings, and again to raise me to the height from which I had fallen. These ambassadors, here again by accident met, had before been witnesses of

my prosperity when at Berlin. The talents I possessed, and the favour I then enjoyed, attracted the notice of all foreign ministers. They were bosom friends, equally well read in the human heart, and equally benevolent and noble-minded: their recommendation at court was decisive; the nations they represented were in alliance with Russia, and the confidence Bestuchef placed in them was unbounded.

I was now introduced into all companies, not as a foreigner, who came to entreat employment, but as the heir of the house of Trenck, and its rich Hungarian possessions, and as the former favourite of the Prussian monarch.

I was also admitted to the society of the first literati, and wrote a poem on the anniversary of the coronation of the Empress Elizabeth. Hyndford took care she should see it, and, in conjunction with the chancellor, presented me to the sovereign. My reception was most gracious; she herself recommended me to the chancellor, and presented me with a gold-hilted sword, worth a thousand rubles. This raised me highly in the esteem of all the houses of the Bestuchef party.

Manners were at that time so rude in Russia, that every foreigner, who gave a dinner, or a ball, must send notice to the Chancellor Bestuchef, that he might return a list of the guests allowed to be invited. Faction governed every thing; and wherever Bestuchef was, no friend of Woronzow durst appear. I was the intimate of the Austrian and English ambassadors, consequently was caressed and esteemed in all companies. I soon became the favourite of the chancellor's lady, as I shall hereafter notice; and nothing more was wanting to obtain all I could wish.

I was well acquainted with architectural design,

had free access to the house and cabinet of the chancellor, where I drew in company with Colonel Oettinger, who was then the head architect of Russia, and made the perspective view of the new palace, which the chancellor intended to build at Moscow, by which I acquired universal honour. I had gained more acquaintance in, and knowledge of Russia, in one month, than others, wanting my means, have done in twelve.

As I was one day relating my progress to Lord Hyndford, he, like a friend, grown grey in courts, kindly took the parental trouble to advise me. From him I obtained a perfect knowledge of Russia; he was acquainted with all the intrigues of European courts, their families, party cabals, the foibles of the monarchs, the principles of their government, the plans of the great Peter, and had also made the peace of Breslaw. Thus, having been the confidential friend of Frederic, he was intimately acquainted with his heart, as well as the sources of his power. Hyndford was penetrating, noble-minded, had the greatness of the Briton, without his haughtiness; and the principles by which he combined the past, the present, and the future, were so clear, that I, his scholar, by adhering to them, have been enabled to foretel all the most remarkable revolutions that have happened during the space of six and thirty years, in Europe. By these I knew, when any minister was disgraced, who should be his successor. I daily passed some hours, improving by his kind conversation; and to him I am indebted for most of that knowledge of the world I happen to possess.

He took various opportunities of cautioning me against the effects of an ardent, sanguine temper, and my hatred of arbitrary power; warned me to beware

of the determined persecution of Frederic, of his irreconcilable anger, his intrigues and influence in the various courts of Europe, which he would certainly exert to prevent my promotion, lest I should impede his own projects, and lamented my future sufferings, which he plainly foresaw—"Despots," said he, "always are suspicious, and abhor those who have a consciousness of their own worth, of the rights of mankind, and hold the lash of slavery in detestation. The enlightened are, by them, called restless spirits, turbulent and dangerous; and virtue, there, where virtue is unnecessary for the humbling and trampling upon the suffering subject, is accounted a crime, of all others, the most to be dreaded."

Hyndford taught me to know, and highly to value freedom, to despise tyrants, to endure the worst of miseries, to emulate true greatness of mind, to despise danger, and to honour only those whose elevation of soul had taught them equally to oppose bigotry and despotism.

Bernes was a philosopher, but, with the penetration of an Italian, more cautious than Hyndford, yet equally honest and worthy. His friendship for me was unbounded; and the time passed in his company was esteemed by me most precious. The liberality of my sentiments, thirst after knowledge and scientific acquirements, gained their favor: our topics of conversation were inexhaustible, and I acquired more real information at Moscow than at Berlin, under the tuition of La Metri, Maupertius, and Voltaire.

Scarcely had I been six weeks in this city before I had an adventure which I shall here relate, for, myself excepted, all the persons concerned in it are now dead. Intrigues properly belong to novels; this book is intended for a more serious purpose, and they are,

therefore, here usually suppressed. It cannot be supposed I was a woman hater. Most of the good or bad fortune I experienced originated in love. I was not, by nature, inconstant, and was incapable of deceit, even in amours. In the very ardour of youth, I always shunned mere sensual pleasures; I loved for more exalted reasons, and for such sought to be loved again. Love and friendship were with me always united; and these I was capable of inciting, maintaining, and deserving. The most difficult of access, the noblest, and the fairest, were ever my choice, and my veneration for these always deterred me from grosser gratifications. By woman I was formed, by the faith of woman supported under misfortunes, in the company of woman enjoyed the few hours of delight my life of sorrows has experienced. Woman, beautiful and well instructed, even now, lightens the burthen of age, the world's tediousness, and its woes; and, when these are ended, I would rather wish my eyes might be closed by fair and virgin hands, than when expiring, fixed on a hypocritical priest.

My adventures with women would amply furnish a romance—but enough of this. I should not relate the present, were it not necessary to my story.

Dining one public day with Lord Hyndford, I was seated beside a charming young lady, of one of the best families in Russia, who had been promised in marriage, though only seventeen, to an old invalid minister. Her eyes soon told me she thought me preferable to her intended bridegroom. I understood them, lamented her hard fate, and was surprised to hear her exclaim—"Oh, Heavens! that it were possible you could deliver me from my misfortune: I would engage to do whatever you would direct.

The impression such an appeal must make on a man of four-and-twenty, of a temperament like mine, may easily be supposed. The lady was ravishingly beautiful; her soul was candour itself, and her rank that of a princess; but the court commands had already been given in favour of the marriage; and flight, with all its inseparable dangers, was the only expedient. A public table was no place for long explanations. Our hearts were already one. I requested an interview, and the next day was appointed—the place the Trotzer garden, where I passed three rapturous hours in her company; thanks to her woman, who was a Georgian.

To escape, however, from Moscow, was impossible. The distance thence to any foreign country was too great. The court was not to remove to Petersburg till the next spring, and her marriage was fixed for the first of August. The misfortune was not to be remedied, and nothing was left us but patience perforce. We could only resolve to fly from Petersburg, when there, the soonest possible, and to take refuge in some corner of the earth, where we might remain unknown of all. The marriage, therefore, was celebrated with pomp; though I, in despite of forms, was the true husband of the princess. Such was the state of the husband imposed upon her, that, to describe it, and not give disgust, were impossible.

The princess gave me her jewels, and several thousand rubles, which she had received as a nuptial present, that I might purchase every thing necessary for flight: my evil destiny, however, had otherwise determined. I was playing at Ombre with her, one night, at the house of the countess of Bestuchef, when she complained of a violent headache, ap-

pointed me to meet her, on the morrow, in the Trotzer garden, clasped my hand with inexpressible emotion, and departed. Alas! I never beheld her more, till stretched upon the bier!

She grew delirious that very night, and she continued till her death, which happened on the sixth day, when the smallpox began to appear. During her delirium she discovered our love, and incessantly called on me to deliver her from her tyrant. Thus, in the flower of her age, perished one of the most lovely women I ever knew; and with her fled all I held most dear.

All my plans were now to be new arranged. Lord Hyndford alone was in the secret, for I had no secret for him: he strengthened me in my first resolution, and owned that he himself, for such a mistress, might perhaps have been weak enough to have acted as I had done. Almost as much, moved as myself, he sympathized with me like a friend; and his advice deterred me from ending my miseries, and descending with her, whom I had loved and lost, to the grave. This was the severest trial I had ever felt. Our affection was unbounded, and such only as noble hearts can feel; she being gone, the whole world became a desert. There is not a man on earth whose life affords more various turns of fate than mine. Swiftly raised to the highest pinnacle of hope, as suddenly was I cast headlong down; and so remarkable were these revolutions, that he who has read my history will at last find it difficult to say whether he envies or pities me most. And yet these were, in reality, but preparatory to the evils that hovered over my devoted head. Had not the remembrance of past joys soothed and supported me under my sufferings, I certainly should not have endured

the ten years torture of the Magdeburg dungeon, with a fortitude that might have been worthy even of Socrates.

Enough of this. My blood again courses swifter through my veins as I write! Rest, gentle maiden, noble and lovely as thou wert! For thee ought Heaven to have united a form so fair, animated as it was by a soul so pure, to ever-blooming youth and immortality.

My love for this lady became well known in Moscow; yet her corpulent, overgrown husband had not understanding enough to suppose there was any meaning in her rhapsodies during her delirium.

Her gifts to me amounted, in value, to about seven thousand ducats. Lord Hyndford and Count Bernes both adjudged them legally mine; and well assured her heart had bequeathed me much more.

To this event succeeded another, by which my fortune was greatly influenced. The countess of Bestuchef was then the most amiable and witty woman at court. Her husband, cunning, selfish, but shallow, had the name of minister, while she, in reality, governed with a genius at once daring and comprehensive. The too pliant Elizabeth carelessly left the most important things to the directions of others. Thus the countess was the first person of the empire, and on whom the attention of all the foreign ministers was fixed.

Haughty and majestic in demeanour, she was supposed to be the only woman at court who continued faithful to her husband; which supposition probably originated in her art and education, she being a German born; for I afterwards found her virtue was only pride, and a knowledge of the national character. The Russian lover rules despotic over his mistress;

requires money, submission, and, should he meet opposition, threatens her with blows, and the discovery of her secret.

During Elizabeth's reign, foreigners could neither appear at court, nor in the best company, without the introduction of Bestuchef. I and Sievers, gentlemen of the chamber, were at that time the only Germans who had free egress in all houses of fashion: my being protected by the English and Austrian ambassadors gave me very peculiar advantages, and made my company every where courted.

Bestuchef had been resident, during the late reign, at Hamburg; in which inferior station he married the countess, at that time, though young and handsome, only the widow of the merchant Boettger. Under Elizabeth, Bestuchef rose to the summit of rank and power, and the widow Boettger became the first lady in the empire. When I knew her, she was eight-and-thirty, consequently no beauty, though a woman highly endowed in mind and manners, of keen discernment, disliking the Russians, protecting the Prussians, and at whose aversion all trembled.

Her carriage towards the Russians was, what it must be in her situation, lofty, cautious, and ironical, rather than kind. To me she showed the utmost esteem on all occasions, welcomed me to her table, and often admitted me to drink coffee in her company with herself alone and Colonel Oettinger. The countess never failed giving me to understand she had perceived my love for the Princess N——; and though I constantly denied the fact, she related circumstances which she could have known, as I thought, only from my mistress herself; my silence pleased her, for the Russians, when a lady has a partiality for them, never fail to vaunt of their good for-

tune. She wished to persuade me she had observed us in company, had read the language of our eyes, and had long penetrated our secret. I was ignorant at that time, that she then, and had long before, entertained the maid of my mistress as a spy in her pay.

About a week after the death of the princess, the countess invited me to take coffee with her in her chamber; lamented my loss, and the violence of that passion which had deprived me of all my customary vivacity, and altered my very appearance. She seemed so interested in my behalf, and expressed so many wishes, and so ardent, to better my fate, that I could no longer doubt. Another opportunity soon happened, which confirmed these my suspicions: her mouth confessed her sentiments. Discretion, secrecy, and fidelity, were the laws she imposed; and never did I experience a more ardent passion from woman. Such was her understanding and penetration, she knew how to rivet my affections.

Caution was a thing most necessary. She contrived, however, to make opportunity. The chancellor valued, confided in me, and employed me in his cabinet; so that I remained whole days in the house. My captainship of cavalry was now no longer thought of: I was destined to political employment. My first was to be gentleman of the chamber, which in Russia is an office of importance; and the prospect of futurity became to me most resplendent. Lord Hyndford, ever the repository of my secrets, counselled me, formed plans for my conduct, rejoiced at my success, and refused to be reimbursed the expense he had been at, though now my circumstances were prosperous.

The degree of credit I enjoyed was soon noticed: foreign ministers began to pay their court to me;

Goltz, the Prussian minister, made every effort to win me, but found me incorruptible.

The Russian alliance was, at this time, highly courted by foreign powers: the humbling of Prussia was the thing generally wished and planned; and nobody was better informed than myself of ministerial and family factions at this court.

My mistress, a year after my acquaintance with her, fell into her enemies' power, and, with her husband, was delivered over to the executioner. Chancellor Bestuchef, in the year 1755, was forced to confession by the knout. Apraxin, minister of war, had a similar fate. The wife of his brother, then envoy in Poland, was, by the treachery of a certain Lieutenant Berger, with three others of the first ladies of the court, knouted, branded, and had their tongues cut out. This happened in the year 1741, when Elizabeth ascended the throne. Her husband, however, faithfully served; I knew him, as Russian envoy, at Vienna, in 1751. This may indeed be called the love of our country, and thus does it happen to the first men of the state; what then can a foreigner hope for, if persecuted, and in the power of those in authority?

No man, in so short a space of time, had greater opportunities than I to discover the secrets of state, especially when guided by Hyndford and Bernes, under the reign of a well-meaning, but short-sighted empress, whose first minister was a weak man, directed by the will of an able and ambitious wife; and which wife loved me, a stranger, an acquaintance only of a few months, so passionately, that to this passion she would have sacrificed every other object. She might, in fact, be considered as empress of Russia, disposing of peace or war; and, had I been more

prudent or less sincere, I might, in such a situation, have amassed treasures, and deposited them in full security. Her generosity was boundless, and though obliged to pay above a hundred thousand rubles in one year, to discharge her son's debts, yet might I have saved a still larger sum; but half of the gifts she obliged me to receive I lent to this son, and lost. So far was I from selfish, and so negligent of wealth, that by supplying the wants of others, I often, on a reverse of fortune, suffered want myself.

This my splendid success in Russia displeased the great Frederic, whose persecution everywhere attended me, and who supposed his interest injured by my success in Russia. The incident I am going to relate was, at the time it happened, well known to, and caused much agitation among all the foreign ambassadors.

Lord Hyndford desired I would make him a fair copy of a plan of Cronstadt, for which he furnished the materials, with three additional drawings of the various ships in the harbour, and their names. There was neither danger nor suspicion attending this; the plan of Cronstadt being no secret, but publicly sold in the shops of Petersburg. England was likewise then in the closest alliance with Russia. Hyndford showed the drawing to Funk, the Saxon envoy, his intimate friend, who asked his permission to copy it himself. Hyndford gave him the plan signed with my name; and after Funk had been some days employed copying it, the Prussian minister, Goltz, who lived in his neighbourhood, came in, as he frequently paid him friendly visits. Funk unsuspectingly showed him my drawing, and both lamented that Frederic had lost so useful a subject. Goltz asked to borrow it, for a couple of days, in order to correct his own;

and Funk, one of the worthiest, most honest, and least suspicious of men, who loved me like a brother, accordingly lent the plan.

No sooner was Goltz in possession of it, than he hurried to the chancellor, with whose weaknesses he was well acquainted, told him his intent in coming was to prove that a man, who had once been unfaithful to his king and country, where he had been loaded with favours, would certainly betray, for his own private interest, every state where he was trusted. He continued his preface, by speaking of the rapid progress I had made in Russia, and the free entrance I had found in the chancellor's house, where I was received as a son, and initiated in the secrets of the cabinet.

The chancellor defended me :—Goltz then endeavoured to incite his jealousy, and told him my private interviews with his wife, especially in the palace garden, were publicly spoken of. This he had learned from his spies, he having endeavoured, by the snares he laid, to make my destruction certain.

He likewise led Bestuchef to suspect his secretary, S—n, was a party in the intrigue, till at last the chancellor became very angry. Goltz then took my plan of Cronstadt from his pocket, and added—“Your excellency is nourishing a serpent in your bosom. This drawing have I received from Trenck, copied from your cabinet designs for two hundred ducats.” He knew I was employed there sometimes with Oettinger, whose office it was to inspect the buildings, and repairs of all the Russian fortifications. Bestuchef was astonished, his anger became violent ; and Goltz added fuel to the flame, by insinuating I should not be so powerfully protected by Berles, the Austrian ambassador, were it not to favour the

views of his own court. Bestuchef mentioned prosecution and the knout; Goltz replied, my friends were too powerful, my pardon would be procured, and the evil this way increased. They therefore determined to have me secretly secured, and privately conveyed to Siberia.

Thus, while I unsuspectingly dreamed of nothing but happiness, the gathering storm threatened destruction, which only was averted by accident, or God's good providence.

Goltz had scarcely left the place, triumphant; when the chancellor entered, with bitterness and rancour in his heart, into his lady's apartment, reproached her with my conduct, and, while she endeavoured to sooth him, related all that had passed. Her penetration was much deeper than her husband's; she perceived there was a plot against me: she indeed knew my heart better than any other, and particularly that I was not in the want of a poor two hundred ducats. She could not, however, appease him; and my arrest was determined. She therefore instantly wrote me a line to the following purport:—

"You are threatened, dear friend, by a very imminent danger. Do not sleep to-night at home, but secure yourself at Lord Hyndford's till you hear farther from me."

Secretary S—n, her confidant (the same who, not long since, was Russian envoy at Ratisbon), was sent with this note. He found me, after dinner, at the English ambassador's, and called me aside. I read the billet, was astonished at its contents, and showed it to Lord Hyndford. My conscience was void of reproach, except that we suspected my secret with the countess had been betrayed to the chancellor; and, fearing his jealousy Hyndford commanded

me to remain in his house till we should make farther discovery.

We placed spies round the house where I lived; I was inquired for after midnight, and the lieutenant of the police came himself, and searched the house.

Lord Hyndford went, about ten in the morning, to visit the chancellor, that he might obtain some intelligence, who immediately reproached him for having granted an asylum to a traitor. "What has this traitor done?" said Hyndford. "Faithlessly copied a plan of Cronstadt, from my cabinet drawings," answered the chancellor, "which he has sold to the Prussian minister for two hundred ducats."

Hyndford was astonished; he knew me well, and also knew that he had then, in money and jewels, more than eight thousand ducats of mine in his own hands: nor was he less ignorant of the little value I set on money, or of the sources whence I could obtain it, when I pleased. "Has your excellency actually seen this drawing of Trenck's?"—"Yes; I have been shown it by Goltz."—"I wish I might likewise be permitted to see it; I know Trenck's drawing, and make myself responsible that he is no traitor. Here is some mystery; be so kind as to desire Mr. Goltz will come, and bring his plan of Cronstadt. Trenck is at my house, shall be forthcoming instantly, and I will not protect him, if he proves guilty."

The chancellor wrote to Goltz, but he, artful as he was, had, no doubt, taken care to be informed that the lieutenant of the police had missed his prey. He therefore sent an excuse, and did not appear. In the mean time I entered; Hyndford then addressed me with the openness of an Englishman, and asked—"Are you a traitor, Trenck? If so, you do not

ment my protection, but you stand here a state prisoner. Have you sold a plan of Cronstadt to Mr. Goltz?" My answer may easily be supposed. Hyndford rehearsed what the chancellor had told him; I was desired to leave the room, and Funk was sent for. The moment he came in, Hyndford said—"Sir, where is that plan of Cronstadt which Trenck copied?" Funk, hesitating, replied—"I will go for it." "Have you it," continued Hyndford, "at home? Speak upon your honour."—"No, my lord; I have lent it for a few days to Mr. Goltz, that he may take a copy."

Hyndford immediately then saw the whole affair, told the chancellor the history of this plan, which belonged to him, and which he had lent to Funk, and requested a trusty person might be sent with him, to make proper search. Bestuchef named his first secretary, and to him were added Funk and the Dutch envoy, Schwart, who happened then to enter. All went together to the house of Goltz. Funk here demanded his plan of Cronstadt; Goltz gave it him, and Funk returned it to Lord Hyndford.

The secretary and Hyndford both then desired he would produce the plan of Cronstadt, which he had bought of Trenck for two hundred ducats. His confusion now was great, and Hyndford firmly insisted this plan should be forthcoming; to vindicate the honour of Trenck, whom he held to be an honest man. On this, Goltz answered—"I have received my king's commands to prevent the preferment of Trenck in Russia, and I have only fulfilled the duty of a minister."

Hyndford spit on the ground, and said more than I now choose to repeat; after which the four gentlemen returned to the chancellor, and I was again called. Every body complimented me, related what

had passed, and the chancellor promised I should be recompensed ; strictly, however, forbidding me to take any revenge on the Prussian ambassador, I having sworn, in the first transports of anger, to punish him wherever I should find him, even were it at the altar's foot.

The chancellor soothed me, kept me to dine with him, and endeavoured to assuage my boiling passions. The countess affected indifference, and asked me if such-like actions characterised the Prussian nation. Funk and Schwart were at table. All present congratulated me on my victory, but none knew to whom I was indebted for deliverance from the hasty and unjust condemnation of the chancellor, although my protectress was one of the company. I received a present of two thousand rubles, the next day, from the chancellor, with orders to thank the empress for this mark of her bounty, and accept it as a sign of her especial favour. I paid these my thanks some days after. The money I disregarded ; but the amiable empress, by her enchanting benevolence, made me forget the past. The story became public, and Goltz appeared neither in company nor at court. The manner in which the countess personally reproached him, I shall, out of respect, pass over. Bernes, the crafty Piedmontese, assured me of revenge, without my troubling myself in the matter, and—what happened after I know not. Goltz appeared but little in company, fell ill when I had left Russia, and died, soon after, of a consumption.

This vile man was, no doubt, the cause of all the calamities which afterwards fell upon me. I should have become one of the first men in Russia ; the misfortunes that befel Bestuchef, and his family, some years afterward, might have been averted ; I should

never have returned to Vienna, a city so fatal to the name of Trenck; by the mediation of the Russian court, I should have recovered my great Sclavonian estates; my days of persecution at Vienna would have been passed in peace and pleasure; nor should I have entered the dungeon of Magdeburg.

How little did the great Frederic know my heart! Without having offended, he had rendered me miserable, had condemned me to imprisonment, at Glatz, on mere suspicion, and, flying thence, naked and destitute, had confiscated my paternal inheritance. Not contented with inflicting all these calamities, he would not suffer me, peaceably, to seek my fortune in a foreign land.

Few are the youths, who, in so short a time, being expelled their native country with disgrace, by their own efforts, merits, and talents, have obtained honour and favour so great, acquired such powerful friends, or being entrusted, with confidence equally unlimited, in transactions so important. Enraged as I was at the treachery of Goltz, had opportunity offered, I might have been tempted even to turn my native country into a desert; nor do I deny that I afterward promoted the views of the Austrian envoy, who knew well to cherish the flame that had been kindled, and turn it to his own use. Till this moment I certainly never felt the least enmity, either to my country or king, nor did I ever suffer myself, on any occasion, to be made the agent of their disadvantage.

No sooner was I entrusted, more intimately, with cabinet secrets, than I discovered the state of factions, and that Bestuchef and Apraxin were, even then, in Prussian pay; that a counterpoise, by their means, might be formed to the prevalence of the Austrian party.

Hence we may date the change of Russian politics in the year 1762. Here also we may find a clue to the contradictory orders, artifices, positions, retreats, and disappointments of the Russian army, in the seven-years' war. The countess, who was obliged to act with greater caution, foresaw the consequences of the various intrigues in which her husband was engaged: her love for me naturally drew her from her former party: she confided every secret to me, and ever remained, till her fall, which happened in 1758, during my imprisonment, my best friend and correspondent. Hence was I so well informed of all the plans against Prussia, to the years 1754 and 1756; much more so than many ministers of the interested courts, who imagined they alone were in the secret. How many after events could I then have foretold! Such was the perverseness of my destiny, that where I should most have been sought for, and best known, there was I least valued.

No man, in my youth, would have believed I should live to my sixtieth year, untitled and obscure. In Berlin, Petersburg, London, and Paris, have I been esteemed by the greatest statesmen, and now I am reduced to the invalid list. How strange are the caprices of fortune! I ought never to have left Russia; this was my great error, which I still live to repent.

I have never been accustomed to sleep more than four or five hours; so that, though, through life, I have allowed time for paying visits and receiving company, I have still had sufficient for study and improvement. Hyndford was my instructor in politics: Boerhaave, then physician to the court, and my bosom friend, my tutor in physis and literary

subjects. Women formed me for court intrigues though these, as a philosopher, I despised.

The chancellor had greatly changed his carriage toward me since the incident of the plot. He observed my looks and words, showed he was distrustful, and desirous of revenge. His lady, as well as myself, remarked this, and new measures became necessary. I was obliged to act an artful, but, at the same time, a very dangerous part.

My cousin, Baron Trenck, died in the Spielberg, October 4, 1749, and left me his heir, on condition I should only serve the house of Austria. In March 1750, Count Bernes received the citation sent me to enter on this inheritance. I would hear nothing of Vienna; the abominable treatment of my cousin terrified me. I well knew the origin of his prosecution, the services he had rendered his country, and had been an eye witness of the injustice by which he was repaid. Bernes, however, represented that the property left me was worth much above a million; that the empress would support me in the pursuit of justice, and that I had no personal enemy at Vienna; that million of certain property, in Hungary, was much superior to the highest expectations in Russia, where I myself had beheld so many changes of fortune, and the effects of family cabals. Russia he painted as dangerous, Vienna as secure, and promised me himself effectual assistance, as his embassy would end within the year. Were I once rich, I might reside in what country I pleased; nor could the persecutions of Frederic any where pursue me so ineffectually as in Austria. Snares would be laid for me every where else, as I had experienced in Russia. "What," said he, "would have been the consequences, had not the countess warned you

of the impending danger? You, like many another honest and innocent man would have been sent to Siberia. Your innocence must have remained unattested, and yourself, in the universal opinion, a villain and a traitor."

Hyndford spoke to me in the same tone, assured me of his eternal protection, and described London as a certain asylum, should I not find happiness at Vienna. He spoke of slavery as a Briton ought to speak, reminded me of the fate of Munich and Osterman, painted the court such as I knew it to be, and asked what were my expectations, even were I fortunate enough to become general, or minister, in such a country?

These reasonings at length determined me: but having plenty of money, I thought proper to take Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Holland, in my way; and Bernes was, in the mean time, to prepare me a favourable reception at Vienna. He desired also I would give authority to get possession of the estates to which I was heir. My mistress strongly endeavoured to detain me, but yielded at length to the force of reason. I tore myself away, and promised, on my honour, to return as soon as I had arranged my affairs at Vienna. She made the proposition of investing me with some foreign embassy, by which I might render the most effectual services to the court of Vienna. In this hope we parted with heavy hearts: she presented me with her portrait, and a snuff-box set with diamonds: the first of these, three years afterward, was torn from my bosom by the officers in my first dungeon at Magdeburg, as I shall hereafter relate. The chancellor embraced me, at parting, with friendship. Apraxin wept, and clasped me in his arms, prophesying, at the same, I should

never be so happy as in Russia. I myself foreboded misfortune, and quitted Russia with regret; but still followed the advice of Hyndford and Bernes.

I pursued my journey without company, and arrived at Vienna. I cannot exactly recollect in what month, but I had been absent about two years; and the reader will allow that it was barely possible for any man, in so short a time, to have experienced more various changes of fate, though many smaller incidents have been suppressed. The places where my pledged fidelity required discretion will be easily supposed, as likewise will the concealment of court intrigues and artifices, the publication of which might even yet subject me to more persecutions. All writers are not permitted to speak truth of monarchs and ministers. I am the father of eight children, and parental love and duty vanquish the inclination of the author; and this duty, this affection, have made me very cautious in relating what happened to me at Vienna, that I might thereby serve them more effectually, than by indulging the pride of the writer, or the vengeance of the man.

Since accounts so various, contradictory, and dishonourable to the name of Trenck, have been circulated in Vienna, concerning facts which happened thirty-seven years ago, I will here give a short abstract of them, and such as may be verified by the records of the courts. I pledge my honour to the truth of the statement, and, were I so allowed, would prove it to the conviction of any unprejudiced court of justice: but this I cannot hope, as princes are much more disposed to bestow unmerited favours, than to make retribution to those whom they have unjustly punished.

Francis Baron Trenck died in the Spielberg, Oc-

tober 4, 1749. It has been erroneously believed in Vienna, that his estates were confiscated by the sentence which condemned him to the Spielberg. He had committed no offence against the state, was accused of none, much less convicted.—The court's sentence was, that the administration of his estate should be committed to Counsellor Kempf and Baron Peyaczewitz, who were selected by himself, and the accounts of his stewards and farmers were to be sent him yearly. He continued, till his death, to have the free and entire disposal of his property.

Although before his death, he sent for his advocate, Doctor Berger, and by him petitioned the empress she would issue the necessary orders to the governor of the Spielberg, to permit the entrance of witnesses, and all things necessary to make a legal will, it by no means followed that he petitioned her for permission to make this will. The case is too clear to admit of doubt. The royal commands were given, that he should enjoy all freedom of making his will. Permission was also given, that during his sickness he might be removed to the Capuchin convent, which was equal to liberty, but this he refused to accept.

Neither was his ability to make a will questioned. The advocate was only to request the queen's permission to supply some formalities, which had been neglected when he purchased the lordships of Velika and Nustar, which petition was likewise granted. The royal mandate still exists, which commissioned the persons therein named as trustees to the estate and effects of Trenck, and this mandate runs thus:—"Let the last will of Trenck be duly executed; let dispatch be used, and let the heir be protected in all his rights." Confiscation, therefore, had never

been thought of, nor his power to make a will disputed.

I will now show how I have been deprived of this valuable inheritance, while I have been obliged to pay above sixty thousand florins to defray the legacies he had left; and when this narrative is read, it will no longer be affirmed at Vienna, that, by the favours of the court, I inherited seventy-six thousand florins, or the lordship of Zwerbach, from Trenck. I shall proceed to my proofs.

The father of Baron Trenck, who died in the year 1743, governor of Leitschau, in Hungary, named me in his will the successor of his son, should he die without heirs-male.

This will was sent to be proved, according to form, at Vienna, after having been authenticated in the most legal manner in Hungary. The court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna, neglected to provide a curator, for the security of the next heir; yet this could not annul my right of succession. When Trenck succeeded his father, he entered no protest to this his father's will; therefore, dying without children, in the year 1749, my claim was indisputable. I was heir, he had made no will; and even, in case of confiscation, my title to his father's estates still remained valid.

Trenck knew this but too well; he, as I have before related, was my worst enemy, and even attempted my life. I will therefore proceed to show the real intent of this crafty testament.

Determined no longer to live in confinement, or to ask forgiveness, by which, it was well known, he might have obtained his freedom, having lost all hopes of reimbursing his losses, his avarice was reduced to despair. His desire of fame was unbounded;

and this could no way be gratified, but by having himself canonized for a saint, after spending his life in committing all the ravages of a pandour. Hence originated the following facts.

He knew I was the legal claimant to his father's estates. His father had bought, with the family money, remitted from Prussia, the lordships of Pres-towacz and Pleternitz, in Schavonia; and he himself, during his father's life, and with his father's money, had purchased the lordship of Pakratz, for forty thousand florins; this must therefore descend also to me, he having no more power to will this from me than he had the remainder of his paternal inheritance. The property he himself had gained was consigned to administrators; but a hundred thousand florins had been expended in lawsuits, and sixty-three suits continued actually pending against him in court: the legacies he bequeathed amounted to eighty thousand florins. These he saw could not be paid, should I claim nothing more than the paternal inheritance; he therefore, to render me unfortunate after his death, craftily named me his universal heir, without mentioning his father's will, but endeavoured, by his mysterious death, and the following conditions, to force the execution of his own will.

FIRST, I was to become a Catholic.

SECONDLY, I was to serve only the house of Austria; and,

LASTLY, he made his whole estate, without excepting the paternal inheritance, a *fidei commissum*.

Hence arose all my misfortunes, as indeed was his intention; for, but a short time before his death, he said to the governor, Baron Kottulinsky—"I shall now die contented, since I have been able to trick my cousin, and render him wretched."

His death, believed in Vienna to be miraculous, happened after the following manner: and by this he induced many weak people, who really believed him a saint, to further his views.

Three days before his death, while in perfect health, he desired the governor of the Spielberg would send for his confessor, for that St. Francis had revealed to him he should be removed into life everlasting on his birth day, at twelve o'clock. The Capuchin was sent for, but the prediction laughed at.

The day, however, after the departure of his confessor, he said—"Praise be to God! my end approaches: and my confessor is dead, and has appeared to me." Strange as it may seem, it was actually found to be true that the priest was dead. He now had all the officers of the garrison of Brunn assembled, tonsured his head like a Capuchin, took the habit of the order, publicly confessed himself in a sermon of an hour's length, exhorted them all to holiness, acted the part of a most exemplary penitent, embraced all present, spoke with a smile of insignificance of all earthly possessions, took his leave, knelt down to prayers, slept calmly, rose, prayed again, and about eleven in the forenoon, October 4th, taking his watch in his hand, said—"Thanks be to my God! my last hour approaches." All laughed at such a farce from a man of such a character; yet they remarked that the left side of his face grew pale. He then leaned his arm on the table, prayed, and remained motionless, with his eyes closed. The clock struck twelve—no signs of life or motion could be discovered; they spoke to him, and found that he was really dead.

The word miracle was echoed through the whole country, and the transmigration of the pandour

Trenck, from earth to heaven, by St. Francis, proclaimed. The clue to this labyrinth of miracles, known only to me, is truly as follows :—

He possessed the secret of what is called the *aqua toffana*, and had determined on death. His confessor had been entrusted with all his secrets, and with promissory notes, which he wished to invalidate. I am perfectly certain that he had returned a promissory note of a great prince, given for two hundred thousand florins, which has never been brought to account. The confessor, therefore, was to be provided for, that Trenck might not be betrayed, and a dose of poison was given him before he set off for Vienna : his death was the consequence. He took similar means with himself, and thus he knew the hour of his exit : finding he could not become the first on earth, he wished to be adored as a saint in heaven. He knew he should work miracles when dead, because he ordered a chapel to be built, willed a perpetual mass, and bequeathed the Capuchins sixty thousand florins.

Thus died this most extraordinary man, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, to whom nature had denied none of her gifts—who had been the scourge of Bavaria—the terror of France—and who had, with his supposed contemptible pandours, taken above six thousand Prussian prisoners. He lived a tyrant and enemy of men, and died a sanctified impostor.

Such was the state of affairs, as willed by Trenck, when I came to Vienna, in 1750, where I arrived with money and jewels to the amount of twenty thousand florins.

Instead of profiting by the wealth Trenck had acquired, I expended a hundred and twenty thousand florins of my own money, including what de-

volved to me from my uncle, his father, in the prosecution of his suits. Trenck had paid two hundred ducats to the tribunal of Vienna, in the year 1743, to procure its very reprehensible silence concerning a curator, to which I was sacrificed, as the new judges of this court refused to correct the error of their predecessors. Such are the proceedings of courts of justice in Vienna.

On my first audience, no one could be received more kindly than I was by the empress-queen. She spoke of my deceased cousin with much emotion and esteem, promised me all grace and favour, and informed me of the particular recommendations she had received on my behalf from Count Bernes. Finding sixty-three causes hanging over my head, in consequence of the inheritance of Trenck, to obtain justice in any one of which, at Vienna, would have employed the whole life of an honest man, I determined to renounce this inheritance, and claim only under the will, and as the heir of my uncle.

With this view I applied for, and obtained, a copy of that will, with which I personally appeared, and declared to the court, that I renounced the inheritance of Francis Trenck, would undertake none of his suits, nor be responsible for any of his legacies, and required only his father's estates, according to the legal will, which was produced; that is to say, the three lordships of Pakratz, Prestowacz, and Pleternitz, without chattels or personal effects. Nothing could be more just or incontrovertible than this claim. What was my astonishment to be told, in open court, that her majesty had declared I must either wholly perform the articles of the will of Trenck, or be excluded the entire inheritance, and have nothing further to hope! What could be done?

I ventured to remonstrate, but the will of the court was determined and absolute; I must become a Roman Catholic.

Subsequently, my estates were sequestered by the commissioners employed to see me righted; and out of the immense estates of Trenck, I only received 63,000 florins, with which I purchased the lordship of Zwerbach. The court of Austria, however, bestowed on me a captainship of cavalry, in the Cordova cuirassiers.

In the year 1754, and the month of March, my mother died in Prussia, and I requested permission of the court, that held the inheritance of Trenck, as a *fidei commissum*, to make a journey to Dantzic, to settle some family affairs with my brothers and sister, my estates being confiscated. This permission being granted, thither I went in May, where I, once more, fell into the hands of the Prussians, which forms the second great, and still more gloomy epoch in my life. All who read what follows, will shudder, will commiserate him, who feeling himself innocent, relates afflictions he has miserably encountered, and gloriously overcome.

I left Hungary, where I was in garrison, for Dantzic, where I had desired my brothers and sister to meet me, that we might settle our affairs. My principal intent, however, was a journey to Petersburg, there to seek the advice and aid of my friends, for law and persecution were not yet ended at Vienna; and my captain's pay, and small income, were scarcely sufficient to defray charges of attorneys and counsellors.

It is here most worthy of remark, that I was told, by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, governor of Magdeburg, he had received orders to prepare my prison at Magdeburg, before I set out from Hungary.

Nay, more, it had been written, from Vienna to Berlin, that the king must beware of Trenck, for that he would be at Dantzic at the time when the king was to visit his camp in Prussia.

What thing more vile, what contrivance more abominable, could the wickedest wretch on earth find to banish a man his country, that he might securely enjoy the property of which the other had been robbed?—That this was done, I have living witnesses in his highness Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and the Berlin ministry, from whose mouths I learned this artifice of villany. It is the more necessary to establish this truth, because that no one can comprehend why the great Frederic should have proceeded against me in a manner so cruel as, when it comes to be related, must raise the indignation of the just, and move hearts of iron to commiserate.

Men so vile, so wicked, as I have described them, in conjunction with one Weingarten, secretary to Count Puebla, then Austrian minister at Berlin, have brought on me these my misfortunes.

This was the Weingarten who, as is now well known, betrayed all the secrets of the Austrian court to Frederic, who at length was discovered in the year 1756, and who, when the war broke out, remained in the service of Prussia. This same Weingarten, also, not only caused my wretchedness, but my sister's ruin and death; as he likewise did the punishment and death of three innocent men; which will hereafter be shown.

It is an incontrovertible truth, that I was betrayed and sold by men in Vienna, whose interest it was that I should be eternally silenced.

I was immediately visited by my brothers and

sister on my arrival at Dantzic; where we lived happy in each other's company during a fortnight; and an amicable partition was made of my mother's effects: my sister perfectly justified herself concerning the manner in which I was obliged to fly from her house, in the year 1746: our parting was kind, and as brother and sister ought to part.

Our only acquaintance in Dantzic was the Austrian resident, M. Abramson, to whom I brought letters of recommendation from Vienna, and whose reception of us was polite even to extravagance.

This Abramson was a Prussian born, and had never seen Vienna, but obtained his then office by the recommendation of Count Bestuchef, without security for his good conduct, or proof of his good morals, heart, or head. He was in close connexion with the Prussian resident, Reimer, and was made the instrument of my ruin.

Scarcely had my brothers and sister departed, before I determined to make a voyage by sea to Russia. Abramson contrived a thousand artifices by which he detained me a week longer in Dantzic, that he, in conjunction with Reimer, might make the necessary preparations.

The king of Prussia had demanded that the magistrates of Dantzic should deliver me up; but this could not be done without offending the Imperial court, I being a commissioned officer in that service, with proper passports: it was therefore probable that this negotiation required that letters should pass and repass, and for this reason, Abramson was employed to detain me some days longer, till by the last letters from Berlin, the magistrates of Dantzic were induced to violate public safety, and the laws of nations. Abramson I considered as my best friend, and my

person as in perfect security; he had therefore no difficulty in persuading me to stay.

The day of supposed departure, on board a Swedish ship, for Riga, approached; and the deceitful Abramson promised me to send one of his servants to the port, to know the hour. At four in the afternoon, he told me he had himself spoken to the captain, who said he should not sail till the next day; adding that he, Abramson, would expect me to breakfast, and would then accompany me to the vessel. I felt a secret inquietude, which made me desirous of leaving Dantzic, and immediately to send all my baggage, and sleep on board. Abramson prevented me, dragged me almost forcibly along with him, telling me he had much company, and that I must absolutely dine and sup at his house: accordingly I did not return to my inn till eleven at night.

I was but just in bed, when I heard a knocking at the door, which was not shut, and two of the city magistrates, with twenty grenadiers, entered my chamber, and surrounded my bed so suddenly, that I had not time to take to my arms, and defend myself. My three servants had been secured; and I was told that the most worthy magistracy of Dantzic was obliged to deliver me up, as a delinquent, to his majesty the king of Prussia. What were my feelings at seeing myself thus betrayed!—They silently conducted me to the city prison, where I remained twenty-four hours. About noon, Abramson came to visit me, affected to be infinitely concerned and enraged, and affirmed he had strongly protested against the illegality of this proceeding to the magistracy, as I was actually in the Austrian service; but that they had answered him, the court of Vienna had afforded them a precedent, for that, in 1752, they had done

the same by the two sons of the burgomaster Ruttenberg of Dantzic, and that therefore they were justified in making reprisals; that likewise they durst not refuse the most earnest request, accompanied with threats, of the king of Prussia.

Their plea of retaliation originated as follows:—There was a kind of club at Vienna, the members of which were seized for having committed the utmost extravagance and debauchery; two of whom were the sons of the burgomaster Ruttenberg, and who were sentenced to the pillory. Great sums were offered by the father to avoid this public disgrace, but ineffectually; they were punished—their punishment was legal, and had no similarity whatever to my case, nor could it any way justly give pretence of reprisal.

Abramson, who had in reality entered no protest whatever, but rather excited the magistracy, and acted in concert with Reimer, advised me to put my writings, and other valuable effects, into his hands, otherwise they would be seized. He knew I had received, in letters of exchange, from my brother and sister, about seven thousand florins; and these I gave him, but kept my ring, worth about four thousand, and some sixty guineas, which I had in my purse. He then embraced me, declared nothing should be neglected to effect my immediate deliverance, that even he would raise the populace for that purpose, that I should not be given up to the Prussians in less than a week, the magistracy being still undetermined in an affair so serious; and he left me, shedding abundance of crocodile tears, like the most affectionate of friends.

The next night two magistrates, with their posse, came to my prison, attended by resident Reimer, a

Prussian officer, and under-officers; and into their hands I was delivered.—The pillage instantly began; Reimer tore off my ring, seized my watch, snuff-box, and all I had, not so much as sending me a coat or shirt from my effects; after which they put me into a close coach, with three Prussians. The Dantzic guard accompanied the carriage to the city gate, that was opened to let me pass, after which the Dantzic dragoons escorted me as far as Lauenburg, in Pomerania.

From Lauenburg I was conveyed, without delay, to Berlin, attended by a strong escort; and every means used to prevent an escape.

Arrived there, I was lodged over the grand guard-house, with two sentinels in my chamber, and one at the door. The king was at Potsdam, and here I remained three days; and the third, some staff-officers made their appearance, seated themselves at a table, and put the following questions to me:—

First.—What was my business at Dantzic?

Secondly.—Whether I was acquainted with M. Goltz, the Prussian ambassador in Russia?

Thirdly.—Who was concerned with me in the conspiracy at Dantzic?

When I perceived their intention, by these interrogations, I absolutely refused to reply, only saying I had been imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, without hearing, or trial, by court martial; that, availing myself of the law of nature, I had, by my own exertions, procured my liberty, and that I was now a captain of cavalry in the Imperial service; that I demanded a legal trial for my first unknown offence, after which I engaged to answer all interrogatories, and prove my innocence; but that, at present, being accused of new crimes, without a hearing concern-

ing my former punishment, the procedure was illegal. I was told they had no orders concerning this, and I remained dumb to all further questions.

They wrote some two hours, God knows what ! A carriage came up ; I was strictly searched, to find whether I had any weapons : thirteen or fourteen ducats, which I had concealed, were taken from me, and I was conducted, under a strong escort, through Spandau to Magdeburg. The officer here delivered me up to the captain of the guard at the citadel : the town-major came, and brought me to the dungeon, expressly prepared for me ; a small picture of the countess of Bestuchef, set with diamonds, which I had kept concealed in my bosom, was now taken from me ; the door was shut, and here was I left.

My dungeon was in a casement, the fore part of which, six feet wide, and ten feet long, was divided by a party-wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casement itself. The window in the seven-feet thick wall was so situated, that, though I had light, I could see neither heaven nor earth ; I could only see the roof of the magazine : within and without this window were iron bars, and in the space between, an iron grating, so close, and so situated, by the rising of the walls, that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison, or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisado, six feet from the walls, by which the sentinels were prevented from conveying any thing to me. I had a mattress, and a bedstead, but which was immoveably ironed to the floor, so that it was impossible I should drag it and stand up to the window : beside the door was a small iron stove and a night-table, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons, and

my allowance was a pound and a half per day ammunition bread, and jug of water.

My three doors were kept ever shut, and I was left to such meditations as such feelings, and such hopes, might inspire. Daily, about noon, once in twenty-four hours, my pittance of bread and water was brought. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door was not opened, but my bread and water was delivered through an aperture. The prison-doors were opened only once a-week, on a Wednesday, when the governor and town-major, my hole having been first cleaned, paid their visit.

Having remained thus two months, and observed this method was invariable, I began to execute a project I had formed, of the possibility of which I was convinced.

Where the night-table and stove stood, the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which was no prisoner. My window was only guarded by a single sentinel; I soon found among those who successively relieved guard, two kind-hearted fellows, who described to me the situation of my prison; hence I perceived I might effect my escape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining casemate, the door of which was not shut. Provided I had a friend and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe, or, could I swim across that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile distant.

To describe my plan at length would lead to prolixity, yet I must enumerate some of its circumstances, as it was remarkably intricate, and of gigantic labour.

I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long,

by which the night-table was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, and all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, even seven feet thick, behind, and concealed by the night-table. The first layer was of brick. I afterwards came to large hewn stones. I endeavoured accurately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, and all might appear safe. This having accomplished, I proceeded.

The day preceding visitation, all was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preserved; the whole had probably been white washed a hundred times; and, that I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff this afforded, wetted it, and made a brush of my hair, then applied this plaster, washed it over, that the colour might be uniform, and afterward stripped myself, and sat, with my naked body against the place, by the heat of which it was dried.

While labouring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead, and, had they taken the precaution to come at any other time in the week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but as no such ill accident befel me, in six months my Herculean labour gave me a prospect of success.

Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison; all of which, in a wall so thick, it was impossible to replace: mortar and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my

feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust; this dust I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened night-table to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, with the unravelled yarn of an old stocking, and to this affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large whole under the middle grating, which could not be seen when standing on the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared to the outer window: then waiting till the wind should happen to rise, during the night I brushed it away; it was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside. By this single expedient I rid myself of at least three hundred weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labours: yet, this being still insufficient, I had recourse to another artifice, which was, to knead up the earth in the form of sausages, to resemble the human faces: these I dried, and when the prisoner came to clean my dungeon, hastily tossed them into the night-table, and thus disencumbered myself of a pound or two more of earth each week, I further made little balls, and, when the sentinel was walking, blew them through a paper tube, out of the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

I cannot, however, describe my difficulties; after having penetrated about two feet into the hewn stone. My tools were the irons I had dug out, which fastened my bedstead and night-table. A compassionate soldier also gave me an old iron ramrod, and a soldier's sheath-knife, which did me excellent service; more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully show. With these two I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the stone: yet the labour of pene-

tasting through this seven-feet wall was incredible : the building was ancient, and the mortar occasionally quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continuing my work, unremittingly, for six months, at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew, by coming to the facing of brick, which now was only between me and the adjoining casement.

Meantime I found opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels ; among whom was an old grenadier, called Gefhardt, whom I here name, because he displayed qualities of the greatest and most noble kind. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might best conduce to my escape.

Nothing was wanted but money to buy a boat, and crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, to take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means, I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native of Dessau, Esther Heymannin by name, and whose father had been ten years in prison. This good, compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two other grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentinel. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisadoes that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

I now wrote to my sister, the wife of the before-mentioned only son of General Waldow, described my situation, and entreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jewess ; hoping, by this means, I might escape from my prison. I wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in which was enclosed a draft for a

thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit these to the Jewess, having promised her that sum as a reward for her fidelity. She was to bring the three hundred rix-dollars my sister should send to me, and take measures, with the grenadiers, to facilitate my flight, which nothing seemed able to prevent, I having the power either to break into the casement, or, aided by the grenadiers and the Jewess, to cut the locks from the doors, and that way escape from my dungeon. The letters were open, I being obliged to roll them round the stick to convey them to Esther.

The faithful girl diligently proceeded to Berlin, where she arrived safe, and immediately spoke to Count Puebla. The count gave her the kindest reception, received the letter, with the letter of exchange, and bade her go and speak to Weingarten, the secretary of the embassy, and act entirely as he should direct. She was received by Weingarten in the most friendly manner, who, by his questions, drew from her the whole secret, and our intended plan of flight, aided by the two grenadiers; and also that she had a letter for my sister, which she must carry to Hanmer, near Custrin. He asked to see this letter, read it, told her to proceed on her journey, gave her two ducats to bear her expenses, ordered her to come to him on her return, said that, during this interval, he would endeavour to obtain her the thousand florins for my draft, and would then give her further instructions.

Esther cheerfully departed for Hanmer, where my sister, then a widow, and no longer, as in 1746, in dread of her husband, joyfully to hear I was still living, immediately gave her the three hundred rix-dollars, exhorting her to exert every possible means

to obtain my deliverance. Esther hastened back, with the letter from my sister to me, to Berlin, and told all that had passed to Weingarten, who read the letter, and enquired the names of the two grenadiers. He told her the thousand florins from Vienna were not yet come, but gave her twelve ducats, bade her hasten back to Magdeburg, to carry all this good news, and then return to Berlin, where he would pay her the thousand florins. Esther came to Magdeburg, went immediately to the citadel, and, most luckily, met the wife of one of the grenadiers, who told her that her husband and his comrade had been taken, and put in irons the day before. Esther had quickness of perception, and suspected we had been betrayed; she therefore instantly again began her travels, and happily came safe to Dessau.

Here I must interrupt my narrative, that I may explain this infernal enigma to my readers; an account of which I received after I had obtained my freedom, and still possess, in the handwriting of this Jewess. Weingarten, as was afterwards discovered, was a traitor, and too much trusted by Count Puebla; he being a spy in the pay of Prussia, and one who had revealed to the court of Berlin, not only the secrets of the Imperial embassy, but also the whole plan of the projected war. For this reason, he afterwards, when war broke out, remained at Berlin in the Prussian service. His reason for betraying me was, that he might secure the thousand florins which I had drawn for on Vienna; for the receipt of the 24th of May, 1755, attests that the sum was paid, by the administrators of my effects, to Count Puebla, and has since been brought to account; nor can I believe that Weingarten did not appropriate this sum to himself, since I cannot be persuaded the ambassador would

commit such an action, although the receipt is in his handwriting, as may easily be demonstrated, it being now in my possession. Thus did Weingarten, that he might detain a thousand florins with impunity, bring new evils upon me and my sister, which occasioned her premature death; caused one grenadier to run the gauntlet three successive days, and another to be hung.

Esther alone escaped, and since gave me an elucidation of the whole affair. The report at Magdeburg was, that a Jewess had obtained money from my sister, and bribed two grenadiers; that one of these had trusted, and been betrayed by his comrade. Indeed, what other story could be told at Magdeburg, or how could it be known I had been betrayed to the Prussian ministry by the Imperial secretary? The truth however is as I have stated; my account-book exists, and the Jewess is still alive.

Her poor imprisoned father was punished with more than a hundred blows, to make him declare whether his daughter had entrusted him with the plot, or if he knew whither she was fled, and miserably died in fetters. Such was the mischief occasioned by a rascal! And who might be blamed but the imprudent Count Peubla?

I heard nothing of what had happened for some days; at length, however, it was the honest Gefhardt's turn to mount guard; but the posts being doubled, and two additional grenadiers placed before my door, explanation was exceedingly difficult. He however, in spite of precaution, found means to inform me of what had happened to his two unfortunate comrades.

The king came to a review at Magdeburg, when he visited the Star-Fort, and commanded a new cell

to be immediately made, prescribing himself the kind of irons by which I was to be secured. The honest Gefhardt heard the officer say this cell was meant for me, and gave me notice of it; but assured me it could not be ready in less than a month. I therefore determined, as soon as possible, to complete my breach in the wall, and escape without the aid of any one. The thing was possible; for I had twisted the hair of my mattress into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and descend the rampart; after which I might swim across the Elbe, gain the Saxon frontiers, and thus safely escape.

On the 26th of May I had determined to break into the next casement; but when I came to work at the bricks, I found them so hard, and strongly cemented, that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and spent at daybreak, and should any one enter my dungeon, they must infallibly discover the breach. How dreadful is the destiny by which, through life, I have been persecuted, and which has continually plunged me headlong into calamity, when I imagined happiness was at hand!

The 27th of May was a cruel day in the history of my life. My cell in the Star-Fort had been finished sooner than Gefhardt had supposed; and at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard a carriage stop before my prison. Oh, God! what was my terror! what were the horrors of this moment of despair! The locks and bolts resounded, the doors flew open, and the last of my poor remaining resources was to conceal my knife. The town-major, the major of the day, and a captain entered; I saw them by the light of their two lanterns. The only words they spoke were—"Dress yourself;" which was immediately done. I still wore the uniform of the regi-

ment of Cordova. Irons were given me, which I was obliged myself to fasten on my wrists and ankles; the town-major tied a bandage over my eyes, and, taking me under the arm, they thus conducted me to the carriage. It was necessary to pass through the city to arrive at the Star-Fort: all was silent, except the noise of the escort; but when we entered Magdeburg, I heard the people running, who were crowding together to obtain a sight of me. Their curiosity was raised, by the report that I was going to be beheaded. That I was executed on this occasion, in the Star-Fort, after having been conducted blindfold through the city, hath since been both affirmed and written, and the officers had then to propagate this error, that the world might remain in utter ignorance concerning me. I indeed knew otherwise, though I affected not to have this knowledge: and, as I was not gagged, I behaved as if I expected death, reproached my conductors in language that even made them shudder, and painted their king in his true colours, as one who, unheard, had condemned an innocent subject by a despotic exercise of power.

My fortitude was admired, at the moment when it was supposed I thought myself leading to execution. No one replied, but their sighs intimated their compassion: certain it is, few Prussians willingly execute such commands. The carriage at length stopped, and I was brought into my new cell. The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. God of heaven! what were my feelings when I beheld the whole floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men standing with their smith-hammers!

To work went these engines of despotism!—Enormous chains were fixed to my ankle at one end,

and at the other to a ring which was incorporated in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next rivetted another huge iron ring, of a hand's breadth, round my naked body; to which hung a chain fixed into an iron bar, as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

No soul bade me good night—all retired in dreadful silence;—and I heard the horrible grating of four doors, that were successively locked and bolted upon me!

My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart, that, instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture, and the impediments of grating and iron bars, must needs make the obscurity great, yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this glimmering, that I could see a mouse run. In winter, however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was eternal night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, with a small central casemate, which might be opened to admit air. My night-table was daily removed, and beside me stood a jug of water. The name of TRENCK was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of TRENCK also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick: without these was an open space, or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was likewise shut in by double

doors. The ditch, in which this dreadful den was built, was inclosed on both sides by palisadoes twelve feet high, the key of the door of which was entrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the sentinels. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to these fetters, I was likewise capable of moving from side to side about four feet, but this pained my shins.

The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and every body supposed it would be impossible I should exist in these damps above a fortnight. I remained six months, continually immersed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can safely affirm that, for the first three months I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. I was visited daily, at noon, after relieving guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out their candles.

This was my state, and here I sat, destitute of friends, helplessly wretched, preyed on by all the torture of thought, that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to stone, my fortitude was sunken to despondency—my dungeon was the very cave of despair—yet was my arm restrained, yet was this excess of misery endured.

About noon my den was open. Sorrow and compassion were painted on the countenances of my keepers. No one spoke: no one bade me good-morrow. Dreadful, indeed, was their arrival, for unaccustomed to the monstrous bolts and bars, they were

kept resounding for a full half-hour, before such soul-chilling, such hope-murdering impediments were removed. It was the voice of tyranny that thundered.

My night-table was taken out, a campbed, mattress, and blankets, were brought me; a jug of water set down, and beside it an ammunition-loaf of six pounds weight—"That you may no more complain of hunger," said the town-major, "you shall have as much bread as you can eat." The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts.

What a strange thing is that called happiness! How shall I express my extreme joy, when, after eleven months of intolerable hunger, I was again indulged with a full feast of coarse ammunition-bread! The fond lover never rushed more eagerly to the arms of his expecting bride, the famished tiger more ravenously on his prey, than I upon this loaf; I ate, rested, surveyed the precious morsel, ate again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure.—Breaking bit after bit, I had by evening devoured all my loaf.

Alas! my enjoyment was of short duration. I soon found that excess is followed by pain and repentance. My fasting had weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive. My body swelled, my water-jug was emptied, cramps, cholics, and at length, inordinate thirst, racked me all the night.

Three days had passed before I could again eat a morsel of bread, and my mind, brave in health, now in a sick body, became pusillanimous, so that I determined on death. The irons, every where round my body, and their weight, were insupportable; nor could I imagine it possible I should habituate myself to them, or endure them long enough to expect deliverance. Peace was a very distant prospect. The king had commanded that such a prison should be

built as should exclude all necessity of a sentinel, in order that I might not converse with and seduce them from what is called their duty ; and, in the first days of despair, deliverance appeared impossible, and the fetters, the war, the pain I felt, the place, the length of time, each circumstance seemed equally impossible to support.

The next day I observed, as the four doors were opened, that they were only of wood, therefore questioned whether I might not even cut off the locks with the knife that I had so fortunately concealed ; and, should this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I likewise determined to make an attempt even to free myself of my chains. I happily forced my right hand through the hand-cuff, though the blood trickled from my nails. My attempts on the left were long ineffectual ; but by rubbing with a brick, which I got from my seat, on the rivet that had been negligently closed, I effected this also.

The chain was fastened to the rim round my body by a hook, one end of which was not inserted in the rim ; therefore, by setting my foot against the wall, I had strength enough so far to bend this hook back, and open it, as to force out the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my foot to the wall : the links of this chain I took, doubled, twisted, and wrenched, till at length, nature having bestowed on me great strength, I made a desperate effort, sprang forcibly up, and two links at once flew off.

Fortunate indeed, did I think myself ; I hastened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the lock was fastened, and discovered no very large piece of wood need be cut. Immediately I went to work with my knife, and out

through the oak door, to find its thickness, which proved to be only one inch; therefore was it possible to open all the four doors in four-and-twenty hours.

Again hope revived in my heart. To prevent detection, I hastened to put on my chains; but, oh God! what difficulties had I to surmount! After much groping about, I at length found the link that had flown off; this I hid. It had been my good fortune hitherto to escape examination, as the possibility of ridding myself of such chains was in nowise suspected. The separated links I tied together with my hair ribbon; but when I again endeavoured to force my hand into the ring, it was so swelled, that every effort was fruitless. The whole night was employed upon the rivet, but all labour was in vain.

Noon was the hour of visitation, and necessity and danger again obliged me to attempt forcing my hand in, which at length, after excruciating torture, I effected. My visitors came, and every thing had the appearance of order. I found it, however, impossible to force out my right hand while it continued swelled.

I therefore remained quiet till the fourth of July, immediately as my visitors had closed the doors upon me, I disencumbered myself of my irons, took my knife, and began my Herculean labour on the door. The first of the double doors that opened inwards, was conquered in less than an hour; the other was a very different task; the lock was soon cut round, but it opened outwards; there were therefore no other means, left, but to cut the whole door away above the bar.

Incessant and incredible labour made this possible, though it was the more difficult, as every thing was to be done by feeling, I being totally in the dark;

the sweat dropt, or rather flowed from my body; my fingers were clotted with my own blood, and my lacerated hands were one continued wound.

Daylight appeared; I clambered over the door that was half cut away, and got up to the window, in the space or cell that was between the double doors, as before described. Here I saw my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart: before me I beheld the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces distant, and the high palisadoes that were in the ditch, and must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew stronger, my efforts were redoubled. The first of the next double doors was attacked, which likewise opened inward, and was soon conquered. The sun set before I had ended this, and the fourth was to be cut away as the second had been. My strength failed—both my hands were raw: I rested awhile, began again, and had made a cut of a foot long, when my knife snapt, and the broken blade dropt to the ground.

God of Omnipotence! what was I at this moment? Was there, God of Mercies! was there ever creature of thine more justified than I in despair?—The moon shone clear: I cast a wild and distracted look up to heaven, fell on my knees, and, in the agony of my soul, sought comfort; but no comfort could be found, nor religion, nor philosophy had any to give. I cursed not Providence—I feared not annihilation—I dared not Almighty vengeance:—God, the Creator, was the disposer of my fate; and if he heaped afflictions upon me he had not given me strength to support, his justice would not therefore punish me. To him, the Judge of the quick and dead, I committed my soul, seized the broken knife, gashed through the veins of my left arm and foot, sat myself tran-

quilly down, and saw the blood flow. Nature, overpowered, fainted, and I know not how long I remained slumbering in this state.—Suddenly I heard my own name, awoke, and again heard the words—“Baron Trenck!” My answer was—“Who calls?”—And who indeed was it!—who but my honest grenadier Gefhardt!—my former faithful friend in the citadel!—The good, the kind fellow had got upon the rampart, that he might comfort me.

“How do you do?” said Gefhardt.—“Weltering in my blood!” answered I; “to-morrow you will find me dead.”—“Why should you die?” replied he. “It is much easier for you to escape here than from the citadel. Here is no sentinel, and I shall soon find means to provide you with tools: if you can only break out, leave the rest to me. As often as I am on guard, I will seek opportunity to speak to you. In the whole Star-Fort there are but two sentinels, the one at the entrance, and the other at the guardhouse.—Do not despair—God will succour you; trust to me.”—The good man’s kindness and discourse revived my hopes: I saw the possibility of an escape. A secret joy diffused itself through my soul.—I immediately tore my shirt, bound up my wounds, and waited the approach of day; and the sun soon after shone through the window to me with unaccustomed brightness.

Let the reader judge how far it was chance, how far the effect of Divine Providence, that, in this dreadful hour, my heart again received hope. Who was it sent the honest Gefhardt, at such a moment to my prison? For, had it not been for him, I had certainly, when I awoke from my slumbers, cut more effectually through my arteries.

Till noon I had time to consider what might far-

ther be done: yet, what could be done, what expected, but that I should now be much more cruelly treated, and even more insupportably ironed than before; finding, as they must, the doors cut through, and my fetters shaken off.

After mature consideration, I therefore made the following resolution, which succeeded happily, and even beyond my hopes. Before I proceed, however, I will speak a few words concerning my situation at this moment. It is impossible to describe how much I was exhausted. The prison swam with blood; and certainly but little was left in my body. With painful wounds, swelled and torn hands, I there stood, shirtless, felt an inclination to sleep almost irresistible, and scarcely had strength to keep my legs; yet was I obliged to rouse myself, that I might execute my plan.

With the bar that separated my hands, I loosened the bricks of my seat, which, being newly laid, was easily done, and heaped them up in the middle of my prison. The inner door was quite open, and with my chains I so barricadoed the upper half of the second, as to prevent any one climbing over it. When noon came, and the first of the doors was unlocked, all were astonished to see the second open. There I stood, a desperate man, besmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in one hand, and in the other my broken knife, crying, as they approached—"Keep off, Mr. Major, keep off!—Tell the governor I will live no longer in chains, and that here I stand, if he so pleases, to be shot; for so only will I be conquered. Here no man shall enter—I will destroy all that approach; here are my weapons—here will I die, in despite of tyranny!" The major was terrified, wanted resolution, and

made his report to the governor. I, mean time, sat down on my bricks, to wait what might happen; my secret intent, however, was not so desperate as it appeared. I sought only to obtain a favourable capitulation.

The governor, General Borck, presently came, attended by the town-major and some officers, and entered the outward cell, but sprung back the moment he beheld a figure like me, standing with a brick and uplifted arm. I repeated what I had told the major, and he immediately ordered six grenadiers to force the door. The front cell was scarcely six feet broad, so that no more than two at a time could attack my entrenchment; and when they saw my threatening bricks ready to descend, they leaped, terrified, back. A short pause ensued, and the old town-major, with the chaplain, advanced toward the door, to sooth me: the conversation continued some time; whose reasons were most satisfactory, and whose cause was the most just, I leave to the reader. The governor grew angry, and ordered a fresh attack. The first grenadier was knocked down, and the rest ran back, to avoid my missiles.

The town-major again began a parley.—“For God’s sake, my dear Trenck!” said he, “in what have I injured you, that you endeavour to effect my ruin? I must answer for your having, through my negligence, concealed a knife. Be persuaded, I entreat you! Be appeased!—you are not without friends!”—My answer was—“But will you not load me with heavier irons than before?”

He went out, spoke with the governor, and gave me his word of honour that the affair should be no farther noticed, and that every thing should be exactly reinstated as formerly.

Here ended the capitulation, and my wretched citadel was taken. The condition I was in was viewed with pity; my wounds were examined, a surgeon sent to dress them, another shirt was given me, and the bricks, clotted with blood, removed. I mean time lay half dead on my mattress: my thirst was excessive; the surgeon ordered me some wine; two sentinels were stationed in the front cell, and I was thus left four days in peace, unironed. Broth also was given me daily; and how delicious this was to taste, how much it revived and strengthened me, is wholly impossible to describe. Two days I lay in a slumbering kind of trance, forced, by unquenchable thirst, to drink whenever I awoke. My feet and hands were swelled; the pains in my back and limbs were excessive.

On the fifth day the doors were ready; the inner was entirely plated with iron, and I was fettered as before: perhaps they found further cruelty unnecessary. The principal chain, however, which fastened me to the wall, like that I had before broken, was thicker than the first. Except this, the capitulation was strictly kept.

About three weeks after my attempt to escape, the good Gefhardt first came to stand sentinel over me; and the sentinel they had so carefully set was indeed the only hope I could have of escape; for help must be had from without, or this was impossible.

The effort I had made had excited too much surprise and alarm for me to pass without strict examination; since, on the ninth day after I was confined, I had, in eighteen hours, so far broken through a prison built purposely for myself, by a combination of so many projectors, and with such extreme precaution, which prison had universally been declared impenetrable.

Gefhardt scarcely had taken his post before we had free opportunity of conversing together; for when I stood with one foot on my bedstead, I could reach the aperture through which light was admitted.

Gefhardt described the situation of my dungeon; and our first plan was to break under the foundation, which he had seen laid, and which he affirmed to be only two feet deep.

Money was the first thing necessary. Gefhardt was relieved during his guard, and returned bringing with him a sheet of paper rolled on a wire, which he passed through my grating; as he also did a piece of small wax-candle, some burning amadow (a kind of tinder), a match, and a pen. I now had light, and I pricked my finger, and wrote with blood to my faithful friend, Captain Ruckhardt, at Vienna, described my situation in a few words, sent him an acquittance for three thousand florins on my revenues, and requested he would dispose of a thousand florins to defray the expenses of his journey to Gummern, only two miles from Magdeburg. Here he was positively to be on the 15th of August. About noon, on this same day he was to walk, with a letter in his hand, and a man was there to meet him, carrying a roll of smoking tobacco, to whom he must remit the two thousand florins, and return to Vienna.

I returned the written paper to Gefhardt by the same means it had been received, gave him my instructions, and he sent his wife with it to Gummern, by whom it was safely put in the post.

My hopes daily rose; and as often as Gefhardt mounted guard, so often did we continue our projects. The 15th of August came, but it was some days before Gefhardt was again on guard; and, oh! how did my heart palpitate when he came and ex-

claimed—"All is right!—we have succeeded!" He returned in the evening, and we began to consider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach the aperture of the window that admitted air; beside that, it was too small. It was therefore agreed that Gefhardt should, on the next guard, perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then should convey the money to me in the water-jug.

This luckily was done. How great was my astonishment when, instead of one, I found two thousand florins! For I had permitted him to reserve half to himself, as a reward for his fidelity. He, however, had kept but five pistols, which he persisted was enough.

Having money to carry on my designs, I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation into execution. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this, Gefhardt supplied me with two small files, and by the aid of these, this labour, though great, was effected.

The cap, or staple of the foot-ring, was made so wide, that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; and the more I filed this away, the farther I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron, through which the chains passed, was quite cut through; by this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap of the outside continued whole; and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed, as to be able to draw them out of the hand-cuffs. I then filed the hinge, and made a screw at pleasure, so that at the time of examination no proofs would appear. The rim round

my body was but a small impediment, except the chain which passed from my hand-bar; and this I removed, by filing an aperture in one of the links, which, at the necessary hour, I closed with bread, rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it by the heat of my body; and would wager any sum that, without striking the chain-link, with a hammer, no one, not in the secret, would have discovered this fracture.

The window was never strictly examined; I therefore drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plastering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating: finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own fabricating, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles. That the light might not be seen I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected.

Every thing prepared, I went to work. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but oak planks, three inches thick, three beds of which were laid crosswise, and were fastened to each other by nails, half an inch in diameter, and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar which separated my hands, to draw it out, and this nail I sharpened upon my tombstone into an excellent chisel.

I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward; and having drawn away a piece of board which was inserted two inches under the wall, I cut this so as exactly to fit:

the small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread, and strewed it over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicious appearance. My labour under this was continued with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star-Fort was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards. If I had not help from without, I could proceed no farther; for to dig were useless, unless I could rid myself of my rubbish. Gefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars to Gefhardt, who, as often as he was on guard, scattered or conveyed away their contents.

Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instruments, together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet.

I now discovered that the foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunken four feet deep. Time, labour, and patience, were all necessary to break out, unheard, and undiscovered; but few things are impossible where resolution is not wanting.

The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and stoop in: the lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth; the narrow space in which all must be performed, these made the labour incredible; and, after this daily labour, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which alone required some hours to effect. My greatest aid was in the wax candles and light I had procured; but as Gefhardt stood sentinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed; the sentinels were forbidden to speak

to me under pain of death ; and I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to seek new assistance.

Being without a stove, I suffered much this winter from cold, yet my heart was cheerful, as I saw the probability of freedom ; and all were astonished to find me in such good spirits.

Gefhardt also brought me supplies of provisions, chiefly consisting of sausages and salt meats ready dressed, which increased my strength ; and when I was not digging, I wrote satires and verses : thus time was employed, and I contented, even in prison.

Lulled into security, an accident happened, that will appear almost incredible, and by which every hope was nearly frustrated.

Gefhardt had been working with me, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which I was obliged to remove on these occasions, it fell out of my hand, and three of the glass panes were broken. Gefhardt was not to return till guard was again relieved, I had therefore no opportunity of speaking with him, or concerting any mode of repair. I remained nearly an hour conjecturing and hesitating ; for certainly, had the broken window been seen, as it was impossible I should reach it when fettered, I should immediately have been more rigidly examined, and the false grating must have been discovered.

I therefore came to a resolution, and spoke to the sentinel, who was amusing himself by whistling, thus—"My good fellow, have pity, not upon me, but upon your comrades, who, should you refuse, will certainly be executed : I will throw you thirty pistoles through the window if you will do me a small favor." He remained some moments silent, and at last answered, in a low voice—"What ! have

you money then?"—I immediately counted thirty pistoles, and threw them through the window. He asked to know what he was to do: I told him my difficulty, and gave him the size of the panes in paper. The man, fortunately, was bold and prudent. The door of the palisadoes, through the negligence of the officer, had not been shut that day: he prevailed on one of his comrades to stand sentinel for him, during half an hour, while he, mean time, ran into the town, and procured the glass; on the receipt of which I instantly threw him ten more pistoles. Before the hour of noon and visitation came, every thing was once more reinstated, my glazery performed to a miracle, and the life of my worthy Gefhardt preserved!—Such is the power of money in this world. This is a very remarkable incident, for I never spoke after to the man who did me this signal service.

Gefhardt's alarm may easily be imagined: he some days after returned to his post, and was the more astonished, as he knew the sentinel who had done me this good office; that he had five children, and was a man most to be depended on by his officers of any one in the whole grenadier company.

I now continued my labour, and found it very possible to break out under the foundation: but Gefhardt had been so terrified by the late accident, that he started a thousand difficulties, in proportion as my end was more nearly accomplished; and, at the moment when I wished to concert with him the means of flight, he persisted it was necessary to find additional help to escape in safety, and not bring both him and myself to destruction. At length we came to the following détermination, which, however, after eight months' incessant labour past, rendered my whole project abortive.

I wrote once more to Ruckhardt, at Vienna; sent him a new assignment for money, and desired he would again repair to Gummern, where he should wait six several nights, with two spare horses, on the glacis of Klosterbergen, at the time appointed, every thing being prepared for flight. Within these six days, Gefhardt would have found means, either in rotation, or by exchanging the guard, to have been with me. Alas! the sweet hope of again beholding the face of the sun, of once more obtaining my freedom, endured but three days: Providence thought proper otherwise to ordain. Gefhardt sent his wife to Gummern with the letter, and this silly woman told the post-master her husband had a lawsuit at Vienna; that, therefore, she begged he would take particular care of the letter: for which purpose she slipped ten rix-dollars into his hand.

This unexpected liberality raised the suspicions of the Saxon post-master, who, therefore, opened the letter, read the contents, and instead of sending it to Vienna, or, at least, to the general post-master at Dresden, he preferred the traitorous act of taking it himself to the governor of Magdeburgh, who then, as at present, was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

What were my terrors, what my despair, when I beheld the prince himself, about three o'clock in the afternoon, enter my prison, with his attendants, present my letter, and ask, in an authoritative voice, who had carried it to Gummern.—My answer was, I knew not. Strict search was immediately made, by smiths, carpenters, and masons; and, after half-an-hour's examination, they discovered neither my hole, nor the manner in which I disencumbered myself of my chains; they only saw that the middle grating, in the aperture where the light was admitted, had been

removed. This was boarded up the next day, and only a small air-hole left, of about six inches diameter.

The prince began to threaten; I persisted I had never seen the sentinel who had rendered me this service, nor asked his name. Seeing his attempts all ineffectual, the governor, in a milder tone, said—"You have ever complained, Baron Trenck, of not having hitherto been legally sentenced, or heard in your own defence; I give you my word and honour, this you shall be, and also that you shall be released from your fetters, if you will only tell me who took your letter." To this I replied, with all the fortitude of innocence—"Every body knows, my lord, I have never deserved the treatment I have met with in my country. My heart is irreproachable. I seek to recover my liberty by every means in my power; but were I capable of betraying the man whose compassion has induced him to succour my distress—were I the coward that could purchase happiness at his expense, I then should, indeed, deserve to wear these chains with which I am loaded. For myself, do with me what you please; yet remember I am not wholly destitute—I am still a captain in the Imperial service, and a descendant of the house of Trenck."

Prince Ferdinand stood, for a moment, unable to answer, then renewed his threats, and left my dungeon. I have been since told, when he was out of hearing, he said to those round him—"I pity his hard fate, and cannot but admire his strength of mind!"

He had scarcely been gone an hour, before I heard a noise near my prison. I listened—What could it be? I heard talking, and learned a grenadier had hanged himself to the palisadoes of my prison!

The officer of the guard, and the town-major, again entered my dungeon, to fetch a lantern they had forgotten; and the officer, at going out, told me, in a whisper—"One of your associates has just hanged himself."

It is impossible to impart my terror or sensations; I believed it could be only my kind, my honest Gefhardt. After many gloomy thoughts, and lamenting the unhappy end of so worthy a fellow, I began to recollect what the prince had promised me, if I would discover my accomplice. I knocked at the door, desired to speak to the officer; he came to the window, and asked what I wanted? I requested he would inform the governor that, if he would send me light, pen, ink, and paper, I would discover my whole secret.

These were accordingly sent; an hour's time was granted; the door was shut, and I left alone. I sat myself down, began to write on my night-table, and was about to insert the name of Gefhardt, but my blood thrilled, and shrunk back to my heart. I shuddered, rose, went to the aperture of the window, and called—"Is there no man who, in compassion, will tell me the name of him who has hanged himself, that I may deliver many others from destruction?" The window was not nailed up till the next day; I therefore wrapped five pistoles in a paper, threw them out, called to the sentinel, and said—"Friend, take these, and save thy comrades; or go, betray me, and bring down innocent blood upon thy head!"

The paper was taken up; a pause of silence ensued: I heard sighs, and presently after, a low voice said—"His name is Schutz; he belonged to the company of Rippes."—I had never heard the name

before, or known the man; but I, however, immediately wrote Schutz, instead of Gefhardt. Having finished the letter, I called the lieutenant, who took that and the light away, and again barred up the door of my dungeon. The duke, however, suspected there must be some collusion, and every thing remained in the same state; I obtained neither hearing nor court-martial. I learned, in the sequel, the following circumstances, which will display the truth of this apparently incredible story.

While I was imprisoned in the citadel, a sentinel came to the post under my window, cursed and blasphemed, exclaimed aloud—"Damn the Prussian service! If Trenck only knew my mind, he would not long continue in his infernal hole!" I entered into discourse with him, and he told me, if I could give him money to purchase a boat, in which he might cross the Elbe, he would soon make my doors fly open, and set me free.

Money at the time I had none; but I gave him a diamond shirt-buckle, worth five hundred florins, which I had concealed. I never heard more from this man; he spoke to me no more. He often stood sentinel over me, which I knew by his Westphalian dialect; and I as often addressed myself to him, but ineffectually; he would make no answer.

This Schutz must have sold my buckle, and let his riches be seen; for, when the duke left me, the lieutenant on guard said to him—"You must certainly be the rascal who carried Trenck's letter; you have, for some time past, spent much money, and we have seen you with louis-d'ors. How came you by them?" Schutz was terrified; his conscience accused him; he imagined I should betray him, knowing he had deceived me. He therefore.

in the first agonies of despair, came to the palisades, and hung himself before the door of my dungeon.

How wonderful is the hand of Providence! The wicked man fell a sacrifice to his crime, after having escaped a whole year, and the faithful, the benevolent-hearted Gefhardt, was thereby saved.

The sentinels were now doubled, that any intercourse with them might be rendered more difficult. Gefhardt again stood guard, but he had scarcely opportunity, without danger, to speak a few words: he thanked me for having preserved him, wished me better fortune, and told me the garrison, in a few days, would take the field.

This was dreadful news: my whole plan was destroyed at a breath. I however, soon recovered fresh hopes. The hole I had sunken was not discovered; I had five hundred florins, candles, and implements.

The seven years' war broke out about a week after, and the regiments took the field. Major Weyner came, for the last time, and committed me to the care of the new major of the militia, Bruckhausen, who was one of the most surly and stupid of men. I shall often have occasion to mention this man.

All the majors and lieutenants of the guard, who had treated me with compassion and esteem, now parted; and I became an old prisoner in a new world. I acquired greater confidence, however, by remembering that both officers and men, in the militia, were much easier to gain over than in the regulars; the truth of which opinion was soon confirmed to me.

Four lieutenants were appointed, with their men, to mount guard at the Star-Fort in turn; and, before

a year had passed, three of them were in my interest.

The regiments had scarcely taken the field, ere the new governor, General Borck, entered my prison; like, what he was, an imperious, cruel tyrant. The king, in giving him the command, had informed him he must answer for my person with his head; he therefore had full power to treat me with whatever severity he pleased.

Borck was a stupid man, of an unfeeling heart, the slave of despotic orders, and, as often as he thought it possible I might rid myself of my fetters, and escape, his heart palpitated with fear. In addition to this, he considered me as the vilest of men and traitors, seeing his king had condemned me to imprisonment so cruel; and his barbarity toward me was thus the effect of character, and meanness of soul. He entered my dungeon, not as an officer to visit a brother officer in misery, but as an executioner to a felon. Smiths then made their appearance, and a monstrous iron collar, of a hand's breadth, was put round my neck, and connected with the chains of the feet, by additional heavy links. My window was walled up, except a small air-hole. He even, at length, took away my bed, gave me no straw, and quitted me with a thousand revilings on the empress-queen, her whole army, and myself. In words, however, I was little in his debt; and he was enraged even to madness.

My situation was truly deplorable. The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion; and I durst not attempt to disengage myself from the pendant chains, till I had, for some months, carefully observed the mode of their examination, and which parts they supposed were perfectly secure. The cruelty of depriving me of my bed was

still greater: I was obliged to sit upon the bare ground, and lean with my head against the damp wall. The chains that descended from the neck-collar were obliged to be supported, first with one hand and then with the other, for, if thrown behind, they would have strangled me, and, if hanging forward, occasioned most excessive headaches. The bar between my hands held one down by leaning on my elbow; I supported with the other my chains, and this so benumbed the muscles, and prevented circulation, that I could perceive my arms sensibly waste away. The little sleep I could have in such a situation may easily be supposed; and, at length, body and mind sunk under this accumulation of miserable suffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever.

Sickness itself is sufficient to humble the mightiest mind; what then is sickness, with such addition of torment? The burning fever, the violent headaches, my neck swelled and inflamed with irons, enraged me almost to madness. The fever and the fetters, together, flayed my body so, that it appeared like one continued wound——Enough! Enough!—The malefactor, extended, living, on the wheel, to whom the cruel executioner refuses the last stroke, the blow of death, must yet, in some short period, expire; he suffers nothing I did not then suffer, and these my excruciating pangs continued two dreadful months——Yet, can it be supposed? There came a day!—a day of horror, when these mortal pangs were, beyond imagination, increased! I sat, scorched with this intolerable fever, in which nature and death were contending, and, when attempting to quench my burning entrails with cold water, the jug dropped from my feeble hands, and broke! I had four-and-twenty hours to remain without water. So intole-

nable, so devouring, was my thirst, I could have drank human blood! Ay, in my madness, had it been the blood of my father!

Willingly would I have seized my pistols, but strength had forsaken me; I could not open the place I was obliged to render so secure.

My visitors next day supposed me gone at last—I lay motionless, with my tongue out of my mouth. They poured water down my throat, and found life.

Oh God! Oh God! How pure, how delicious, how exquisite, was this water!—My insatiable thirst soon emptied the jug; they filled it anew, bade me farewell, hoped death would soon relieve my mortal sufferings, and departed.

The lamentable state in which I lay, at length became so much the subject of general conversation, that all the ladies of the town united with the officers, and prevailed on the tyrant, Borck, to restore me my bed.

O Nature! what are thy operations! From the day I drank water in such excess, I gathered strength, and to the astonishment of every one, soon recovered. I had moved the heart of the officer who inspected my prison; and after six months, six cruel months, of added misery, the day of hope again began to dawn.

One of the majors of the day entrusted his key to Lieutenant Sonntag, who came alone, spoke in confidence, and related his own situation, complained of his debts, his poverty, his necessities; and I made him a present of twenty-five louis-d'ors, for which he was so grateful, that our friendship became unshaken.

The three lieutenants all commiserated me, when a certain major had the inspection; and he himself, after a time, would even pass half the day with me.

He too was poor, and I gave him a draft for three thousand florins: hence new projects took birth.

Money became necessary; I had dispersed all I possessed, a hundred florins excepted, among the officers. The eldest son of Captain K——n, who officiated as major, had been cashiered: his father complained to me of his distress, and I sent him to my sister, not far from Berlin, from whom he received one hundred ducats. He returned, and related her joy at hearing from me. He found her exceedingly ill; and she informed me, in a few lines, that my misfortunes, and the treachery of Weingarten, had entailed poverty upon her, and an illness which had endured more than two years. She wished me a happy deliverance from my chains, and, in expectation of death, committed her children to my protection. She however grew better, and married a second time, Colonel Pape; but died in the year 1758. I shall forbear to relate her history; it indeed does no honour to the ashes of Frederic, and would but less dispose my own heart to forgiveness, by reviving the memory of her oppressions and griefs.

K——n returned happy with the money; all things were concerted with the father. I wrote to the Countess Bestuchef, also to the Grand Duke, afterwards Peter III., recommended the young soldier, and entreated every possible succour for myself.

K——n departed, through Hamburg, for Petersburg, where, in consequence of my recommendation, he became a captain, and in a short time a major. He took his measures so well, that I, by the intervention of his father, and a Hamburg merchant, received two thousand rubles from the countess, while the service he rendered me made his own fortune in Russia.

To old K——n, who was as poor as he was honest, I gave three hundred ducats; and he, till death, continued my grateful friend. I distributed nearly as much to the other officers; and matters proceeded so far, that Lieutenant Glotin gave back the keys to the major without locking my prison, himself passing half the night with me. Money was given to the guard to drink; and thus every thing succeeded to my wish, and the tyrant Borck was deceived. I had a supply of light; had books, newspapers, and my days passed swiftly away. I read, I wrote, I busied myself so thoroughly, that I almost forgot I was a prisoner.—When, indeed, the surly dull blockhead, Major Bruckhausen, had the inspection, every thing must be carefully reinstated. Major Z——, the second of the three, was also wholly mine. He was particularly attached to me; for I had promised to marry his daughter, and, should I die in prison, bequeath him a legacy of ten thousand florins.

Lieutenant Sonntag got false handcuffs made for me, that were so wide I could easily draw my hands out; the lieutenants only examined my irons; the new handcuffs were made perfectly similar to the old, and Bruckhausen had too much stupidity to remark any difference.

The remainder of my chains I could disencumber myself of at pleasure. When I exercised myself, I held them in my hands, that the sentinels might be deceived by their clanking. The neck iron was the only one I durst not remove; it was likewise too strongly rivetted. I filed through the upper link of the pendant chain, however, by which means I could take it off, and this I concealed with bread in the manner before mentioned.

So could I disencumber myself of most of my fet-

ters, and sleep at ease. I again obtained sausages and cold meat, and thus my situation, bad as it still was, became less miserable. Liberty still however, was most desirable; but, alas! not one of the three lieutenants had the courage of a Schell: Saxony, too, was in the hands of the Prussians, and flight therefore more dangerous.—Persuasion was in vain, with men determined to risk nothing, but if they went, to go in safety. Will, indeed, was not wanting in Glotin and Sonntag; but the first was a poltroon, and the latter a man of scruples, who likewise thought this step might be the ruin of his brother in Berlin.

The sentinels were doubled; therefore my escape through my hole, which had been two years dug, could not, unperceived by them, be effected: still less could I, in face of the guard, clamber the twelve-feet high palisadoes. The following labour, therefore, though Herculean, was undertaken.

Lieutenant Sonntag, measuring the interval between the hole I had dug and the entrance of the gallery in the principal rampart, found it to be thirty-seven feet. Into this, it was possible, I might, by mining, penetrate. The difficulty of the enterprise was lessened by the nature of the ground, a fine white sand. Could I reach the gallery, my freedom was certain. I had been informed how many steps to the right or left must be taken, to find the door that led to the second rampart: and the day when I should be ready for flight, the officer was, secretly, to leave this door open. I had light and mining tools, and I was further to rely on money and my own discretion.

I began, and continued this labour about six months. I have already noticed the difficulty of scraping out the earth with my hands. The noise of

instruments would have been heard by the sentinels; I had scarcely mined beyond my dungeon-wall, before I discovered the foundation of the rampart was not more than a foot deep; a capital error, certainly, in so important a fortress. My labour became the lighter, as I could remove the foundation stones of my dungeon, and was not obliged to mine so deep.

When my work was within six or seven feet of being accomplished, a new misfortune happened, that at once frustrated all further attempts. I worked, as I have said, under the foundation of the rampart, near where the sentinels stood. I could disencumber myself of my fetters, except my neck-collar and its pendant chain. This, as I worked, though it had been fastened, got loose, and the clanking was heard by one of the sentinels about fifteen feet from my dungeon. The officer was called; they laid their ears to the ground, and heard me as I went backward and forward to bring my earth bags. This was reported the next day, and the major, who was my best friend, with the town-major, and mason, entered my prison. I was terrified. The lieutenant, by a sign, gave me to understand I was discovered. An examination was begun, but the officers would not see, and the smith and mason found everything, as they thought, safe. Had they examined my bed, they would have seen the ticking and sheets were gone.

The town-major was a dull man, was persuaded the thing was impossible, and said to the sentinel—"Blockhead! you have heard some mole underground, and not Trenck. How, indeed, could it be that he should work underground at such a distance from his dungeon?" Here the scrutiny ended.

There was now no time for delay. Had they altered their hour of coming, they must have found me

at work ; but this, during ten years, never happened, for the governor and town-major were stupid men ; and the others, wishing me all success, were wilfully blind. In a few days, I could have broken out : but when ready, I was desirous to wait for the visitation day of the man who treated me so tyrannically, Buckhausen, that his only negligence might be evident. But this man, though he wanted understanding, did not want good fortune. He was ill for some time, and his duty devolved on K——.

He recovered, and the visitation being over, the doors were no sooner barred than I began my supposed last labour. I had only three feet farther to proceed, and it was no longer necessary I should bring out the sand, having room enough to throw it behind me. What my anxiety was, what my exertions were, may well be imagined. My evil genius, however, had decreed, that the same sentinel, who had heard me before, should be that day on guard. He was piqued, by vanity, to prove he was not the blockhead he had been called : he, therefore, again laid his ear to the ground, and again heard the burrowing. He called his comrades first, next the major : he came, and heard me likewise : accordingly they went without the palisadoes, and heard me working near the door, at which place I was to break into the gallery. This door they immediately opened, entered the gallery with lanthorns, and waited to catch the hunted fox, when unearthed.

Through the first small breach I made I perceived a light, and saw the heads of those who were expecting me. This was, indeed, a thunder-stroke !—I crept back, made my way through the sand I had cast behind me, and waited my fate with shuddering ! I had still the presence of mind to conceal my pis-

tols, candles, paper, and some money, under the floor, which I could remove. The money was disposed of in various holes, well concealed, also between the pannels of the doors; and under different cracks in the floor I hid my small files and knives.

Scarcely were my working utensils, paper, candles, and money properly secured, before the doors resounded; the floor was covered with sand-bags; my handcuffs, however, and the separating bar, I had hastily resumed, that they might suppose I had worked with them on; which they were silly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage.

No man was more busy on this occasion than the brutal and stupid Bruckhausen, who put many interrogatories, to which I made no reply, except assuring him that I should have completed my work some days sooner, had it not been his good fortune to fall sick; and that this only had been the cause of my failure.

The man was absolutely terrified with apprehension: he began to fear me, grew more polite, and even supposed nothing was impossible to me.

It was too late to remove the sand: therefore the lieutenant on guard continued with me; so that this night, at least, I did not want company. When the morning came, the hole was first filled and walled up; the planking was renewed. The tyrant Borck was ill, and could not come, otherwise my treatment would have been still more lamentable. The smiths had ended before the evening, and the irons were heavier than ever. The foot chains, instead of being fastened as before, were screwed and rivetted; all things else remained as formerly. They were employed in the flooring till the next day, so that I could not sleep; and at last I sank down with weariness.

The greatest of my misfortunes was, they again deprived me of my bed, because I had cut it up for sand-bags. Before the doors were barred, Bruckhausen, and another major, examined my body very narrowly. They often had asked me where I concealed all my implements? My answer was—"Gentlemen, Belzebub is my best and most intimate friend; he brings me every thing I want, supplies me with light; we play whole nights at piquet: and, guard me as you please, he will finally deliver me out of your power."

Some were astonished; others laughed. At length, as they were barring the last door, I called—"Come back, gentlemen! you have forgotten something of great importance." In the interim I had taken up one of my hidden files. When they returned—"Look ye, gentlemen," said I, "here is a proof of the friendship Belzebub has for me: he has brought me this in a twinkling." Again they examined, and again they shut the doors. While they were so doing, I took out a knife and ten louis-d'ors; called, and they returned grumbling curses: I then showed them the knife and the louis-d'ors. Their consternation was excessive; and I diverted my misfortunes, by jesting at such blundering, short-sighted keepers. It was soon rumoured through Magdeburg, especially among the simple and vulgar, that I was a magician, to whom the devil brought all I asked.

One Major Holtzkammer, a very selfish man, profited by this report. A foolish citizen had offered him fifty dollars, if he might only be permitted to see me through the door; being very desirous to have a peep at a wizard. Holtzkammer told me, and we jointly determined to sport with his credulity. The major gave me a mask with a monstrous nose,

which I put on when the doors were opening, and threw myself into an heroic attitude. The affrighted burgher drew back; but Holtzkammer stopped him, and said—"Have patience but for one quarter of an hour and you shall see he will assume quite a different countenance." The burgher waited, my mask was thrown by, and my face appeared whitened with chalk, and made ghastly. The burgher again shrank back: Holtzkammer kept him in conversation, and I assumed a third farcical form. I tied my hair under my nose, and a pewter dish to my breast, and when the door a third time opened, I thundered—"Begone, rascals, or I'll set your necks awry!" They both ran, and the silly burgher, eased of his fifty dollars, scampered first.

The major in vain laid his injunctions on the burgher never to reveal what he had beheld, it being a breach of duty in him to admit any person whatever to the sight of me. In a few days, the necromancer Trenck was the theme of every ale-house in Magdeburg; and the person was named who had seen me change my form thrice in the space of an hour. Many false and ridiculous circumstances were added, and at last the story reached the governor's ears. The citizen was cited, and offered to take his oath to the truth of what himself and the major had seen. Holtzkammer accordingly suffered a severe reprimand, and was some days put under arrest. We frequently laughed, however, at this adventure, which had rendered me so much the subject of conversation. Miraculous reports were the more easily credited, because no one could comprehend how, in despite of the load of irons I carried, and all the vigilance of my guards, I should be continually able to make so many attempts, while those appointed to ex-

amine my dungeon seemed, as it were, blinded and bewildered—a proof this how easy it is to deceive the credulous, and whence have originated witchcraft, prophecies, and miracles.

My last undertaking had employed me more than twelve months, and so weakened me, that I appeared little better than a skeleton. Notwithstanding the greatness of my spirit, I should have sunk into despondency at seeing an end like this to all my labours, had I not still cherished a secret hope of escaping, founded on the friends I had gained among the officers.

I soon felt the effects of the loss of my bed, and was a second time attacked by violent fever, which would this time certainly have consumed me, had not the officers, unknown to the governor, treated me with all possible compassion. Brackhausen alone continued my enemy, and the slave of his orders: on his day of examination, rules and commands, in all their rigour, were observed, nor durst I free myself from my irons, till I had for some weeks remarked those parts on which he invariably fixed his attention. I then cut through the link, and closed up the vacancy with bread. My hands I could always draw out, especially after illness had consumed the flesh off my bones. Half a year had elapsed before I recovered sufficient strength to undertake, anew, labours like the past.

Immediately after this, the sub-governor, General Borck, my bitter enemy, became insane, was dispossessed of his post, and Lieutenant-Colonel Reichmann, the benevolent friend of humanity, was made sub-governor.

About the same time the court fled from Berlin, and the queen, the prince of Prussia, thus necessa-

Amelia, and the Margrave Henry, chose Magdeburg for their residence. Bruckhausen grew more polite, probably perceiving I was not wholly deserted, and that it was yet possible I might obtain my freedom. The cruel are usually cowards, and there is reason to suppose Bruckhausen was actuated by his fears to treat me with greater respect.

The worthy new governor had not indeed the power to lighten my chains, or alter the general regulations; what he could he did. If he did not command, he connived at the doors being occasionally at first, and at length daily kept open some hours, to admit daylight and fresh air. After a time they were open the whole day, and only closed by the officers when they returned from their visit to Walrabe.

Having light, I began to carve with a nail, on a pewter cup in which I drank, satirical verses and various figures; and attained so much perfection, that my cups at last were considered as master-pieces, both of engraving and invention, and were sold dear as rare curiosities. My first attempts were rude, as may well be imagined. My cup was carried to town, and shown to visitors by the governor, who sent me another. I improved, and each of the inspecting officers wished to possess one. I grew more expert, and spent a whole year in this employment, which thus passed swiftly away. The perfection I had now acquired obtained the permission of candle-light; and this continued till I was restored to freedom.

The king gave orders these cups should all be inspected by government, because I wished by my verses and devices to inform the world of my fate. But this command was not obeyed; the officers made merchandize of my cups, and sold them at last for twelve ducats each. Their value increased so

much, when I was released from prison, that they are now to be found in various museums throughout Europe. Twelve years ago the late landgrave of Hesse-Cassel presented one of them to my wife: and another came, in a very unaccountable manner, from the queen-dowager of Prussia to Paris. I have given prints of both these, with the verses they contained, in my works; whence it may be seen how artificially they were engraved.

A third fell into the hands of Prince Augustus Lobkowitz, then a prisoner of war at Magdeburg, who, on his return to Vienna, presented it to the emperor, who placed it in his museum. Among other devices on this cup, was a landscape, representing a vineyard and husbandmen; and under it the following words—“*By my labours my vineyard flourished, and I hoped to have gathered the fruit; but Ahab came, alas! for Naboth.*”

The allusion was so pointed, both to the wrongs done me in Vienna, and my sufferings in Prussia, that it made a very strong impression on the empress-queen, who immediately commanded her minister to make every exertion for my deliverance. She would probably at last have even restored me to my estates, had not the possessors of them been so powerful, or had she herself lived one year longer. To these my engraved cups was I indebted for being once more remembered at Vienna. On the same cup also was another engraving of a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inscription—“*The bird sings even in the storm; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his songs shall be the delight of your abodes!*”

There is another remarkable circumstance attending these cups. All were forbidden, under pain of

death, to hold conversation with me, or to supply me with pen and ink; yet, by this open permission of writing what I pleased on paper, was I enabled to inform the world of all I wished, and to prove a man of merit was oppressed.

About this time the French army advanced to within five miles of Magdeburg. This important fortress was, at that time, the key of the whole Prussian power. It required a garrison of sixteen thousand men, and contained not more than fifteen hundred. The French might have walked in unopposed, and at once have put an end to the war. The officers brought me all the news, and my hopes rose as they approached.—What was my astonishment when the major informed me, that three waggons had entered the town in the night, had been sent back loaded with money, and that the French were retreating! This, I can assure my readers, on my honour, is literally true, to the eternal disgrace of the French general. The major, who informed me, was himself an eye witness of the fact. It was pretended the money was for the army of the king, but every body could guess whither it was going; it left the town without a convoy, and the French were then in the neighbourhood. Such were the allies of Maria Theresa! The receivers of this money are known in Paris. Not only were my hopes this way frustrated, but in Russia likewise, where the countess of Bestuchef and the chancellor were fallen into disgrace.

I now imagined another, and indeed a fearful and dangerous project. The garrison of Magdeburg, at this moment, consisted but of nine hundred militia, who were discontented men. Two majors and two lieutenants were in my interest. The guard of the

Star-Fort amounted but to a hundred and fifteen men. Fronting the gate of this fort was the town gate, guarded only by twelve men and an inferior officer; beside these lay the casemates, in which were seven thousand Croat prisoners. Aaron K——y, a captain, and prisoner of war, also was in our interest, and would hold his comrades ready, at a certain place and time, to support my undertaking. Another friend was, under some pretence, to hold his company ready, with their muskets loaded; and the plan was such, that I should have had four hundred men in arms to carry it into execution.

The officer was to have placed the two men we most suspected and feared, as sentinels over me; he was to command them to take away my bed, and when encumbered, I was to spring out, and shut them in the prison. Clothing and arms were to have been procured and brought me into my prison—the town gate was to have been surprised—I was to have run to the casemate, and called to the Croats—"Trenck! To arms!" My friends at the same instant, were to break forth, and the plan was so well concerted, that it could not have failed. Magdeburg, the magazine of the army, the royal treasury, arsenal, all would have been mine; and sixteen thousand men, who were the prisoners of war, would have enabled me to keep possession.

The most essential secret, by which all this was to have been effected, I dare not reveal; suffice it to say, every thing was provided for, every thing secure; I shall only add, that the garrison, in the harvest months, was exceedingly weakened, because the farmers paid the captains a florin per man each a-day, and the men for their labour likewise, to obtain hands. The sub-governor connived at the practice.

One Lieutenant G—— procured a furlough to visit his friends; but, supplied by me with money, he went to Vienna. I furnished him with a letter, addressed to Counsellors Kempf and Huttner, including a draft for two thousand ducats, wherein I said, that, by these means, I should not only soon be at liberty, but in possession of the fortress of Magdeburg, and that the bearer was entrusted with the rest.

The lieutenant came safe to Vienna, underwent a thousand interrogatories, and his name was repeatedly asked. This, fortunately, he concealed. They advised him not to be concerned in so dangerous an undertaking; told him I had not so much money due to me; and gave him, instead of two thousand ducats, one thousand florins. With these he left Vienna, but with very prudent suspicions, which prevented him ever more returning to Magdeburg. A month had scarcely passed before the late landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, then chief governor, entered my prison, showed me my letter, and who were to free me, and betray Magdeburg? Whether the letter was sent immediately to the king or the governor, I know not; it is sufficient that I was once more betrayed at Vienna. The truth was, the administrators of my effects had acted as if I were deceased, and did not choose to refund two thousand ducats. They wished not I should obtain my freedom in a manner that would have obliged the governor to reward me, and restore the effects they had embezzled, and the estates they had seized.

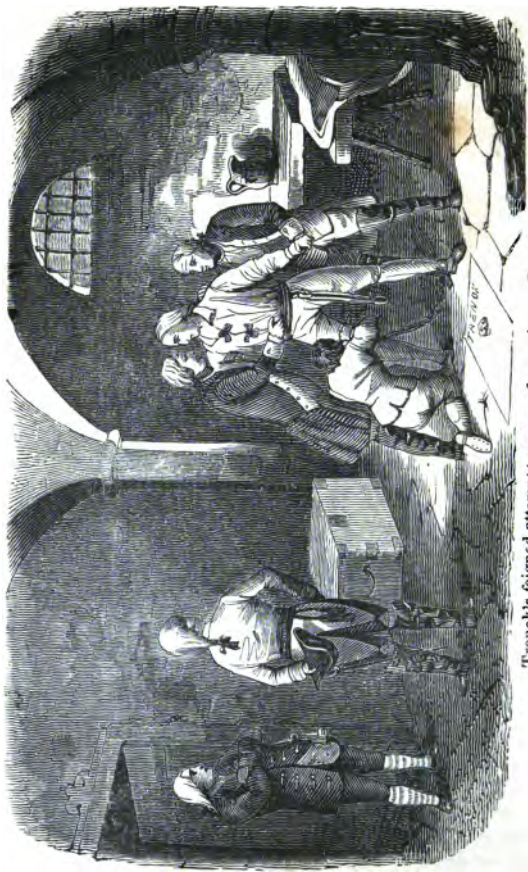
The next day a formal examination was taken, at which the sub-governor, Reichmann, presided. I was accused as a traitor to my country; but I obstinately denied my hand-writing. Proofs or witnesses there were none; and, in answer to the principal charge,

I said—"I was no criminal, but a man calumniated, illegally imprisoned, and loaded with irons; that the king, in the year 1746, had cashiered me, and confiscated my parental inheritance; that therefore the laws of nature enforced me to seek honour and bread in a foreign service; and that, finding these in Austria, I was become an officer and a faithful subject of the empress-queen; that I had been a second time unoffendingly imprisoned; that here I was treated as the worst of malefactors, and that my only resource was to seek my liberty, by such means as I could: were I, therefore, in this attempt, to destroy the very town of Magdeburg, and occasion the loss of a thousand lives, I should still be guiltless. Had I been heard, and legally sentenced, previous to my imprisonment at Glatz, I should have been, and have continued a criminal; but not having been guilty of any small, much less of any great crime, equal to my punishment, if such crime could be, I was therefore not accountable for consequences: I owed neither fidelity nor duty to the king of Prussia; for, by the word of his power, he had deprived me of bread, honour, country and freedom.

Here the examination ended, without farther discovery: the officers however, falling under suspicion, were all removed, and thus I lost my best friends; yet it was not long before I had gained two others, which was no difficult matter, as I knew the national character, and that none but poor men were made militia officers. Thus was the governor's precaution fruitless; and every body secretly wished I might obtain my freedom.

I shall never forget the noble manner in which I was treated on this occasion by the landgrave. This I personally acknowledged, some years afterward, in

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Trenck's feigned attempt to escape from prison.—Page 139.

the city of Cassel, when I heard many things which confirmed all my surmises concerning Vienna. The landgrave received me with all grace, favour, and distinction. I revere his memory, and seek to honour his name. He was the friend of misfortune. When I, not long afterward, fell ill, he sent me his own physician, and meat from his table; nor would he suffer me, during two months, to be waked by the sentinels. He likewise removed the dreadful collar from my neck; for which he was severely reprimanded by the king, as he himself has since assured me.

I might fill a volume with incidents attending two other efforts to escape; but I will not weary the reader's patience with too much repetition. I shall merely give an abstract of both.

When I had once more gained the officers, I made a new attempt at mining my way out. Not wanting for implements, my chains and the flooring were soon cut through; and all was so carefully replaced, I was under no fear of examination. I here placed my concealed money, pistols, and other necessities; but, till I had rid myself of some hundred weight of sand, it was impossible to proceed. For this purpose, I made two different openings in the floor: out of the real hole I threw a great quantity of sand into my prison; after which I closed it with all possible care. I then worked at the second with so much noise, that I was certain they must hear me without. About midnight the doors began to thunder, and in they came, detecting me, as I intended they should. None of them could conceive why I should wish to break out under the door, where there was a triple guard to pass. The sentinels remained, and in the morning prisoners were sent to wheel away the sand. The hole was walled up and boarded, and my fetters were

renewed. They laughed at the ridiculousness of my undertaking, but punished me by depriving me of my light and bed, which, however, in a fortnight, were both restored. Of the other hole, out of which most of the earth had been thrown, no one was aware. The major and lieutenant were too much my friends to remark that they had removed thrice the quantity of sand the false opening could contain. They supposed, this strange attempt having failed, it would be my last; and Bruckhausen grew negligent.

The death of Elizabeth, the deposing of Peter III., and the accession of Catherine II., produced peace. On the receipt of this intelligence, I endeavoured to provide for all possible contingencies. The worthy Captain K—— had opened me a correspondence with Vienna; I was assured of support, but was likewise assured the administrators, and those who possessed my estates, would throw every possible impediment in the way of freedom. I endeavoured to persuade another officer to aid my escape, but in vain; no second Schell was to be found. The will consented, but the heart recoiled.

I therefore opened my old hole, and my friends assisted me all in their power, further to disembarass myself of sand. My money melted away, but they provided me with tools, gunpowder, and a good sword. I had remained so long quiet that my flooring was no more examined.

My intent was to wait the peace; and, should I still continue in chains, then would I have my subterranean passage to the rampart ready for escape. For my further security, an old lieutenant had, with my money, purchased a house in the suburbs, where I might lie concealed. Gummern in Saxony is two miles from Magdeburg; here a friend, with two good





Trenck buried in the cave at Magdeburg.—Page 191.

horses, was to wait a whole year, to ride on the glacis of Kolsterbergen, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and, at a given signal, to hasten to my assistance. My passage was to be ready in case of emergency.

I therefore removed the upper planking, broke up the two under beds, cut the boards into chips, and burnt them in my stove. By this I obtained so much additional room as to proceed half way with my mine. Linen again was brought me, sand-bags made, and thus I successfully proceeded to all but the last operation. Every thing was afterwards so well closed and concealed, that I had nothing to fear from the narrowest inspection, sufficient of the under-flooring being left to support the upper, and it appeared doubly nailed as before, to avoid suspicion, especially as the new-come garrison could not know what was the original length of the planks.

This severe labour reduced me again to a very feeble state of body; and, by the return of the regulars, I in a moment was deprived of all my friends.

I must in this place relate a dreadful accident, I cannot even now remember, without shuddering, and the terror of which has often haunted my very dreams.

While mining under the foundation of the rampart, just as I was going to carry out the sand-bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage. What was my horror to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune, there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away; but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul, that I a thousand times wished myself dead, and

made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labour began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and I imagined I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths, surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labour, but the earth was as high as my chin; and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball, and turned round; I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labour was to root away the sand under the stone, and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and, by this means, at length, I once more happily arrived in my dungeon!

The morning was advanced! I sat myself down so exhausted, that I supposed it was impossible I had time or strength to cover up and conceal my hole. After half an hour's rest, however, my fortitude returned: again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended, before the resounding locks and bolts told the approach of my visitors.

They found me pale as death: I complained of the headache, and continued some days so much affected by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but, perhaps of all my nights of horror, this was the most horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth; and now, though three-and-twenty years are elapsed, my sleep is still haunted by this vision.

After this accident, when I worked in my cavity, I hung a knife round my neck, that, in case I should be again so enclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over the stone that had fallen, were several others that hung tottering, under which I was several hundred times obliged to creep. Nothing could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty!

When my passage was ready, so that I could break out when I pleased, I wrote various letters to my friends, at Vienna, and also an impassioned memorial to my sovereign. When the militia left Magdeburg, and the regulars returned, I took an affecting leave of my friends, who had behaved to me with so much humanity, and so benevolently supplied my wants. Several weeks elapsed before they departed, and I learnt that General Reidt was appointed ambassador from Vienna to Berlin.

I had seen the world : I knew this general was not averse to a bribe ; I wrote him a moving letter, conjuring him not to abandon me, and to act with perhaps more ardour in my behalf than his instructions might imply. I enclosed a draft for six thousand florins, on my effects at Vienna, and he received four thousand more from one of my relations. I have to thank these ten thousand florins for my freedom, which I obtained nine months after. My vouchers show the six thousand florins were paid in April, 1763, to the order of General Reidt. The other four thousand I thankfully repaid, when at liberty, to my friend.

I received intelligence, before the garrison departed, that no stipulation had been made on my behalf, at the peace of Hubertsburg. The Vienna plenipotentiaries, after, and not before, the articles were signed, mentioned my name to Hertzberg, but with

little earnestness of solicitation. From Berlin, indeed, I received private assurances of every effort being made to move Frederic, a promise on which I could much better rely than on my protectors at Vienna, who so many years had left me in misfortune. I therefore determined to wait three months longer, and, should I find myself neglected, to owe my escape to myself.

On the changes of the garrison, the officers, being all of the nobility, were much more difficult to gain than the former. The majors literally obeyed their orders: their help was unnecessary; but still I sighed for my old friends. I had only ammunition bread again for food, as no one supplied me with the least comfortable addition.

My time hung very heavy; every thing was carefully examined, on the change of the garrison. A still stricter scrutiny might occur, and all my projects be discovered. This had nearly been effected by accident, as I shall here relate. I had, two years before, so tamed a mouse, that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth: in this small animal, I discovered proofs of intelligence too great to easily gain belief: were I to relate them, priests would rail, monks grumble, and such philosophers as suppose man alone endowed with the power of thought, allowing nothing but what they call instinct to animals, would proclaim me a fabulous writer, and my opinions heterodox to what they suppose sound philosophy. Should I live, perhaps I may hereafter publish an essay on this subject, in which this my mouse and a spider will appear as remarkable characters.

This intelligent mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myself with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a

trencher. The sentinels hearing our amusement, called the officers; they heard also, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At daybreak, my doors resounded; the town-major, a smith, and mason entered: strict search was begun; flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinized, but in vain. They asked what was the noise they heard: I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given that I should be deprived of its society; I earnestly entreated they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honour he would present it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmost tenderness.

He took it away, and turned it loose in the guard-room, but it was tame to me alone, and sought a hiding-place. It had fled to my prison-door, and, at the hour of visitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately testifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worthy of remark, that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to say, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was near a hundred paces from my dungeon. How did it find its master? Did it know, or did it wait for the hour of visitation? Had it remarked that the doors were daily opened?

All were desirous of obtaining this mouse, but the major carried it off for his lady; she put it into a cage, where it pined, refused all sustenance, and, in a few days, was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me, for some time, quite melancholy, yet, on the last examination, I perceived it had so eaten away the bread, by which I had concealed the crevices I had made in counting the floor, that the examiners must be all

but blind not to discover them. I was convinced my faithful little friend had fallen a necessary victim to its master's safety. My keepers were persuaded I had neither the will nor the power to make further attempts at freedom. This accident, however, determined me not to wait even the three months.

I have already related horses were to be kept ready, on the first and fifteenth; and I only suffered the first of August to pass, because I would not injure the worthy Major Pfuhl, who had treated me with more compassion than his comrades, and whose day of visitation it was. On the fifteenth I determined to fly. This resolution formed, I waited in anxious expectation of the day, when a new and again most remarkable succession of accidents happened.

An alarm of fire had obliged the major of the day to repair in haste to the town; he therefore committed the keys to the lieutenant. The latter, coming to visit me, with a look of compassion asked—"Dear Trenck, have you never, during seven years that you have been under the guard of the militia, found a man like Schell?" "Alas! sir," answered I, "such friends are indeed rare; the will of many has been good; each knew I could make his fortune; but none had courage enough for so desperate an attempt. Money I have distributed freely, but have received little help."

"Money;—how do you obtain money in this dungeon?"—"From a secret correspondent at Vienna, by whom I am still supplied. If I can serve you, command me; I will do it willingly, without asking any return. So saying, I immediately took fifty ducats from between the pannels, and gave them to the lieutenant. At first he refused, but at length accepted

them with fear.—He left me, promised to return, pretended to shut the door, and kept his word. He now avowed that the debt obliged him to desert; that this had long been his determination; and that, desirous to assist me, at the same time, if he could find the means, I had only to show how this might be effected.

We continued two hours in conference; a plan was soon formed, approved, and almost a certainty of success demonstrated, especially when I told him I had two horses in waiting. We vowed eternal friendship. I gave him fifty additional ducats, and he had never before been so rich, his whole debts, which would oblige him to desert, not amounting to more than two hundred rix-dollars, which however he never could have discharged out of his pay.

He was to prepare four keys, that were to resemble those of my dungeon; the latter were to be exchanged on the day of flight, being kept in the guard-room, while the major was with General Walrabe. He was to give the grenadiers leave of absence for some hours, or send them into the town on various pretences. The sentinels at the gate he was to call from their duty, and those placed over me were to be sent into my dungeon, to take away a bed: while encumbered with this, I was to spring out, and lock them in, after which we were to mount our horses, which were kept ready, and ride full speed to Gumnern. Every thing was to be prepared within a week, when he was again to mount guard. We had scarcely fully formed our project before the sentinels called, the major was coming; he accordingly hastily barred up the doors, and the major passed to General Walrabe.

No man now was happier than myself, in a dungeon than I was; my hopes of escape were triple; the me-

diation at Berlin, the mine I had made, and my new friend, the lieutenant.

Intoxicated with hope and joy then, when I most ought to have been cool and clear, I seemed to have lost my understanding. I came to a resolution which will appear, to every reasonable man, extravagant, absurd and pitiable. I was vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough, to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the GREAT FREDERIC!—Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain saviour.

Having heated my imagination with this lamentable scheme, I expected the hour of visitation with anxiety. The major entered: I bespoke him thus—

“I know, Sir, the great Prince Ferdinand is again in Magdeburgh.” (My new friend had told me this.)

“Be pleased to inform him that he may first examine my prison, double the sentinels, and afterwards give me his commands, stating at what hour it will please him I should make my appearance in perfect freedom, on the glacis of Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of this, I then hope for the protection of Prince Ferdinand; and that he will relate my proceedings to the king, who may thereby be convinced of my conscience.”

The major was astonished; supposed my brain turned. The proposal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impossible. I however persisted; he rode to town, and returned with the sub-governor, Reichmann; the town-major, Riding; and the major of inspection. The answer they delivered was—That the prince promised me his protection, the king's favour, and a certain release from my chains, should I prove the truth of my assertion. I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as

impossible, and at last said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme; but, should I refuse, they would immediately break up the whole flooring, and place sentinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, the governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.

After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up my flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friend had procured me, to the doors of the subterranean gallery. This gallery I desired them to enter, and sound, with their sword hilts, at the place through which I was to break, which might be done in a few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and to the other they already had the keys; adding, I had horses waiting at the glacis, that would be immediately ready; the stables for which were unknown to them.

They went, examined, returned, put questions, which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star-Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was astonished at what he had heard: that he wished me all happiness, and then took me, unfettered, to the guard-house. The major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me every thing would happen to my wishes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

The guard was reinforced next day; two grenadiers entered the officer's room as sentinels. The whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes, the draw-bridges were raised in open day, and precautions were

taken as if it was supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I had made at Glatz.

I now saw numerous workmen employed on my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry-stones. The officers on guard behaved with great kindness, kept a good table, at which I ate; but two sentinels, and an under-officer never quitted the guard-room. Conversation was very cautious, and this continued five or six days: at length it was my new friend the lieutenant's turn to mount guard; he appeared to be as friendly as formerly, but conference was difficult; he, however, found an opportunity to express his astonishment at my ill-timed discovery, told me the prince knew nothing of the affair, and that the report propagated through the garrison was, I had been surprised in making a new attempt.

I now saw my error, but, alas! too late. I assured my friend this step had been occasioned by my reliance on his promise. He lamented my mistake, but affirmed himself still the same. My courage strengthened, and I vowed vengeance against the mean conduct of the sub-governor.

My dungeon was completed in about a week. The town-major and major of the day reconducted me to it. My foot only was chained to the wall, but with links twice as strong as formerly; the remainder of my irons were never after added.

Instead of flooring, the dungeon was paved with flag-stones. The prison was made impenetrable. That part of my money only was saved which I had concealed in the pannels of the door, and the chimney of the stove; some thirty louis-d'ors hidden about my clothes were taken from me.

While the smith was rivetting my chains, I addressed myself to the sub-governor—"Is this the

consequence of the pledged honour of the prince? Has the magnanimity of my conduct deserved such treatment? But think not you deceive me; I am acquainted with the false reports that have been spread; the truth will soon come to light, and the unworthy be put to shame. Nay, I now forewarn you that Trenck shall not remain much longer in your power; for, were you to build up your dungeon of steel, it would still be insufficient to contain me."

They smiled at my threats. Reichmann, however, desired me to take courage, and said I might probably soon obtain my freedom after a proper manner. My firm reliance on my friend, the lieutenant, gave me, instead of appearing sunk and despondent, a degree of confidence that amazed them all.

It is here necessary further to explain this affair. When I had obtained my liberty, I visited Prince Ferdinand, at Brunswick. He informed me the majors had not made a true report, being afraid of reprimand for their own carelessness. — Their story was, that they had caught me at work, and had it not been for their extreme diligence, I should certainly have made my escape. Prince Ferdinand heard the truth some time after, and informed the king, who, from that time, only waited a favourable opportunity to restore me to liberty.

Such is the way of the world! Such the manner in which the most generous, the most noble acts are often painted! I was in this case the silly sacrifice of my own vanity. Those who guarded me were ashamed of their neglect, and, to avoid reprimand, which would not effectually have injured any of them, was I again led to my slaughter-house. Such has been the issue, through my whole life, of many noble undertakings, where others have taken advantage of

my too great openness of heart, and procured reward to themselves by my labours.

Once more was I immured, cursing in my heart the cruelties of kings and governors; this time, however, they were innocent, because deceived.

I waited in anxious hope for the day when my deliverer was to mount guard. What again was my despair, when, instead of him I saw another lieutenant! I buoyed myself up with the expectation that accident was the occasion of this, but I remained three weeks in the same suspense, and saw him no more. Ask, I durst not; but I heard at length, that he had left the corps of grenadiers, and therefore was no longer to mount guard at the Star-Fort. Whether he was afraid, and repented his engagement, or whether the hundred ducats had procured him better prospects, I neither knew nor ever wish to know. Should he ever read this book, and should he really have deceived me, let him also read that he has my hearty forgiveness, and that I applaud myself for never having said any thing by which he might be injured. Others, perhaps, being thus deserted by him in misfortune, after so many protestations, and condescending to receive money, would have been more revengeful. He might, having paid his debts, repent his promise; he might have trusted another friend with the enterprize, and have been himself betrayed; but be as it may, his absence cut off all hope.

I bitterly now repented my folly and untimely vanity; melancholy seized my mind; my misfortunes I had brought on myself. When I had removed every impediment, the confidence I placed in the honour of a man again plunged me near six months longer in affliction, doubled by despair. I had myself rendered my dungeon impenetrable. Death would have fol-

lowed, but for the dependence I placed in the court of Vienna.

The officers soon remarked the loss of my accustomed fortitude, and gloomy thoughtfulness. I was less industrious on my cups; the verses I wrote were desponding. The only comfort they could give was—"Patience, dear Trenck; your condition cannot be worse; the king may not live for ever." Small consolation this. Were I sick, they told me I then might hope my sufferings would soon have an end. If I recovered, they pitied me, and lamented their continuance. What man of my rank and expectation ever endured what I have endured—ever was treated as I have been treated!

Peace had been concluded nine months. I was forgotten. At last, however, when I supposed all hope lost, the 24th of December, and the day of freedom came! At the hour of parade, Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, arrived, and brought an order for my release.

The sub-governor supposed me weaker in intellect than I really was, and would not too suddenly tell me these happy tidings. He knew not the presence of mind, the fortitude, which the various dangers I had seen, had made habitual. Self-praise offends; yet never was I too much elated in prosperity, or depressed in adversity: never timid or undetermined in the moment of danger; and for the truth of this appeal to all who have known me personally, or been acquainted with those who have seen me in such situations.

My doors for the last time resounded! Several people entered; their countenances were more than usually cheerful; and the sub-governor, at their head, said—"This time, my dear Trenck, I am the

joyful messenger of good news. Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on the king to let your irons be taken off."—Accordingly to work went the smith—"You shall also," continued he, "have a better apartment."—"I am free, then," said I, "and you are afraid to tell me so too suddenly. Speak! fear not! I can moderate my transports."

"Then you are free!" was the reply.

The sub-governor first embraced me, and afterwards his attendants.

He asked me what clothes I would wish. I answered, the uniform of my regiment. The tailor attended, and took measure. Reichmann told him it must be made by the morning. The man excused himself because it was Christmas-eve. "So then this gentleman must remain in his dungeon, because it is holiday with you." The tailor was answered, and promised to be ready.

The smith having ended his work, I was taken to the guard-room: congratulations were universal, and the town-major administered the oath customary to all state prisoners.

FIRST.—That I should avenge myself on no man.

SECONDLY.—That I should neither enter the Prussian nor Saxon states.

THIRDLY.—That I should never relate, by speech or in writing, what had happened to me.

FOURTHLY.—And that, so long as the king lived, I should neither serve in a civil nor military capacity.

Count Schlieben delivered me a letter from the Imperial minister, General Reidt, in Berlin, to the following purport:—That he was heartily rejoiced at having found an opportunity of obtaining my liberty from the king; and that I must cheerfully obey the requisitions of Count Schlieben, whose orders were to accompany me to Prague.

"Yes, dear Trenck," said Schlieben, "I am to conduct you, in a covered wagon, through Dresden to Prague, with orders not to suffer you to speak to any one on the road. I have received three hundred ducats from General Reidt, to defray the expense of travelling. A wagon must be purchased; but, as all things cannot be prepared to-day, the sub-governor has determined we shall depart to-morrow night."

Having joyfully acquiesced, Count Schlieben remained with me; the others, after a short conversation, returned to the town; and I dined, in company with the major of the day and the officers on guard, with General Walrabe, in his prison. Here this gentleman died in 1774, having remained at Magdeburg eight-and-twenty years. His confinement, however, was both deserved and rendered supportable.

Once more at liberty, I walked about the fortifications, to accustom myself to light and air, and collected the money I had concealed in my dungeon, which amounted to about seventy ducats. To every man on guard I gave a ducat—to the sentinels then on duty over me, each three—and ten ducats to be divided among the relief-guard. I sent the officer on guard a present from Prague; and the remainder of my money I bestowed on the widow of the kind, the honest, the worthy Gefhardt. He, poor fellow, was no more, and she had entrusted the secret of the thousand florins to a young soldier, who, spending too freely, was suspected—betrayed her, and she passed two years in the house of correction. Gefhardt never received any punishment; he was in the field. Had he left any children, I should in duty have provided for them. To the widow of the man who hung himself before my prison door, in the year 1756, I gave thirty ducats, lent me by Schlieben.

The night was riotous, the guard made merry, and I passed most of it in their company. I was visited by all the generals of the garrison, on Christmas morning, for I was not allowed to enter the town. Boots, uniform, all were ready by noon. I was dressed, viewed myself in the glass, and found pleasure; but the tumult of my own passions, the congratulations I received, and the vivacity of every thing round me, prevented me remembering incidents minutely.

How much room for reflection did this scene afford! My intrinsic worth then, and twenty-four hours before, when in prison, was the same; yet how wonderful an alteration in the carriage and countenance of those by whom I had been so strictly guarded! I was treated with friendship, distinction, attention, and flattery. And why?—Because those fetters had dropt off which I had never justly borne. Oh, world! what art thou? What, indeed, in despotic states! What is merit, what virtue, where arbitrary power disposes of the fate of men!

Evening came, and with it Count Schlieben, a wagon, and four post-horses. After a very affecting farewell, we departed. Who could have persuaded me I should have shed tears at leaving Magdeburg! Yet tears I actually did shed. It seems equally strange, that I lived here ten years, yet never saw the town.

On the 2d of January, I arrived with Count Schlieben, safely at Prague, and the same day he delivered me to the then governor, the Duke of Deuxponts. He received me with kindness and distinction; we dined with him two successive days, and all Prague was anxious to see a man who had surmounted ten years of suffering so unheard of as mine. Here I

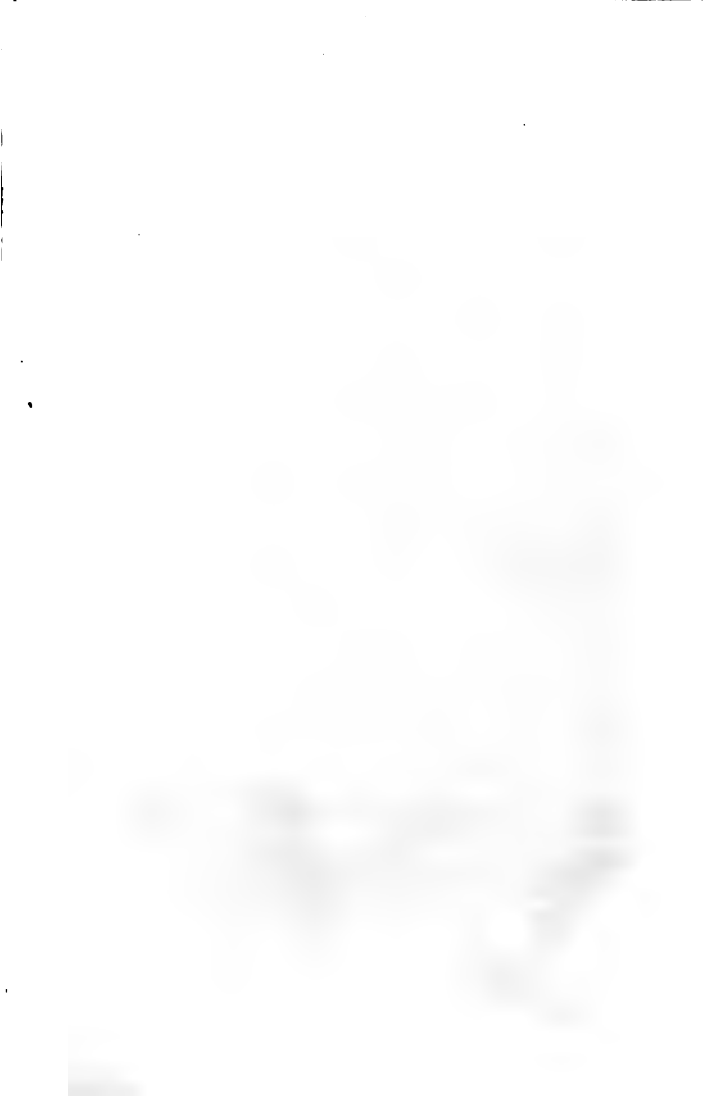
received three thousand florins, and paid General Reidt his three hundred ducats, which he had advanced Count Schlieben for the expenses of my journey, the re-payment of which he demanded in his letter, although he had already received ten thousand florins. The expense of returning I also paid to Schlieben, made him a present, and provided myself with some necessaries. After remaining a few days at Prague, a courtier arrived from Vienna, to whom, it is most worthy of remark, I was obliged to pay forty florins, with an order from government to bring me, under a strong guard, from Prague to Vienna. My sword was demanded; Captain Count Wela, and two inferior officers, entered the carriage, which I was obliged to purchase, in company with me, and brought me to Vienna. I took up a thousand florins more in Prague, to defray these expenses, and was obliged, in Vienna, to pay the captain fifty ducats for travelling charges back.

At treatment like this, what were the sensations of my soul? I ought to have re-entered Vienna in triumph, like the martyr of his country, hastening to receive his reward: I, on the contrary, was brought back like a criminal, was sent as a prisoner to the barracks, there kept in the chamber of Lieutenant Blonket, with orders that I should be suffered to write to no one, speak to no one, without a ticket from the councillors Kempf or Huttner. These good gentlemen, during my imprisonment, had been the administrators of my effects!

Thus I remained six weeks: at length, the colonel of the regiment of Poniatowsky, the present field-marshal, Count Alton, spoke to me. I related what I supposed were the reasons of my being thus kept a prisoner in Vienna; and to the exertions of this

worthy man am I indebted, that the abominable intentions of my enemies were frustrated, which were to have me imprisoned during life, as insane, in the fortress of Glatz. Had they once removed me from Vienna, all had been lost, and I should certainly have pined away the poor remainder of my life in a mad-house. Yet, when at liberty, could I never obtain justice against these men! By their means was the empress persuaded that my brain was affected, and that I continually uttered the most violent threats against the king of Prussia. The election of a king of the Romans was then in agitation, and the court was apprehensive lest I, with a rash desire of vengeance, should act something that might offend the Prussian envoy. General Reidt had, moreover, been obliged to promise Frederic that I should not be suffered to appear in Vienna, and that they should hold a most wary eye over me. The empress-queen felt compassion for my supposed disease, and asked if no assistance could be afforded me; to which they answered, I had several times been let blood, but that I still remained a very dangerous man. They added, that I squandered my money strangely, having taken up and dispersed four thousand florins in six days at Prague; that it would, therefore, be proper to appoint curators, or guardians, to impede such extravagance. Thus do the wicked utter their falsehoods! Thus do they cloud and obscure the throne, making truth invisible!

Count Alton, however, spoke of me and my hard destiny to the Countess Paar, mistress of the ceremonies to the empress-queen, a noble-minded lady. The late emperor entered the chamber, while I was the subject of discourse, and asked whether I had never any lucid intervals?—"May it please your majesty,"





Trenck's interview with the Emperor.—Page 209.

answered Alton, "he has now been seven weeks in custody, at my barracks, and I never in my life met a more agreeable man. There must be something mysterious in this affair, or he could not be treated as a madman, or so represented at court. That he is not so in anywise, I pledge my honour.

The next day the emperor sent Count Thurn, grand-master of the Archduke Leopold, to speak to me. In him I found a worthy man, an enlightened philosopher, and a lover of his country. To him I related how I had twice been betrayed, twice sold at Vienna, during my imprisonment; to him demonstrated that my administrators had only acted in this vile manner that I might be imprisoned for life, and they remain undisturbed in possession of my effects. We conversed together two hours, during which many things were said that prudence will not permit me here to repeat. I gained his confidence and his heart, and he continued my friend till death. He left me, promised protection, returned the following day, and procured me an audience of the emperor.

I spoke with freedom; the audience lasted more than an hour. At length the emperor was so moved, that he rose from his seat, and retired into the next apartment; I saw the tears drop from his eyes. With sympathetic enthusiasm, I fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and wished for the presence of a Rubens or Apelles, to preserve a scene so highly honourable to the memory of the monarch, and paint the sensations of an innocent man, imploring the protection of a great, a just, and a compassionate prince. I feel myself unequal to do his memory that justice it deserves. Words I had none, but my looks, my tears, were indeed eloquent.—The emperor tore himself from me, and I departed, with sensations such as

only those can know who, themselves being virtuous, unfortunately meet with vile and wicked men.

The ill-judging world has called the Emperor Francis a weak prince. To me he seems superior to Cæsar, or Frederic the Great. That he had a noble mind, what I have cited is an irrefragable proof; and had not death robbed me of his protection, then, when he found me worthy, I should, long since, have regained the Hungarian estates I have now for ever lost.

I returned to my barracks, in all the raptures of joy; and an order, the next day, came for my release. I went with Count Alton to the Countess Paar, who desired to see me, and by her mediation, I obtained an audience of the empress.

I cannot describe the kindness of the sovereign; how much she pitied my sufferings! how much she admired my fortitude! I had not opportunity to speak a word, her professions of pity preventing my stating the justness of my case. She told me she was informed of all the vile artifices practised against me in Vienna: she nevertheless required I should mention no past grievances, should forgive all my enemies, avoid all retrospect, and pass all the accounts of my administrators.—I would have spoken.—“Do not complain of any thing,” said she, “but act as I desire.—I know all.—You shall be recompensed by me; you deserve reward and repose, and these you shall enjoy.”—What could I do?—I must either sign whatever was given me to sign, or be sent to a mad-house. I received orders to accompany M. Pistrich to Counsellor Ziegler: thither I went, and the next day was obliged to sign, in their presence, the following directions:—

First.—That I acknowledged the will of Trenck to be valid.

Secondly.—That I renounced all claim to the Slavonian estates, relying alone on her majesty's favour.

Thirdly.—That I solemnly acquitted my accountants and curators: And,

Lastly.—That I would not continue in Vienna.

What more could have been asked of me, had I, instead of reward, deserved punishment?

This I must sign, or languish in a prison. If such be not arbitrary power, what is?

Thus was I dealt with! The empress was prevented acting greatly and nobly.—It is an eternal truth, that this my mistreatment was occasioned by my refusing to hear mass; and that the possessors of my estates were under the protection of the Jesuits.

What did I feel! How did my blood boil while I signed? The confidence I had in myself assured me I could obtain honourable employment in any country of Europe to the exertion of my talents, the labours of my mind, and the faithful recital of all my woes. At that time I had no children; I therefore little regretted what I had lost, or the poor portion that remained.

Justly dissatisfied, I determined to avoid Austria eternally. My honest pride would never suffer me, by clandestine and insidious arts, to approach the throne; I knew no such mode of soliciting for justice! hence was I an unequal match for my enemies; hence my ills, hence my misfortunes. Complaints and appeals to justice were artfully represented, as the splenetic effusions of a man never to be satisfied. By courts of justice I had been plundered; appeals to them were, therefore, vain indeed.

My too sensible heart was preyed upon and corroded by the treatment I met at Vienna. I, whc

with so much fortitude, such unshaken honour, had suffered so much in the cause of Vienna; I, on whom the eyes of all Germany were at this time fixed, to behold what should be the reward of these sufferings: I, far from being rewarded, was again, in this country, kept a prisoner, and delivered over to those by whom I had been plundered, as a man insane!

Before my intended departure to seek my fortune, I fell ill, and sickness almost brought me to the grave. The empress, hearing of my condition, in her great clemency sent one of her own physicians, and a charitable friar to my assistance, both of whom I was at last obliged to pay. My own doctor would have restored me much cheaper. This was to be favoured, to be distinguished!

At this time I received, unsolicited, a major's commission, for which I was obliged to pay the fees. Being excluded from actual service, to me the title was of little value: my rank in the army had been at least equal ten years before in other service.

I recovered, sought an audience, but this was no more to be obtained. I attended the levee of Prince Kaunitz. Not personally known to him, he on his pinnacle of power, viewed in me a crawling insect among the swarm beneath. I thought somewhat more proudly; thought myself a man: my actions were upright, and so should my body be. I quitted the apartment, and at the door was congratulated by the mercenary Swiss porter, on my good fortune of having obtained an audience!

I applied to the field-marshal, from whom I received this remarkable answer:—"If you cannot purchase, my dear Trenck, it will be impossible to admit you into actual service; besides, you are too old

to learn our very difficult manœuvres." I was then thirty-seven. I briefly replied—"Your excellency mistakes my character, I did not come to Vienna to serve as an invalid major. My curators have taken good care I should have no money to purchase; but had I millions, I would never obtain rank in the army by that mode." I quitted the room with a shrug.—The next day I addressed a memorial to the empress, which had I room, might here deserve to be wholly inserted. I did not redemand my Sclavonian estates—I only petitioned.

I entreated—I petitioned for an arbitrator; I humbly solicited justice concerning incontrovertible rights, but nothing I obtained, not so much as an answer to this and a hundred other, similar petitions!

I must here speak of my accountants, and of transactions during my imprisonment.—I had bought a house in Vienna, in the year 1750, situated in the Teinfaltstrasse; the price was sixteen thousand florins, thirteen thousand of which I had paid at different instalments. The receipts were among my writings; these writings, together with my other effects, were taken from me at Dantzic, in the year 1754. The colonel and quarter-master, and all persons of the regiment, of whom I might require any account, were dead in the interim, nor have I, to this hour, been able to learn more than that my writings were sent to the administrators of my affairs at Vienna. With respect to my horses, effects, and property, at Dantzic, in what manner these were disposed of, no one could or would say.

After being released from my dungeon at Magdeburg, I inquired concerning my house, but no longer found it mine. Those who had gotten possession of my writings must have restored the acquittances

to the seller, consequently he could redemand the whole sum. My house, however, was in other hands, and I was brought in debtor six thousand florins, for interest and costs of suit. Thus were house and money for ever gone, beyond redemption!—Whom can I accuse?

Again.—I had two years maintained, at my own expense, Lieutenant Schroeder, who had deserted from Glatz, and for whom I afterward obtained a captain's commission in the guard of Prince Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt. His own misconduct caused him to be cashiered and become a beggar. In my administrators' accounts I found the following article:—

“To Captain Schroeder, for capital, interest, and costs of suit, sixteen hundred florins.”

It was certain I was not a penny indebted to this person: I however had no redress, having been, as before related, obliged to pass and sign all their accounts.

I four years afterward obtained information concerning this affair: I met Schroeder, by accident, as he was asking alms near St. Stephen's; knew him, took him home with me, and inquired whether he had actually received these sixteen hundred florins. He answered in the affirmative: “No one believed you would ever more have seen the light. I knew you had a friendship for me, and would willingly serve me, and, all being lost to you, that you would give something to relieve my extreme necessities. I went and spoke to Dr. Berger; he agreed we should halve the sum, and his contrivance was, I should make oath I had lent you a thousand florins, without having received your note. The money was paid me by M. Frauenberger, to whom I agreed to send a present of Tokay, for Madam Huttner.”

Oh, excellent! This was the manner in which my curators took care of my property! Many similar instances I could produce, but I am much too agitated by the recollection. I must, however, speak a word concerning who and what my curators were.

The court-counsellor, Kempf, was my administrator, and Counsellor Huttner my referendary. The substitute of Kempf was Frauenberger, who, being obliged to act as a commissary clerk at Prague, during the war, could not attend to affairs at Vienna, but appointed one Krebs as a sub-substitute: whether M. Krebs had also a sub-sub-substitute is more than I am able to say.

Dr. Bertracker was *Fidei commisscurator*, though there was no legal *Fidei commissum* existing. Dr. Berger, as *Fidei commiss-advocate*, was superintendent over them all; and, to them all, salaries were to be paid.

Let us now see what was the weighty business this noble company had to transact. I had seventy-six thousand florins in the Hungarian chamber, the interest of which was yearly to be received, and added to the capital: this was their whole employment, and this was certainly so trifling, that any honest man would have performed it gratis. Kempf, having luckily got a fat capon, wished to pluck it in company with his old crony; he therefore gave him an office. The war made money scarce, and the discounting of bills with my ducats was a profitable trade to my curators. Had it been properly and honestly employed, I should certainly have found my capital increased, after my ten years' imprisonment, full sixty thousand florins. Instead of these, I received three thousand florins at Prague, and nothing more: and, compensation, found my capital diminished seven thousand florins.

Frauenberger and Berger died rich ; and the superior being obliged to protect him whom he had employed as a deputy, I must be eternally confined as a madman, lest this worthy deputy should have been proved a rogue. This is the clue to the acquittal I was obliged to sign. Madam K—— was, at that time, a lady of the bed-chamber at court: she could approach the throne ; her chamber-employments, indeed, procured her the keys of doors that, to me, were eternally locked.

Not satisfied with this, Kempf applied to the empress, informed her they were, indeed, acquitted, but not recompensed, and that Frauenberger required four thousand florins for remuneration. The empress laid an interdict on the half of my income and pension. Thus was I obliged to live in poverty, thus banished the Austrian dominions, where my seventy-six thousand florins were reduced to sixty-three, the interest of which I could only receive, and that burthened by the above interdict, the *Fidei commissum*, and administratorship. Of all these exactions, none so nearly, so much affected me, as that of being obliged to present four thousand florins to the man by whom my affairs had been thus administrated.

The empress, indeed, during my sickness, ordered, as an especial favour, that my captain's pay, during my ten years' imprisonment, should be given me, amounting to eight thousand florins ; which pay she also settled on me as a pension. By this pension, however, I never profited ; for, during twenty-three years, that and more was swallowed by journeys to Vienna, chicanery of courtiers, agents, advocates, and costs of suit. Of the eight thousand florins, three were stolen during my illness ; the court physician must be paid thrice as much as another, and

what remained after my recovery was sunk in the preparations I made to seek my fortune elsewhere. I had, beside, eight thousand florins to repay, which had been advanced by my friends while in my dungeon; four thousand of which were sent to General Reidt at Berlin.

Thus have I been rendered so poor, that I have never been able to repay my sister's children the money their mother advanced, while my kind friends at Vienna have dignified me with the name of a discontented man.

How far my captain's pay was matter of right, or matter of favour, let the world judge, being told I went in the service of Vienna to the city of Dantzic. Neither did this restitution of pay equal the sum I had sent the Imperial minister to obtain my freedom. It has been asserted, the empress delivered me from imprisonment. But no, I positively declare the contrary. I remained nine months in my dungeon after the articles were signed, unthought of, and, when mentioned by the Austrians, the king had twice rejected the proposal of my being set free. The affair actually happened as follows; according to the account I received from their royal highnesses Prince Henry, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and particularly from the minister, Count Hertzberg. General Reidt had received my ten thousand florins full six months, and seemed to remember me and my imprisonment no more. One gala day, however, the king happened to be in an extraordinary good humour, and her majesty the queen, the Princess Amelia, and the present monarch, said to the Imperial minister—"This is a fit opportunity for you to speak in behalf of Trenck." He accordingly waited his time, did speak, and the king replied—"Yes."

The joy of the whole company appeared so great, that Frederic the Great was offended!

Other circumstances, which contributed to promote this affair, the reader will easily collect from my history. That there were persons in Vienna who earnestly desired to detain me in prison is indubitable; from their proceedings after my return. My friends at Berlin, my own exertions, and my money, were my deliverers.

For some weeks after I first obtained my freedom, I was generally absent in mind, and deep in thought. This was a habit I had acquired in prison, and the objects of sight appeared but as the visions of sleep. I often stopped in the streets, stared around me, doubted my own existence, and bit my finger, in order to convince myself I was really awake and alive.

An accident now happened which furthered my prospects. Marshal Laudohn was going to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take the waters. I had always personally honoured and loved this general, when he was no more than a captain of pandours in my cousin's regiment. He went to take his leave of the Countess Paar; I was present, the empress entered the chamber, and conversation turning on Laudohn's journey, she said to me—"The baths are also necessary to the re-establishment of your health; Trenck." I was ready, and followed him in two days, where we remained about three months.

Here we were stared at as strange animals. All the world wished to see him because of his fame in war, and me because of my suffering. The society of this worthy general poured balm into my wounded soul. He was as well acquainted with Vienna as myself; his fortitude and magnanimity had conquered his enemies. What he was he had made himself.

The mode of life at Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa pleased me, where men of all nations meet, and where princes are obliged to mingle with persons of all ranks, if they wish to seek conversation, and would not renounce society. One day here procured me more pleasure, esteem, and friendship, than a whole life in Vienna.

I scarcely had remained here a month before my ever good friend, the Countess Paar, wrote to me that the empress had provided for me, and would make my fortune as soon as I should return to Vienna. I endeavoured, by my agents, to discover in what this good fortune existed, but ineffectually. I hoped every thing from the empress, who well knew my hard destiny. The death of the Emperor Francis at Inspruck occasioned the return of General Laudohn; and I followed him on foot to Vienna.

By means of the Countess Paar I obtained an audience in a few days. The empress received me graciously, and said to me—"I will prove to you, Trenck, that I keep my word. I have insured your fortune; I will give you a rich and prudent wife." I replied—"Most gracious sovereign, I cannot determine to marry; and if I could, my choice is already made at Aix-la-Chapelle."—"How! are you married then?"—"Not yet, please your majesty."—"Are you promised?"—"Yes."—"Well, well, no matter for that, I will take care of that affair; I am determined on marrying you to the rich widow of M—; and she approves my choice. She is a very good kind of a woman, and has fifty thousand florins a year. You are in want of such a wife."

I was thunderstruck. This lovely bride was an old canting hypocrite, of sixty-three, extremely covetous, and a termagant. I answered—"I must frankly

“speak truth to your majesty; I cannot consent, did she possess the treasures of the whole earth. I seek happiness, and not misery. I have made my choice, and given my word of honour, which, as an honest man, I must not break.” The angry empress regarded me with contempt, and said—“Your unhappiness is your own work. Act as you think proper; I have done.” Here my audience ended; and thus dismissed, I bade an eternal adieu to any hope of reward from empresses and kings.

Had I been inclined to make my fortune, by marrying an old woman, I might long before, in 1750, have married one in Holland, worth three millions. This proposal was to recompense me for the loss of my Sclavonian estates, and all my other innumerable afflictions. Besides that, compliance was impossible, I was beloved in Aix-la-Chapelle, where mutual affection, reason, beauty, worth, and an exalted mind, all promised future happiness.

I was not actually affianced at that time to my present wife, but love determined me to return, to improve an intimacy so far advanced.

Marshal Laudohn knew my mistress, and promoted the match. He was acquainted with my heart, and the warmth of my passions; perceived I could not conquer the secret desire of vengeance on men, by whom I had been so cruelly, so wickedly treated. He, and my friend Professor Gellert, whom I visited at Leipsic, both advised me to take this method of calming passions that often inspired projects too vast, and that, seeking tranquillity, I should fly the commerce of the great.

This friendly counsel was seconded by my own wishes. I returned to Aix-la-Chapelle in December, 1765, and married the youngest daughter of the

former burgomaster de Baer. He was dead; he had lived on his own estate at Brussels, where my wife was born and educated. He had been called to this honourable office by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle. He was the descendant of an ancient and noble family in the province of Artois; and some of his predecessors, who possessed estates near Aix-la-Chapelle, had, I know not for what reason, accepted the dignity of knights of the Roman empire. My wife's mother was sister to the vice-chancellor of Düsseldorf, Baron Robert, lord of Rodand.

It is not generally known at Vienna that one of the two burgomasters of Aix-la-Chapelle must always be elected from a noble family, and the other from the citizens. My children therefore can prove their descent to be noble, both by the male and female line.

My wife had been with me in most parts of Europe, where she has always been esteemed as she deserved. She then was young, handsome, worthy and virtuous, has borne me eleven children, all of whom she has nursed herself; eight of them are still living, and have been properly educated. God grant I may be enabled ever to provide for her as she deserves, and as it is my duty! Two-and-twenty years has she borne a part in all my sufferings, and well deserves reward.

During my late short abode at Vienna, I made one effort more; I sought an audience from the present Emperor Joseph, related all that had happened to me, and particularly remarked such defects as I had observed in the government and regulations of the country. He gave me an attentive hearing, proved his desire to increase the happiness of his people;

and commanded me to commit my thoughts to writing.

My memorial was graciously received; all I petitioned for was secrecy, having therein named several persons, who were again capable of making me wretched. I farther gave a more ample account of what had happened to me in various countries, and which prudence has occasioned me to express more cautiously and darkly in these pages. My memorial, though graciously received, produced no effect, and I hastened back to Aix-la-Chapelle.

For some few years I lived here in peace; my house was the rendezvous of the first people who came to take the waters. I began to be more known, and every where procured myself friends among the very first and best people.

I also visited Professor Gellert, at Leipsic, showed him my manuscripts, and asked his advice concerning what branch of literature he thought it was probable I might best succeed in. He most approved my fables and tales, but blamed the excessive freedom with which I spoke in my political writing. I neglected his advice, and many ensuing calamities were the consequence.

My wife brought me a son in December, 1766, and I took this opportunity of writing to the youthful monarch at Vienna. Though published in my writings, under the title of Belisarius to the Emperor Justinian, I think it necessary to insert what follows here :—

“Your majesty is informed of my marriage. My wife has borne me a son, whom I have christened Joseph. The Imperial chamberlain, Colonel Baron Rippenda, stood sponsor, by proxy, for your majesty. This was done without first obtaining your ma-

jesty's consent. I flattered myself your majesty would graciously be pleased thus far to honour me, knowing my loyalty and my misfortunes. It is indeed my hope that my conduct will procure from your majesty a more happy futurity. This son I shall educate in the same loyal principles, and, rather than depart from them, he shall imbibe poison from his mother's breast.

"Most gracious emperor, while I live he will be provided for; but at my death then must he say to his sovereign, I am the son and rightful heir of both the Trencks, whose lands and possessions have been seized by strangers and aliens. I look up to you, gracious sovereign, as a protecting deity for my poor children. May your majesty participate my joy, and graciously welcome this new citizen of the world. May it also please you to inform me, whether it be your gracious pleasure I should farther present my thoughts in writing, for your high inspection. My enemies at Vienna daily increase in strength; but on your sovereign protection I rely; and whatever may be my fate, shall most faithfully and eternally remain the loyal servant of my emperor and my country.

TRENCX."

I have at present my reasons for inserting the following answer, which was written by the emperor's own hand, and is still in my possession.

"DEAR MAJOR TRENCX,

"I am well pleased that you have christened your son Joseph, and have chosen Colonel Rippenda as my proxy. As a proof of my good wishes towards you, I have, for manifest reasons, ordered that henceforth you shall receive your pay at Brussels, instead of Vienna. Continue to send me your writings; I

am pleased to be informed of the truth; but they will give me more satisfaction, should you send them simple and unadorned, than in their former satirical dress.

"I am yours,

JOSEPH."

I soon afterward received orders to correspond with his majesty's private secretary, Baron Roder; what this correspondence was, must not here be told; suffice it to say, that my attempts to serve my country were frustrated; I saw defects too clearly, spoke my thoughts too frankly, and wanted sufficient humility ever to obtain favour.

In the year 1767, I wrote "*The Macedonian Hero*," which became as famous throughout all Germany as my *Eulenspiegel* (*The Malicious Wag*.) The poem did me honour, but entailed new persecutions; yet, having wrote it, I never could repent. I have had the honour of presenting it to five reigning princes; by none of whom it has been burnt. The empress alone was highly enraged. I had spoken as Nathan did to David, and the Jesuits now openly became my enemies.

The following vile trick was played me in the year 1768. A friend in Brussels was commissioned to receive my quarterly pay, from whom I learnt an interdict had been laid upon it, by the court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna, in which I had been condemned to pay a note of seven hundred florins, to one Bussy, with fourteen year's interest.

Bussy was a known swindler. I was conscious no man on earth had any such claim; I therefore journeyed, post-haste, to Vienna. No hearing, no satisfactory account was to be obtained. The answer was—*Res judicata est*; sentence is past, therefore all further attempts are too late.

I applied to the Emperor Joseph ; I pledged my honour and my head to prove the falsification of this note, and entreated a revision of the cause. My request was granted, and my attorney, Weyhrauch, was an upright man. When he began to speak, and request a day of revision to be appointed, he was threatened to be committed by the referendary, Zetto, should he undertake to interfere and defend the affairs of Trenck. He answered firmly—"His defence is my business in this place ; I know my cause to be good !" Silence was imposed, and nothing farther done.

Four months did I continue in Vienna, before the day was appointed to revise this cause. It now appeared evident there were erasures and holes through the paper, in three places : all in court were convinced the claim ought to be annulled, and the claimant punished. Zetto, notwithstanding, ordered the parties to withdraw, and then so managed, that the judges resolved the case must be again laid before the court, with formal written proofs.

This gave time for new knavery : I was obliged to return to Aix-la-Chapelle, and four years elapsed before this affair, clear as the meridian sun, was decided. Two priests in the interim, who were such as father-confessors to convents usually are, took false oaths, that they had actually seen me receive the money. At length, however, I proved that the note was dated a year after I had been imprisoned at Magdeburg ; I consequently could not give any such note in Vienna. Nay, farther, my attorney proved the very writs of the court had likewise been falsified. Zetto, the referendary, and Bussey, were absolutely the forgers—but I happened to be too active, and my attorney too honest, to lose this cause. I was obliged to

make three very expensive journeys from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, lest judgment should go by default. Sentence at last was necessarily pronounced; I gained my cause, and the note was declared a forgery; but the costs, amounting to three thousand five hundred florins, I was obliged to pay, for Bussy could not; nor was he corporeally punished, though at last driven from Vienna for his villanous acts. Zetto, however, continued referendary; still continued, for eighteen years, my barbarous persecutor; till, not long since, he was deprived of his office, and condemned to the house of correction.

May no such judgments ever again be given in courts at Vienna, where, perhaps, I am the only one whose perseverance and courage would have demonstrated their injustice! But this perseverance, this courage, have made these courts my enemies, as I have since bitterly experienced. Too late was Zetto punished for the welfare of many a widow and orphan, and still are numerous of his vile practices unknown.

This cause excited many remarks at Vienna; I gained much honour, but more expense and trouble. I took this opportunity to solicit justice in my other affairs, but to little purpose, except that the world began to know me better, and afford me somewhat more of its pity.

My knowledge of the world increased at Aix-la-Chapelle, where men of all nations and characters met, particularly English. In the morning I might converse with a lord in opposition, in the afternoon with an orator of the king's party, and at night with an honest man of no party. In conversation like this, knowledge is acquired and imparted. I sent Hungarian wine into England, France, Holland, and

the empire; this occasioned me to undertake long journeys; and as my increase of acquaintance gave me opportunity of receiving many foreigners with politeness in my own house, I was myself also well received, wherever I went.

The income I should have had from Vienna was all ingulfed by lawsuits, curators, attorneys, and the journeys I was obliged to undertake; having been thrice cited to appear, in person, before the Hof-kriegsrath. To me no hope remained; I was described as a dangerous mal-content, who had deserted his native land; insinuations by which my enemies took care to profit. I nevertheless remained, be the country in which I lived what it would, an honest man; one who could provide for his own necessities, without meanness or the favours of courts—one whose acquaintance was every where esteemed. In Vienna alone was I unsought, unemployed, and obscure.

My love of the chase made me particularly acceptable to the English, who brought with them their own horses and dogs, to hunt the wolf and wild boar, animals not to be found in their own country. I, in return, passed whole summers at their country-seats in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and thus obtained a thorough knowledge of the nation.

The Elector Palatine had granted me a certain extent of country in the territory of Juilers, where I might hunt; and the Count Palatine of the Rhine gave me permission to hunt where I pleased. To defend this right of hunting was now my duty, and occasioned various disputes; these, however, were not often determined in courts of law, but usually every man asserted his claim with his sword.

One day an accident happened, on this occasion,

which made me renowned over the country as a magician, as one whom lead could not penetrate, and who had power over fogs and clouds.

I had a quarrel with the Palatine president, Baron Blankart, concerning a hunting district; I therefore wrote to him, that on a certain day, he should repair to the spot in dispute, whither I would also come, at ten in the morning, with sword and pistol, hoping he would there give me satisfaction for the affront I had received. Thither I went, with two huntsmen and two friends; but, instead of the baron, was astonished to find two hundred armed peasants assembled.

What was to be done? I sent one of my huntsmen to the army of the enemy, informing them that, did they not beat a retreat, I should fire. It was in the month of August, the day was clear and fine, and suddenly a thick and impenetrable fog arose. My huntsmen returned with intelligence that, having delivered his message just as the fog came on, these valiant heroes had all run away in the greatest fright.

I advanced, found nobody, fired my piece as did my friends and followers, and marched to the mansion of my adversary, where my hunting-horn was blown in triumph in his courtyard. The runaway peasants fired at a distance, but the fog prevented their taking any aim.

Having taken this satisfaction, I returned home, where many false reports had preceded me. My wife expected I should be brought home dead, and that many others would be maimed; however, not the least mischief had happened.

It soon was propagated through the country that I was a magician, had raised a fog to render myself invulnerable, and that the truth of this could be justified by two hundred eye-witnesses. All the monks

of Aix-la-Chapelle, Juilera, and Cologne, publicly preached concerning me, reviled me, and warned the people to beware of the arch-magician and Lutheran, Trenck.

On a future occasion, this belief I turned to matter of merriment. I went to hunt the wolf in the extensive forests of the country of Monjoye, and invited the peasants and townsmen to the chase. The first day we had but little sport; toward evening I, and some forty of my followers, retired to rest in the neighbouring charcoal huts, well provided with wine and brandy. "My lads," said I, "it is now necessary you should all discharge your pieces, and load them anew, that to-morrow no wolf may escape, and that none of you may excuse yourselves on your pieces missing fire." The guns were accordingly reloaded, and placed in a separate chamber, after which they began to eat, drink, and dance. While they were merry-making, my huntsman privately went into this chamber, drew the balls, and charged the pieces with powder, several of which he loaded with double charges. Some of their notched balls I put into my pocket.

In the morning, away went I, and my merry fellows to the chase. As we walked their conversation turned on my necromancy, and the miraculous manner in which I could envelope myself in a cloud, or make myself bullet-proof. "What is that you are talking about, my lads?" said I.—"Some of these unbelieving good folks," answered my huntsman, "affirm your honour is unable to ward off balls."—"Well then," said I, laughing, to one of them, "fire away, my good fellow, and try!"—The man refused, and my huntsman took his piece out of his hand and fired. I pretended to parry with my hand, and called—

"Let any man, that is so inclined, fire, but only one at a time." Accordingly they began, and, pretending to twist and turn about, I suffered them all to discharge their pieces. It must be remarked, I was perfectly secure, as my people had carefully noticed that no man had reloaded his gun. Some of them received such blows from the guns that were doubly-charged, that they fell down, terrified in amazement at the powers of magic. I advanced, holding in my hand some of the marked balls. "Let every one choose his own," called I. All stood motionless, and many of them slunk home, with their guns on their shoulders: some few remained, and our sport was excellent.

On Sunday the monks of Aix-la-Chapelle again began to preach. My black art became the theme of the whole country; and at this day many of the people present will make oath that they fired upon me, and that, after catching them in my hand, I returned the balls.

Thus easy is it to gall this wise world. My high and invulnerable qualities were published throughout Juliers, Aix-la-Chapelle, Mæstricht, and Cologne, and perhaps this belief has more than ten times saved my life; the priests have propagated it from their pulpits, in a country which so swarms with highway-robbers, that one hundred-and-sixty men have been broken alive on the wheel, quartered, and burnt, within a year, and where, for a single ducat, any man may hire an assassin.

It is indeed matter of surprise that I should, for years, have preserved my life, in a town where there are twenty-three monasteries and churches, and where the monks are all adored as so many deities. The Catholic clergy had been sufficiently enraged against



Trench showing the marked Balls.—Page 230.



me, by my poem of "The Macedonian Hero;" and, in 1772, I published a newspaper at Aix-la-Chapelle, and another periodical work, entitled, "The Friend of Men," in which I endeavoured to unmask hypocrisy. Indeed, for me an apostolic major of the apostolic Maria-Theresa, to write thus in a town swarming with friars, and in a tone so undaunted, was unexampled.

At present, as toleration and freedom of opinion are more encouraged by the Emperor Joseph II. many such essayists encounter bigotry and deceit with ridicule; or, wanting inventions themselves, publish extracts from writings that belonged to the age of Luther. I have the honour of having attacked the very pillars of the Romish hierarchy in days more dangerous. I may boast of being the first German, who, unprotected, raised a fermentation on the Upper Rhine and in the state of Austria, so advantageous to truth, the progress of the human understanding, and the happiness of futurity.

Let the world read and judge of my writings! They contain nothing inimical to the pure morality taught by Christ. I attacked the sale of indulgences, the avarice of Rome, the laziness, deceit, licentious gluttony, robbery, and blood-sucking of the monks of Aix-la-Chapelle; who sought the murder of each other in the very church, and in presence of the altar.

As I was riding to Maastricht through a hollow way, a ball whistled by my ears, which, no doubt, was a messenger sent after me by these persecuting priests.

When hunting near the convent of Schwartzbruck, three Dominicans lay in ambush for me behind a hedge. One of their colleagues, who often hunted with me, pointed out the place. I was on my guard with my double-barrelled gun, drew near, but

called with a voice of terror—"Shoot, scoundrels! But do not kill me, for the devil stands ready for you at your elbow!"—One fired, and they all ran; the ball hit my hat. I fired likewise, and wounded one desperately, whom the other two carried off: he recovered, however, and afterward eloped with a cow-girl.

Their attempts at poisoning me were all unsuccessful, for I always ate at home. In the year 1774, journeying from Spa to Limbourg, I was attacked by eight banditti. The weather was rainy, and my musket was in its case; my sabre was entangled in the belt, so that, unable to draw it, I was obliged to defend myself as with a club. I sprang from the carriage, and, with every effort of nature, fought in defence of my life, striking down all before me, while my faithful huntsman protected me behind. I dispersed my assailants, hastened to my carriage, and drove away. One of these fellows was soon after hanged, and owned, before execution, that the confessor of this banditti had promised perpetual absolution, could they but dispatch me; but that no man could shoot me, because that Lucifer had rendered me invulnerable.

From the year 1774 to 1777, I chiefly spent my time in journeying through England and France. I was intimate with Dr. Franklin, the American minister, and with the Counts St. Germain and De Vergennes, who made me advantageous proposals to go to America; but I was prevented accepting them by my affection for my wife and children.

My kind friend the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who had been governor of Magdeburg during my imprisonment, offered me a commission in his service among the troops going to America; but I an-

sworned—"Gracious prince, my heart beats in the cause of freedom only—I will never assist in enslaving men. Were I at the head of your brave grenadiers, I should revolt to the Americans."

During the year 1775, I continued at Aix-la-Chapelle my periodical essays, entitled "The Friend of Men." My writings had made some impression; the people began to read; the monks were ridiculed, and become more humble; my partisans increased, and their arch-leader had the good fortune to get himself eudgelled.

They did not now mention my name publicly, but catechized their penitents at confession. During this year, various simple people came to me from Cologne, Bonn, and Dusseldorf, desiring to speak with me in private. When I inquired their business, they told me their clergy had informed them I was propagating a new religion, in which every man must sign himself over to the devil, who then would supply them with money. They were willing to become converts to my faith, would Belzebub but give them money, and revenge them on their priests. "My good friends," answered I, "your teachers have deceived you; I know of no devils but themselves. Were it indeed true that I was founding a new religion; the converts to which the devil would supply with money, your bishops and priests would be the very first of my apostles, and the most catholic. I am an honest moral man, my worthy friends, as a Christian ought to be. Go home, in God's name, and do your duty. Be honest and industrious, and you will not then want the devil to bring you money."

I forgot to mention in its place, that the recorder, or president, of the sheriff's court at Aix-la-Chapelle who is the son of the banker Geyer, and who is

called Baron Geyer, had associated himself, in 1778, with a Jew convert, and a knight of industry; and that this noble company, in concert, swindled a Dutch merchant out of eighty thousand florins, by assuming the arms of the Elector Palatine, and producing forged receipts and contracts. Geyer was taken in Amsterdam, and would have been hanged, but that by the aid of a faithful servant, he effected his escape. He returned to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he enjoys his honourable office.—Three years ago it was proved he had robbed the town-chamber. His handsome wife, was, at that time, *generis communis*, and procured him powerful friends at court. The assertions of this worthy gentleman found greater credit at Vienna than those of the innocent, the injured Treck. Oh, shame! shame!—Oh, world! world! world!

My wine trade was so successful, that I had correspondents and stores in London, Paris, Bruxelles, Hamburg, and the Hague; and had gained forty thousand florins, with the most flattering prospects from England. One unfortunate day destroyed all my successful hopes in this traffic.

Being in London, I was defrauded of eighteen hundred guineas by a swindler. The relating of this story will do but little honour to the English nation. The fault was principally my brother-in-law's, a young man, who parted with the wine before he had received the money. In England, there is no law against such deceivers. They bid you trust nobody; you will then not be wronged. And when I had been wronged, and asked my friends' assistance, I was only laughed at; as if they were happy that an Englishman had the wit to cheat a German. I cannot give a circumstantial history of this affair, but it

is necessary to narrate it in the abstract, our prejudices being so strong in favour of the great worth and justice of the British nation.

Finding myself defrauded of my wine, I hastened to Sir John Fielding. He was acquainted with me, told me he knew I had been swindled, and that his friendship would make him active in my behalf; that he also knew the house where my wine was deposited, and that a party of his runners should go with me, sufficiently strong for its recovery. I was little aware that he had at that time two hundred bottles of my best Tokay in his cellar. His pretended kindness was a snare; he was in partnership with robbers, the stupid among whom only he hung, and preserved the most adroit for the promotion of trade.

He sent a constable and six of his runners with me, commanding them to act under my orders. By good fortune, I had a violent headache, and could not attend them myself, but sent my brother-in-law, who spoke better English than I. Him they brought to the house of a Jew, and told him—"Your wine, sir, is here concealed." Though it was broad day, the door was locked, that he might be induced to act illegally. The constable desired him to break the door open, which he accordingly did: the Jews, in a pretended fright, came running, and asked—"What do you want, gentlemen?"—"I want my wine," answered my brother. "Take what is your own," replied the Jew, "but beware of touching my property. I have bought the wine."

My brother attended the constable and runners into a cellar, and there found a great part of my wine. He wrote to Sir John Fielding that he had found the wine, and desired to know how he was to act. Fielding, by a verbal message, said—"It must be

taken by the owner."—My brother accordingly got a cart, and sent me the wine.

He attended the runners, in like manner, to the house of another Jew, where they proceeded as before; and he came back quite rejoiced at having recovered the wine.

Next day came a constable, with a warrant, saying—"He wanted to speak with my brother; and that it was to go to my friend, Sir John Fielding." When he was in the street, he touched him with his staff, and told him—"Sir, you are my prisoner."—Here it must be remarked, that no man can be arrested in his own house in London; but that, when he is in the street, and the constable has touched him with his staff, he is beyond delivery; and should he run, would be stopped by the people.

All this I was a spectator of through the window, unable to give any assistance. I went, however, to Sir John Fielding, and asked what it all meant? This upright justice answered, in a magisterial tone, that my brother had been accused of felony. The Jews and swindlers had sworn the wine was a legal purchase. If I had not taken care to be paid, or was ignorant of the English laws, that was my fault. Six swindlers had sworn the wine was paid for; which circumstance he had not known, or he should not have granted me a warrant. My brother had also broken open doors, and forcibly taken away wine which was not his own. They had legally made oath of this, and he was charged with burglary and robbery.

He farther desired me immediately to give bail, in a thousand guineas, for my brother, for his appearance in the court of king's bench, otherwise his trial would immediately come on, and in a few days he would be hanged.

What was my rage at finding myself thus treated ! and how willingly would I have plunged my sword in the breast of a man so vile as this chief magistrate of London.

I hastened to a lawyer, who was my friend, who confirmed what had been told me, advised me immediately to give bail, and he would then defend my cause. I applied to Lord Mansfield, and received the same answer. I told my story to all my great friends, who were chiefly members of parliament ; and they laughed at me for attempting to trade in London, without better understanding the laws. My intimate friend, Lord Grosvenor, said—"Send more wine to London, and we will pay you so well that you will recover your loss."—This is the character of the nation. I am certain he would have kept his word, but I wanted the necessary capital.

I went to my wine-merchants, who had stock in hand of mine worth upward of a thousand guineas. They gave bail for my brother, and in four days he was released.

Fielding, in the interim, sent his runners to my house, took back the wine, and restored it to the Jews, as property of which they had been robbed. They threatened farther to prosecute me as a receiver of stolen goods. I fled in all haste from London, through Dover to Paris, where I immediately sold off my remaining stock at half-price, honoured my bills, and so ended my merchandize.

My brother returned to London in November, to defend his cause in the king's bench ; but the swindlers had disappeared, and the lawyer required a hundred pounds to proceed. The conclusion of all this was, my brother returned with seventy pounds less in his pocket, spent as travelling expenses, and

the stock in the hands of my wine-merchants was detained on pretence of paying the bail. They brought me in an apothecary's bill and all was lost. Thus do the English treat the Germans, notwithstanding I had many friends in London.

In May, 1780, I went to Aix-la-Chapelle, where my wife's mother died, in July; and in September, my wife, myself, and family, all came to Vienna.

My wife solicited the mistress of the ceremonies to obtain an audience. Her request was granted; and she had the good fortune to gain the entire approbation and favour of the empress. Her kindness was beyond expression: she herself introduced my wife to the archduchess, as an example for women, and commanded her grand-mistress of the ceremonies to present her everywhere—"You are unwilling," said she, "to accompany your husband into my country; but I hope to convince you that you may live happier in Austria than at Aix-la-Chapelle." She said many other things equally kind.

She next day sent me her decree, assuring me of a pension of four hundred florins; adding, this should not be all she would do for me.

My wife petitioned the empress to grant me an audience. Her request was complied with, and the empress said to me—"This is the third time in which I would have made your fortune, had you been so disposed." The audience lasted long; her discourse was that of a matron. She desired to see my children, adding—"So excellent a mother must have brought you charming children." She then spoke of my writings—"How much good might you do," said she, "would you but write in the cause of religion!"

The prospect now seemed to brighten, and a happy

factivity to approach. My wife received more honour and attention, while she remained at Vienna, than many of the first ladies of the city.

We departed for Zwerbach, where we lived contentedly; but, when we were preparing to return to Vienna, and solicit a restitution of a part of my lost fortune, during this momentary sunshine of the court, the great Theresa died, and all my hopes were overcast.

I forgot to relate, that after my favourable audience, the Archduchess Maria-Anna, spoke to me in the name of the empress, and desired me to translate a religious work, written in French, by the Abbe Baudrand, into German. I replied, I should have little success in translation, but that I would obey her majesty's commands. I began my work, took passages from Baudrand, but inserted more of my own, though the censor was less fastidious in the examination of what was entitled a translation. The first volume was finished in six weeks; the empress thought it admirable. The second soon followed, and I presented this myself. She asked me if it equalled the first? I answered, I hoped it would be found more excellent.—"No," said she, "I never in my life read a better book;" and added, she much wondered how I could write so well and so quick. I promised another volume within a month.

Before the third was ready, Theresa died, and my expectations descended with her to the grave. She continually gave orders, on her death-bed, to have the writings of Baron Trenck read to her; and though her confessor well knew the injustice that had been done me, and all I had lost, yet, in these her last moments, when he had the most favourable of all opportunities, he kept a dastardly silence,

through he had given me his sacred promise to speak in my behalf.

The censor permitted me, after her death, and the archduchess even commanded, that I should print whatever I have written, and this was my only satisfaction.

Untoward, indeed, has ever been my fate. For one-and-thirty years had I been soliciting my right, which I never could obtain, because the empress was deceived by wicked men, and believed me an arch-heretic. In the thirty-second my wife had the good fortune to convince her this was false; she had determined to make restitution, and my children fortunate, and just at this moment she died.

Oh, Fortune, how dost thou sport with the passions of men! Yet was it not so much the fault of Fortune as of myself; I was at length humble enough to accept just justice as a favour; but then it was too late. My heart was conscious of not needing favour or forgiveness, for I had never done ill; therefore did I continue unfortunate; I choose the narrow path of innocence, my enemies the open field of vice. Their station was the strongest, and they have kept possession—all contest is now past—I am too old, and need rest.

For my children's sake have I written this history, have told these open truths, which perhaps may draw down new persecutions on my head. The friends of innocence will be their friends. I have taught them to live satisfied in this world with what is necessary, and without that which is superfluous. Be this their inheritance, instead of their great Slavonian estates; for the rest I leave it to God, and that good fame in which their forefathers have lived.

The pension granted my wife by the empress, in

consequence of my misfortunes, and our numerous family, we only enjoyed nine months.

Of this she was deprived by the new monarch, who suppressed that, and various other pensions, as burthensome to the state. He perhaps knew nothing of the affair, as I never solicited. Yet much has it grieved me. Perhaps I may find relief, when the sighs wrung from me shall reach the heart of the father of his people, in this my last writing. At present nothing for me remains but to live unknown, and buried in Zwerbach.

After the death of the empress, that I might fulfil every duty to my family, I wrote to the emperor, desirous to be fully informed of what I had to hope. This was my memorial :—

“ MOST GRACIOUS EMPEROR,

“ In a work printed at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1772, the most essential parts of which I had the honour to present to you, in 1765, in manuscript, is the following passage :—

“ ‘All oppressed subjects ought, at stated hours, to have access to the throne; those who should prefer false complaints, seek to deceive, or to obtain unmerited favours, ought to be made public examples, and stand mutilated in the pillory.’

“ I, most gracious sovereign, am the first who will pronounce judgment on myself, if I am not able to prove I have been most unjustly oppressed under the reign of the great Maria Theresa, and deprived of an immense property by unjust judges and men in power :—I, therefore, humbly pray a judge may be appointed, before whom I may be permitted to produce my proofs.

“ I am Gracious monarch,

“ Your ever faithful subject,

TRENCH.”

In vain did I hope an answer: my petition remained unnoticed, unregarded.

The emperor thought proper to collect the legacies and moneys bestowed on hospitals into one fund. The system was wise and good. My cousin Trenck, as I have before said, had bequeathed thirty-six thousand florins to an hospital for the poor of Bavaria, who had been ruined by him and his pandours. This I showed he had no right to do, having deducted the sum from the family estates; I therefore petitioned the emperor that these thirty-six thousand florins might be restored, as by right they ought, to me and my children, who were the people whom Trenck had indeed made poor, nothing of the property of his acquiring having been left to pay this legacy, but, on the contrary, the money having been violently exacted from mine.

Alas! the memorial came before those who were ill informed of the truth, or deemed the inquiry too laborious. In a few days it was determined I should be answered in the same tone in which, for six-and-thirty-years past, all my petitions and remonstrances had been answered:—

“The Request of the Petitioner cannot be granted.”

Fortune, my irreconcilable enemy, persecuted me even in my retreat. Within six years two destructive hail-storms swept away my crops; one year was a misgrowth; there were seven floods; a rot among my sheep—all possible calamities befel me and my manor.

The estate had been totally ruined, the ponds were to drain, the mansion-house to repair, three farms were to be put into a proper condition, and the whole new stocked. This rendered me poor, especially as my wife's fortune had been sunken in lawsuits at Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne.

The unfortunate, miserable peasants had nothing, therefore could pay nothing : I, on the contrary, was obliged to advance them money. My sons assisted me, and we laboured with our hands : my wife, an excellent woman, though accustomed to the affluence of the great world yet, anxious to fulfil the duties of a mother, took care of eight children, without so much as the help of a maid. We lived in poverty and wretchedness, obliged to earn our daily bread by the sweat of our brow ; and had the emperor by chance, amid his peregrinations visited Zwerbach, he would have beheld the abode of industry and virtue, exerting themselves to fulfil all the duties of man, and our sufferings had certainly been less severe.

Enough ! I have aided myself. The monarch who oppressed, never beheld me crouching to his power. I have deserved a fate more favourable ; I avoided a place where men are not actuated by the love of men, and hid myself in my Zwerbach. I sighed, said nothing, wrote much, feared no man, and rather desired to seek the world's utmost boundaries than live a witness of certain scenes.

The greatest of all my misfortunes was my treatment in the military court, where Zetto and Krugel were my referendaries. Zetto had clogged me with a curator ; and when the cow had no more milk to give, they then began to torture me with depositions, sequestrations, administrations, and executions. Nineteen times was I obliged personally to attend in Vienna within two years, and to travel fourteen posts each time at my own expense. This alone ate up my income. Every six years must I pay an attorney to dispute, wrangle, and quarrel, in my behalf, with the curator. Their mutual squabbles filled huge rolls of writing, for all of which I, in the conclusion, was

obliged to pay. If any affair was to be expedited, I, by a third hand, was obliged to send the referendary some excellent ducats. Did he give judgment, still that judgment lay fourteen months inefficient; and when it appeared, the copy was false, and so was sent to the upper courts, the high referendary of which said—"I must be dislodged from Zwerbach."

True it is, no such sentence was ever inserted in their proceedings, and probably he, in turn, may be dislodged from the seat of judgment, and once more become the companion of the honourable Zetto, in the house of correction. So shall his power be lost, to dislodge, to banish worthy citizens from the territories of Austria.

They obliged me at last to purchase my naturalization. I sent to Prussia for my pedigree, where the family had been known four hundred years; the attestation of this was sent me by Count Hertzborg. Although the family of Trenck had a hundred years been landholders in Hungary, yet was my attorney, by order of the court, obliged to solicit the instrument called *ritter-diploma*, for which, under pain of execution, I must pay two thousand florins. Thus are men treated in Vienna, and this treatment I certainly shall not soon forget.

By decree, a Prussian nobleman is not noble in Austria. In Austria! where every lackey, every worthless fellow, can purchase a diploma, making him a knight of the empire, for twelve hundred wretched florins! where money is the only merit necessary for acquiring the title of count! where such men as P—— and Grassalkowitz have purchased the dignity of Prince!

I am at length suffered to be at rest. They, by whom I was persecuted, instead of cleansing courts

of justice, cleanse the streets. They may perhaps soon have company.

Tortured by courts, terrified by hail-storms, I determined to dread them no more, determined to depend on the productions of my pen, and to publish a collection of my works in eight volumes, and this history of my life.

Fourteen months accomplished this purpose. My labours found a favourable reception through all Germany, procured me money, esteem, and honour; and I will now no more struggle through my few remaining years under the burthen of lawsuits, curators, referendaries, attorneys, courts of justice, and the unworthy in authority. I will live as if I never had possessed any property on this poor earth but what is included within my own head. By my own writings only will I seek the means of existence; by my writings only, endeavour to obtain the approbation and love of men.

For this I need not be of any country, want no title, no protection, no court favour, no lordships, no particular place of abode, no uniform, no *Fidei commissi-curator*! I am a free burgher of the world, dependent on no earthly prince; and to my children I will leave my literary property. This nothing can confiscate.

On the 22d of August, 1786, the news arrived that Frederic the Great had left this world!

The present reigning monarch, the best among the friends of men, the witness of my sufferings in my native country, immediately sent me a royal passport for Berlin. The confiscation of my estates was annulled, and my deceased brother, in Prussia, had left my children his heirs!

I journey, with the Imperial permission, back to

my country, which I have been two-and-forty years expelled! I journey—not as a pardoned malefactor, but as a man whose innocence has been established by the whole tenour of his actions, has been proved in his writings, and who is journeying to receive his reward!

Here I shall once more encounter my old friends, my relations, and those who have known me in the days of my affliction. Here shall I appear, not as my country's traitor, but as my country's martyr!—the Martyr of Virtue!

What is the expansion of my soul at obtaining that for which I so long have laboured! What my joy at the prospect of futurity, at the victory which fortitude, honour, and truth, unshaken, have won! I imagined my end would have been, what my life was, tragical! But a different scene opens to my view. Of this resplendent scene again shall I appear one; and now have I to prove I am the very man I have so often asserted myself to be, in this mournful history. Yet it is a great undertaking for a grey head, become grey in its contests with fortune, and requiring retirement and rest. Slumbering ambition, lulled by philosophy, again is roused, animates and inspires my soul, prompting me to seek that reward for others which once I sought for myself. To them I leave my name and rights; to them, whom, not requiring their consent, I called into existence—who, from the example of their father, contemplating the past, might imagine this nether world only the hell of man, and that they must first expect the rewards of virtue beyond the grave, had they not learned, from my example, also to expect better of futurity. Yes, for my eight children will I still live; I will conduct them into those paths of honour into which

I was myself conducted by my ancestors; paths to me so gloomy, yet so glorious.

Safe am I arrived in haven, a weather-beaten, but experienced, shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life's perturbed shores;—often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered.

Possible, though little probable, are still future storms. For these am I prepared. Long had I reason daily to curse the rising sun—and setting, to behold it with horror. Death to me appears the greatest benefit; a certain passage from agitation to peace, from motion to rest; I fear not the terrific dreams of futurity. As for my children, they, jocund in youth, delight in present existence. When I have fulfilled the duties of a father, to live or die will then be as I shall please, nor is it impossible but a remarkable supplement may follow of the strange vicissitudes of this my life, in which I may speak more openly of things I have been, in prudence, obliged partly to conceal.

Thou, oh God! my righteous judge, didst ordain that I should be, that I might remain an example of suffering to the world; thou madest me what I am; gavest me these strong passions, these quick nerves, this universal glow, this thrilling of the blood, when I behold injustice. Strong was my mind, that deeply it might meditate on deep subjects; strong my memory, that these meditations I might retain; strong my body, that proudly it might support all it has pleased thee to inflict.

Could I believe with St. Paul, that there are indeed vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, then I might affirm, that to such this world were a hell. But not so; with the eyes of philosophy I contemplate the

good God, who himself is void of wrath, revenge, or the poor passions by which his poor creatures are tortured. Him have I to thank for enabling me to encounter and to conquer a host of troubles, and leaving me still in being to reap the fruit of my victories.

Should I continue to exist, should identity go with me, and should I know what I was then, when I was called Trenck; when that combination of particles which Nature commanded should compose this body, shall be decomposed, scattered, or in other bodies united: when I have no muscles to act, no brain to think, no retina on which pictures can mechanically be painted, my eyes wasted, and no tongue remaining to pronounce the Creator's name, should I still behold a Creator; then, oh then, will my spirit mount, and indubitably associate with the spirits of the just, that expectant wait their golden harps, and glorious crowns, from the Most High God.—For human failings arising from our natures, springing from our temperament, which the Creator has ordained, shall be even thus, and no otherwise; for these have I suffered enough on earth; for these can I have nothing to fear beyond the grave, from a just God, who made me man, and not angel, and stationed me in that world in which his own hand had mingled good and evil.

Such is my confession of faith; in this have I lived, in this will I die. The duties of a man and of a Christian I have fulfilled—nay, often have exceeded, often have been too benevolent, too generous; perhaps also too proud, too vain; I could not deny, although liable to be broken. Many a sleepless night has a noble thirst of knowledge made me pass. Existence was given man to be employed—I shall have sleep enough to eternal night.

That I have not served the world in acts and employments where best I might, is perhaps my own fault; the fault of my manner, which is now too radical to be corrected in this my sixtieth year.—Yes, I acknowledge my failing, acknowledge it unblushingly; nay, glory in the pride of a noble nature. Joy shall spring up and quicken in my heart, when my example, the instructions I give to youth, shall teach them, idle and thoughtless as they often are, virtue and wisdom, and thus ensure their happiness. Joy shall make my white locks again youthful, when grey beards shall learn, from me, to think and act more honourably and to die tranquilly. Joy shall again enlighten my soul, when the deceitful shall become honest, the idle industrious; the ignorant learned; the slave a free man; and the man of sin, upright, just, and benevolent.

For myself, I ask nothing of those who, having read my history, shall become my friends, for nothing I need; but to them do I commit my wife and children. My eldest son is a lieutenant in the Tuscan regiment of cavalry, under General Lascy, and does honour to his father's principles. The second serves his present Prussian majesty, as ensign in the Posadowsky dragoons, with equal promise. The third is still a child.—My daughters will make worthy men happy, for they have imbibed virtue and gentleness with their mother's milk. Monarchs may hereafter remember what I have suffered, what I have lost, and what is due to my ashes. With this reflection, I calmly quit the world.

Here do I publicly declare—I will seek no other revenge against my enemies, than that of despising their evil deeds. It is my wish, and shall be my endeavour, difficult as is the task, to forget the past;

and, having committed no offence, neither will I solicit monarchs for favour and posts of honour; but, as I have lived a free man, a free man will I die.

Let the wise and benevolent reader grant me compassion, and, by my example, avoid much of that misery in which too much rashness, or too little caution, has involved me.

He, whose untimely ambition impels him to undertakings beyond his strength; he who concerns himself with affairs not properly his own; he who erects himself into a reformer of this world's abuses, will be the martyr of virtue, or perhaps the dupe of folly; and after having lived persecuted, may even have the fortune to die despised.

I conclude this part of my history on the evening preceding my journey to Berlin. Now, when I take leave of my beloved wife and children, grant, oh God, that for them I may journey!—God grant I may encounter no new afflictions, to be inserted in this tragical history.—Higher and better be my hopes.

TRENCK.

December 18th, 1786.

I concluded the preparations for my journey to Berlin, whence the magnanimous Frederic William sent me the desired passport. This journey I cheerfully prepared to undertake; but my ever envious fate threw me on the bed of sickness, insomuch that small hopes remained I ever should again behold the country of my forefathers or outlive the moment which I had been twenty years in anxious expectation of beholding. I seemed following the *Great Frederic* to the mansions of the dead; then should I never have concluded the history of my adventurous life, or obtained the victory by which I am now so gloriously crowned.

A variety of obstacles being overcome, I found it necessary to make a journey into Hungary, which was one of the most renovating and pleasant of my whole life.

Wherever I went, especially at Ofen and Pest, I met that honourable reception, that sensibility of soul, the full enjoyment of which he only can feel who solely seeks the approbation of the wise, the worthy, and the just. I have no words to express my sensations, my ardent wishes for the welfare of a nation, where I met so many proofs of honourable friendship. Wherever I appeared I was welcomed, and followed with that love and enthusiasm which only await the fathers of their country. The valour of my cousin Trenck, who died ingloriously in the Spielberg, the loss of my great Hungarian estates, the fame of my writings, and the cruelty of my sufferings, had gone before me. These must I thank for a reception which I never can forget. The officers of the army, the nobles of the land, alike testified the warmth of their esteem.

Such is the reward of the upright; such too are the proofs that this nation knows the just value of fortitude and virtue. Have I not reason to glory in this; to publish my gratitude, and to recommend my children to those who, when I am no more, shall dare uprightly to determine concerning the rights which have unjustly been snatched from me in Hungary? For myself I am content, nay rewarded, when commiserated as a martyr to the love of truth, of which I have ever stood the undaunted advocate.

Not a man in Hungary, those only excepted who were interested in my oppression, but will proclaim I have been unjustly dealt by; yet have I good reason to suspect I never shall find redress. Sentence

has been already given ; judges, more honest, cannot, without difficulty, reverse old decrees ; and the present possessors of my fine estates are also too powerful, too intimate with the governors of the earth, for me to hope I shall hereafter be more happy. God knows my heart ;—I wish the present possessors may render services to the state equal to those rendered by the family of the Trencks, or to those that family would have rendered, had its capability, and the uprightness of its intentions, been sooner and more properly estimated.

There is little probability I should ever behold my worthy and noble friends in Hungary more. Here I bid them adieu, promising them to endeavour to pass the remainder of my life still so as to merit the approbation of a people, with whose ashes I would most willingly have mingled my own. May the God of heaven prosper their undertakings ! May the God of heaven preserve every Hungarian from a fate similar to mine ! a fate, which still unredressed, I suffer ; and, with sighs and despair, to suffer must still continue.

The Croats have ever been reckoned rude and uncultivated. In Vienna men talk of their seminaries, their academies, and their science ; yet among this rude and uncultivated people I found more subscribers to my writings than among all the learned men of Vienna, and in Hungary more than in all the remainder of the Austrian dominions.

The wise literati of the capital are little in quest of freedom. The Hungarians, the unlettered Croats, seek information. The polished people of Vienna ask their confessors permission to read instructive books. Various subscribers, having read the first volume of my works, brought it back, re-demanded

their money, because some monk had told them it was a book dangerous to be read. The very judges of their courts have resold them to the booksellers for a few pence, or given them to those who had the care of their consciences to burn.

The Hungarians have read with avidity; have thanked me most sincerely for the instruction they had received, and the attempts I had made to destroy vulgar prejudices. In Vienna alone was my life described as a romance; in Hungary, on the contrary, I found the compassion of men, their friendship, and effectual aid. Had my book been the production of an Englishman, good wishes would not have been his only reward: lords and ladies would have subscribed to have procured him ease, and the state itself would have selected him as a man who, in justice, must have retribution.

We poor German writers have censors and interested critics to encounter, if we would speak truth, and unmask injustice; and, if a book finds a rapid sale, mean and dishonest printers issue spurious editions, defrauding the author of his labours. Such privileged wretches derive profit from theft, yet associate themselves in companies, appear in the society of honest men, and are enabled, by their ill-gotten gains, to purchase patents of nobility in Vienna: yet courts of justice, that would execute a man as a thief, whom hunger had compelled to steal a loaf of bread, behold these practices with indifference. Such governments are ignorant of the real influence of knowledge on the wealth and power of states. To keep the useful writer poor and unprotected, or not to incite his industry by honour and reward, is political ignorance, and error of infinite importance.

Want of teachers is want of knowledge. Men of

genius, unsupported, will quit their country; or, if they remain, will be devoured by chagrin and conflicting passions, or waste their lives in exertions merely mechanical. Industry unrewarded slumbers inactive; and where true science is not, there will the libraries and minds of men be loaded with contemptible and destructive theological disputes. Priestcraft and Rome flourish, and the state remains in ignorance. Useful men are wanting in countries where the canons of the church and military tactics can subject and destroy; but cannot enlighten and regenerate.

The encouragement of the learned produces able and scientific teachers; and, from their seminaries, men of genius occasionally come forth. If obliged to write for their daily bread, the minds of such men begin to despond; paid by the sheet, they write hastily, instead of producing those beautiful original works, of which they are capable. The world is thus inundated with books and pamphlets; the undiscerning reader knows not which to select; the more intelligent are disgusted, or do not read at all; and a work of merit thus becomes as little profitable to the author as to the state.

The reader will pardon this digression, and will further permit me to remark, that those critical writings, the intent of which is only to discover faults in, and blame all other writings, serve but to depress the first efforts of genius, and injure the best of authors in the opinion of the ill-judging; yet he who criticises will gain as much as he who invents.

Those who have read the writings of Gellert are still desirous of hearing what slander and envy have to allege. Curiosity induces us to seek the aid of optics, that we may discover the spots in the sun :

and these the simple gazer imagines he has seen when the impostor, that presents the telescope, has previously spotted the glass.

The man who invents does not smile at those who attend only to the order of words, or the placing of commas, or who detect him in having, for a moment forgotten his grammar : yet such insects must exist. The caterpillar will destroy the bloom of the peach, nay, will devour the fruit ; but what should be said to the gardener who therefore roots up the tree, or so lops its branches as to render it barren—why, indeed, should he plant the thistle in its place ?

I left Vienna on the 5th of January, and came to Prague. Here I found nearly the same reception as in Hungary ; my writings had been universally read. Citizens, noblemen, and noble ladies, treated me with like favour and friendship :—may they, as they merit, live happy in connubial love ! May the monarch know how to value and employ men of generous feelings and enlarged understandings, whom here, contrary to expectation, I found !

I reluctantly bade adieu to Prague, and continued my journey to Berlin. Here in Bohemia, I took leave of my son, a lieutenant in the second regiment of carbineers, who saw his grey-headed father, and his two brothers, destined for the Prussian service, depart. He felt the full weight of this separation : I reminded him of his duty to the state he served—I spoke of the fearful fate of his uncle and father in Austria, and of the possessions of our vast estates in Hungary.—He shrunk back—a look from his father pierced him to the soul—tears stood in his eyes—his youthful blood flowed quick, and the following expressions burst suddenly from his lips—“ I call God to witness, that I will prove myself worthy of

my father's name, and that while I live, his enemies shall be mine!"

What are the feelings of a father who in his son embraces his friend! His brothers wept, nor could I retain my tears—the best opportunities these to instil the best of principles; and here I remind them of the holy covenant we then made—charging them to read this, and remember it when I am laid low in the grave. The monarch who shall wish to retain them in his service, may rest assured of their fidelity, zeal, and their powers of mind. Actuated by the noblest spirit of ambition, they will endure no honour; and so, not enduring, only will they fulfil my wishes and commands.

At Peterswalde, on the road to Dresden, my carriage broke down: my life was endangered, and my son received a contusion in the arm. The erysipelas broke out on him at Berlin, and I could not present him to the king during a month after my arrival.

I had been but a short time at Berlin, before the well-known minister, Count Hertzberg, with whom I had been acquainted at Aix-la-Chapelle, received me with all possible kindness.

The pleasure I received at Berlin was great indeed. When I went to court, the honest citizens crowded to see me: and when any one among them said—"That is Trenck!" the rest would cry—"Welcome once more to your country!" while many would reach me their hands, with the tears standing in their eyes. Frequent were the scenes I experienced of this kind. No pardoned malefactor would have been thus received!—Oh, no!—It was the sweet reward of innocence: this reward was fully bestowed throughout the Prussian territories.

Oh, world, deceived by show! Dost thou not

blindly follow the opinion of the prince; be he severe or indulgent, arbitrary or just? The censure and the praise equally originate on common report. I am of this exemplary proof. In Magdeburg I lay, chained to the wall, ten years, sighing in wretchedness, suffering every calamity of hunger, cold, nakedness, and contempt. And wherefore? Because the king, deceived by slanderers, pronounced me worthy of punishment. Because a wise king mistook me, and treated me with barbarity. Because a prudent king knew he had done wrong, yet would not have it so supposed. So was his heart turned to stone; nay, opposed by manly fortitude, was enraged to cruelty.

Yet more of what happened in Berlin.

Some days after I had been presented to the king, and supped with the queen, I entreated a private audience, and, on the 18th of February, received the following letter:—

“In answer to your letter of the 9th of this month, which has been given me, I gladly inform you, that if you will come to me to morrow, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I shall have the pleasure to see and speak with you; meantime I pray God to take you into his holy keeping.

FREDERIC WILLIAM.

“Berlin, Feb. 12, 1787.”

The anxiety with which I expected this wished-for interview may well be conceived. I found the Prussian Titus alone, and he continued in conversation with me more than an hour.

How condescending, how kind was the monarch! How great!—How nobly did he console me for the past! how entirely did his assurance of favour over-

power my whole soul! He had read the history of my life. When Prince of Prussia, he had been an eye-witness, in Magdeburg, of my martyrdom, and my attempts to escape. Many circumstances he recollected himself; and he inquired of those who had been present, and who confirmed the truth of my narrative, and the severity of my calamities.—Long shall I remember these fortunate moments; yet these are fled. His majesty parted from me with tokens of confirmed esteem and condescension.—My eyes bade adieu, but my heart remained in the marble chamber, in company with a prince capable of sensations so dignified; and my wishes for his welfare and eternal happiness.

I have since travelled through the greater part of the Prussian states. Where is the country in which the people are all satisfied? Many complained of oppression, hard times, or industry unrewarded. My general answer was—

“Friends, kneel with the rising sun, and thank the God of heaven that you are Prussians. I have seen and known much of this world, and I assure you, on my honour, you are among the happiest people in Europe. Causes of complaint every where exist; but you have a king, neither obstinate, ambitious, covetous, nor cruel; his will is, that his people should have cause of content, and, should he err by chance, his heart is not to blame if the subject suffers.”

To the truth of this, I pledged my veracity; I am well known not to be a flatterer; I speak what I have seen; I vent the thoughts of my heart; I write from conviction, and not with the insidious hope of reward.

The eyes of all Europe are at present directed towards Berlin—eager to learn whether Frederic William will be able to sustain the vast and artificial

fabrie reared by his predecessor. I will systematize but little—I will state incontrovertible facts.

Prussia is neither wanting in able, active, nor learned men. The warmth of patriots glows in their veins. The soul of the great Frederic still inspires the machine, and there is little doubt but that its wheels will not be clogged by innovation. Should this plan be steadily pursued, there will be no confusion of tongues in the tower of Babel, and those who wish its destruction will have great difficulties to surmount. Every thing remains with equal stability, as under the reign of Frederic; and, should the thunder burst, the ready conductors will render the bolt ineffectual.

Hertzberg still labours in the cabinet, still thinks, writes, and acts as he has done for years. The king is desirous that justice shall be done his subjects, and will punish, perhaps with more severity whenever he finds himself deceived, than from the goodness of his disposition might be supposed. The treasury is full, the army continues the same, and there is little reason to doubt but that industry, population, and wealth will increase.

Yet it is ardently to be desired that commerce might be promoted by treaties with foreign nations; industry encouraged; monopolies totally abolished; the price of provisions reduced; manufacturers less burthened by taxes; punishments rendered more mild; toleration made more universal; foreigners no longer kidnapped; promises held sacred, and free egress and regress given throughout the Prussian provinces. None but the vile and wicked would leave the kingdom; while the oppressed and best subjects of other states would fly their native country, certain of finding encouragement and security in Prussia.

The personal qualities of Frederic William merit to be described. He is tall and handsome, his mien is majestic, and his accomplishments of mind and body would procure him the love of men, were he not a king. He is affable without deceit, friendly and kind in conversation; and stately where stateliness is necessary. His step is firm, his voice sonorous, his tone commanding, his heart capable of the noblest sentiments, and so benevolent, that his greatest happiness was in that of others. He is bountiful, but not profuse; he knows that, without economy, the Prussian power must sink. He is not tormented by the spirit of conquest, he wishes harm to no nation, yet will he not certainly suffer other nations to make encroachments, nor will he be terrified by menaces. That he is a soldier and a general, his great instructor and predecessor has long since borne testimony. He is likewise convinced how necessary it is that the king of a military state should be the friend of military men.

The wise Frederic, when living, though himself learned, and a lover of the sciences, never encouraged them in his kingdom. Germany, under his reign, might have forgotten her language; he preferred the literature of France. Königsberg, once the seminary of the North, contains at present few professors or students; the former are fallen into disrepute, and are ill paid; the latter repair to Leipsic and Göttingen. We have every reason to suppose the present monarch, though no studious man himself, will encourage the academies of the literati, that learned men in jurisprudence and the sciences may not be wanting; which want is more to be apprehended, as the nobility must, without exception, serve in the army; so that learning had but few adherents, and these are deprived

of the means of improvement. The nation, which in this age is a nation of soldiers only, will find itself inferior to competitors; nor will Frederic William govern with an iron sceptre, or consign his solely to the slaughter-house. He will not be the sultan of slaves. Superstition, stupidity, fear, and the whip, are the support of the despot; he is a monarch who, by teaching his subjects to love and revere him, will excite them to the performance of their duties. These duties are promoted by the promotion of knowledge; consequently the Prussian academies will revive, suppressed as they have been by the military system of Frederic.

Frederic William is also too much the friend of men, to torture, or to suffer them to pine in prisons. He will not use the whip to bend the Prussian back to slavery! He likewise abhors the barbarity with which the soldiers are beaten; his officers will not be fettered hand and foot: slavish subordination will be banished, and the noble in heart will be the noble of the land. He who deceives such a prince deserves double punishment. May he, in his people, find perfect content! May his people be ever worthy of such a prince! Long may he reign, and may his ministers be ever enlightened and honourable men! Such is my ardent prayer.—Such too is the portrait of a monarch whom I have praised; not because of his title or his power, but his worth; and because it is his delight to make the good and virtuous happy.

He sent for me a second time, and conversed much with me, and confirmed those ideas which my first interview had inspired; and I am fully convinced I have not mistaken his character.

On the 11th of March I presented my son, at

another private audience, whom I intended for the Prussian service. The king immediately bestowed a commission on him in the Posadowsky dragoons, at my especial request. The difficulty of obtaining such a commission, without having first served as an ensign, is well known; this was, therefore, a particular favour and honour, and my son has the more to expect, since his majesty has himself promised his promotion.

I saw him at the review at Velau, and his superior officers formed great expectations from his zeal. Thus I have done the duty of a father by my sons: time will discover whether he who is in the Austrian, or this in the Prussian service, will first obtain the rewards due to their father: and to the state that first does such an act of justice will I bequeath my third son. Should they both remain unnoticed, I will bestow him on the great Turk, rather than on European courts, whence equity to me and mine is banished. Luckily my children are no monarch's vassals; they were born in the free Imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle; therefore is their will unfettered, and they may, with honour, seek bread in any country.

To Austria I owe no thanks:—all, that could be taken from me was taken. I was captain before I entered those territories, and after six-and-thirty years service I find myself in the rank of invalid major! Less I could not be.—My duty I more than fulfilled, and wept in chains and dungeons so many years, not from any fault of mine; because I was plundered, sold, betrayed by Austrian residents, traitors to their embassy, and persecutors at Vienna. The proof of all I have asserted, and of how little I am indebted to this state, is most incontestible; since the history

of my life is allowed, by the royal censor, to be publicly sold at Vienna. The same proof exists in Berlin, where my narrative is universally read, and my veracity established.

It is very remarkable, that one only of the eight officers, as one of whom I served, in the body-guard, in the year 1745; though it is now two-and-forty years since, is dead. Lieutenant-Colonel Count Blumenthal lives in Berlin; Pannewitz is commander of the knights of Malta: both gave me a polite and friendly reception. Both were acquainted with the circumstances and manner in which Jaschinsky deceived the king, to my ruin. Wagnitz is lieutenant-general in the service of Hesse-Cassel: he was my tent comrade, and was perfectly acquainted with all that had happened. Kalkreuter and Grothusen live on their estates, and Jaschinsky himself is now alive in Königsberg, but known, despised, superannuated, and tortured by sickness and remorse. I have never visited him, nor can I suppose he wished I should. He, instead of punishment, has forty years enjoyed a pension of a thousand rix-dollars; consequently has cost the state forty thousand rix-dollars. I have seen my lands confiscated, of the income of which I have been forty-two years deprived, and never yet received retribution.

Such is the way of the world! Frederic robbed the worthy citizen of his right, and with a part of it rewarded such a man as Jaschinsky.

Time must decide; the king is generous, and I have too much pride to become a beggar. The name of Trenck shall be in the history of acts of Frederic. This, though I should not desire it, I could not prevent. A tyrant himself, he was the slave of his passions; and even when he supposed he m

be deceived, did not think an inquiry into innocence worth the trouble. To be ashamed of doing right, because he has done wrong, or to persist in error, that fools, for fools only can, may think him infallible, is a dreadful principle in a ruler. While the obstinate Frederic lived, no man dared to pronounce my name; no man durst own himself my friend. He is dead; when I am so, no pillar of dishonour shall rise over my grave: my epitaph shall be—"Alas! that thou wert known too late!"

Since I have been at Berlin, and was received there with so many testimonies of friendship and favour, the newspapers of Germany have published various articles concerning me, perhaps with the best of wishes, intending to contribute to my honour or ease. They have, however, been sometimes misinformed. They have asserted a great pension has been settled on me in Berlin; but, on my honour, I affirm I never asked a pension. They have said my eldest daughter is appointed the governess of the young princess. This perhaps, has been the joke of some witty correspondent; for my eldest daughter is but fifteen, and stands in need of a governess herself. Perhaps they may suppose me mean enough, from ostentation, to circulate falsehood: perhaps they suppose they do me service, or give me pleasure, by publishing as facts, honours or rewards for which I hope. It may be malice, and a desire to injure me; it may be the very reverse: in any case, it is no pleasure to me, and may have ill effects. An honest man is never without enemies, who will labour to prevent any good that might happen to him, and who are terrified if they imagine he might become the favourite of a king.

I almost daily received letters from all parts of

Germany, from persons unknown to me, wherein the sensations of the feeling heart are evident. The history of my life has excited a general attention. Those reviewers who have been impartial have my thanks; those who suspect my veracity, or endeavour to do my work, must be answered by an appeal to facts. That my history relates many improbable events, and rather resembles a romance than a work of biography, is not my fault: extraordinary accidents I have encountered, and extraordinary accidents must relate. My purpose in writing was the publication of truths; nor shall I be accused, except by those who do not know, or who do not consider, this reason, and who are prejudiced against a man pleading his own cause. Were I to attempt to deceive the public, I were indeed unworthy. Among the number of these letters was one, which I received from the learned Bahadt, professor at Halle, dated April 10, 1787, wherein he says—"Receive, noble German, the ardent thanks of one, who, like you, has encountered difficulties, yet far inferior to those you encountered. You indeed, with gigantic strength, have met a host of foes, and nobly conquered. The rest of men attacked me also: I also was persecuted by priests. The ardour of my temper engaged me in many a rash enterprise: and I too have been devoured by a noble pride of heart. I was the enemy to hypocrisy, and disdained to be a parasite of princes. From town to town, from land to land, I was pursued by priestcraft and persecution; yet, in despite of adverse fate and poverty, I acquired fame. I fled for refuge and repose to the states of Frederic, but found them not. I have eight years laboured under affliction with unwearied perseverance, but have found no reward. By patient industry have I made myself what

I am; by ministerial favour, never. Even in the states of Frederic the hatred of priests pursued me. Worn out and weak, lamenting my own destiny, the history of your life, worthy sir, fell into my hands, and poured balsam into my wounds. There, indeed, I saw sufferings unmeasurable; there, indeed, beheld fortitude most worthy admiration. The chagrin that preyed upon, the despair that rent my heart, fled. Compared to you, of what could I complain? Receive, noble German, my warmest thanks; while I live they shall flow. And should you find a fortunate moment, in the presence of your king, speak of me as one consigned to poverty—as one whose talents are buried in oblivion. Say to him—“Mighty king! stretch forth thy hand, and dry up his tears.” I know the nobleness of your mind, and doubt not your good wishes.”

To the professor's letter I returned the following answer:—

“I was affected, sir, by your letter. I never yet was unmoved, when the pen was obedient to the dictates of the heart. I feel for your situation: and if my example can teach wisdom even to the wise, I have, indeed, cause to triumph. This is the sweetest of rewards. At Berlin I have received much honour, but little more. The courtier fawns, obtains labour, favour, and gifts. He who seeks justice mistakes his road. Men are deaf to him who confides only in his right. What have I gained? Shadow fame for myself, and the vapour of hope for my heirs!

“Truth and Trenck, my good friend, flourish not in courts. You complain of priestcraft. He who attacks a nest of hornets must expect to be stung. He who would disturb their ambition and covetousness, he who speaks against the false opinions they

scatter, considers not priests and their aim, which is to dazzle the stupid, and stupify the wise. A host of knaves in black, act to promote their earthly interests: and, strange to tell, the Quixote who shall dare molest them, must also encounter the anger of even the rational! Deprecate their wrath, avoid their poisoned shafts, or they will infect thy peace, will blast thy budding honours. And wherefore should we incur this danger? The world will ever be the same. To cure ignorance or error is impossible. Silence is often not only prudence, but wisdom. Let us then silently steal to our graves, and thus shall we escape the breath of envy. What is the puppet-show of life? He who should enjoy all even thought could grasp, would yet have but little. Having acquired this knowledge, the passions of the soul are lulled to apathy. I behold error, and I laugh: do thou, my friend, laugh also. If that can comfort us, men will do our memory justice—when we are dead! Fame plants her laurels over the grave, and there they flourish best.

BARON TRENCK.

April 30, 1787.

“P. S. I have spoken, worthy professor, the feelings of my heart, in answer to your kind panegyric. You will but do me justice when you believe I think and act as I write. With respect to my influence at court, it is just as insignificant at Berlin as at Vienna, or at Constantinople.”

Among the various letters I have received, as it may answer a good purpose, I hope the reader will not think the insertion of the following improper. They may be read by some benevolent person, who may have power to speak in behalf of one who is evidently not only distressed, but a man of very considerable talents.

In a letter from an unknown correspondent, who desired me to speak for this person at Berlin, eight others were enclosed. They came from the above person in distress to this correspondent; and I was requested to let them appear in the Berlin Gazette. As these letters came from Silesia anonymously to hand, and as I found it could answer no good purpose, I did not publish them as was required: but my correspondent cannot take it amiss that I should select three of them, and here present them to the world, as it can do his friend no injury, while they describe an unhappy victim of an extraordinary kind, and may, perhaps, obtain him some redress or relief.

Should this hope be verified, I am personally acquainted with him who wishes to remain concealed, can send him aid, or introduce him to the knowledge of such as might wish to interfere in his behalf. Should they not, the reader still will find well-written and affecting letters—such as may inspire compassion. My own situation permits me not to plead for another, nor affords me the means of relieving the unfortunate. The following is the first of those I think proper to select.

LETTER I.

“Neuland, Feb. 12, 1787.

“I thought I had so satisfactorily answered you by my last, that you would have left me in peaceful possession of my sorrows; but your numberless remarks, entreaties, and remonstrances, succeed each other with such rapidity, that, though before inclined indolently to fly, I am again induced to renew the contest. Cowardice, I believe, you are convinced, is not native in my heart: and, should I now too easily

yield; you might suppose that age, and the miseries I have suffered, had weakened my powers of mind as well as body; and that I ought to be classed among the unhappy multitudes whose sufferings have sunk them to despondency.

"Baron Trenck, that man of many woes, once so despised, but who now is held in admiration, where he before was so much the object of hatred; who now speaks loudly in his own defence there; where formerly the man who had but whispered his name would have lived suspected: Baron Trenck you propose as an example of salvation for me. You are wrong.—Have you made any rational comparison? Have you considered how dissimilar have our past lives been; how different too are our present circumstances?—Or, omitting these, have you considered to whom you would have me appeal?

"In the year 1764, I became acquainted in Vienna with this sufferer of fortitude; this agreeable companion. We are taught that a manly and noble aspect bespeaks a correspondent mind: this I believe him to possess. But what expectations can I form from Baron Trenck?

"I will, however, briefly answer the questions you have put: for prolix I must not be, otherwise I should write the history of my life. Baron Trenck was, as I am informed, a man born to inherit great estates: this, and the fire of his youth, fanned by flattering hopes from his famous, and then powerful kinsman, rendered him too haughty to his king, and alone was the origin of all his future sufferings. I, on the contrary, though the son of a Silesian nobleman of property, did not inherit so much as the pay of a common soldier; the family having been robbed of their property by the hand of power, after being

accused by malice and wickedness, under the mask of holy virtue. You know my father's fate, the esteem in which he was held by the Empress Theresa—and that a pretended miracle was the occasion of his fall. Suddenly was he plunged from that height, to which industry, talents, and virtue, had raised him, to the very depth of poverty. At length, on the commencement of the seven-years' war, one of the king of Prussia's subjects represented him to the Austrian court as a dangerous correspondent of Marshal Schwerin's. Then sixty years of age, my unfortunate father was seized at Jagerndorf, and imprisoned in the fortress of Gratz, in Styria. He had an allowance just sufficient to keep him alive in his dungeon, but for the space of seven years never beheld the sun rise or set. I was a boy when this happened: the certainty of his innocence, however, emboldened me to intercede in his behalf at the foot of the throne. I was not heard. I only received some pecuniary relief from the empress, with permission to shed my blood in her defence. In this situation we first became acquainted, first vowed eternal friendship: but from this was I soon snatched, not by my own, but my father's enemies. What the empress had bestowed, her ministers tore from me. I was seized at midnight, and, without examination, was brought, in company with two other officers, to the before-mentioned fortress of Gratz. Here did I remain immured, in the flower of youth, six dismal years. My true name was concealed, and another given me. I was treated like a malefactor, and kept under seven locks.

"Peace being restored, Trenck, I, and my father, were released; but the mode of our mutual release was very different. The first obtained his freedom

at the intercession of Theresa; she too afforded him a future provision. We, on the contrary, according to the amnesty stipulated in the treaty of peace, were led from our dungeons as state prisoners, a public spectacle, without the least inquiry concerning the verity or falsehood of our supposed crimes. Extreme poverty, wretchedness, and misery, were our reward for the sufferings we had so unjustly endured.

"Not only was my health destroyed, but my jaw-bone was lost, eaten away by the scurvy. I laid before Frederic the Great the proofs of the calamities I had undergone, and the dismal state to which I was reduced by his foe, and for his sake, entreated bread to preserve me and my father from starving; but his ear was deaf to my prayer, his heart insensible to my sighs.

"Providence, however, raised me up a saviour—Count Gelhorn was the benevolent man. After the taking of Breslaw, he had been also sent a state prisoner to Gratz.—During his imprisonment, he had heard the general report of my sufferings, and my innocence. No sooner did he learn that I was released, than he generously became my benefactor, my supporter, my friend, and once more restored me to the converse of men, to which I had so long been dead.

"I defer the continuation of my narrative to the next post. The remembrance of past woes inflicts present. I am eternally."

LETTER II.

"February 24, 1787.

"DEAR FRIEND: After an interval of silence, to calm my agitated heart, remembering my promise, I must continue my story.

“My personal sufferings have not certainly, as I think, been less than those of Trenok. His, however, I am acquainted with only from the inaccurate relations I have heard: my own I have felt. How can I forget them! A colonel, in the Prussian service, whose name was Hallasch, was four years my companion; he was insane, and believed himself the Christ that was to appear at the millenium; he persecuted me with his reveries, which I was obliged to listen to and approve, or suffer violence from one stronger than myself.

“The society of men or books, every thing that could console or amuse, were forbidden me; and I consider it as wonderful that I did not myself go mad, in the company of this madman. Four hard winters did I exist without feeling the feeble emanation of a winter's sun, much less the warmth of fire. The very madman felt more pity than my keeper, and lent me his cloak to cover my body, though the other inhumanly denied me a truss of straw, notwithstanding I had lost the use of my hands and feet. The place where we were was called a chamber; it rather resembled the temple of Cloacina. The noxious damps and vapours at length so poisoned my blood, that, together with ill-treatment from an unskilful surgeon, who daily tortured me, during nine months, with insult, as a Prussian traitor and state criminal, I lost the greatest part of a jaw. We, too, were nightly disturbed by the calling of sentinels, and were frequently terrified by the grating of locks and bolts, and the entrance of guards.

“Schottendorf was our governor and tyrant—a man who repaid the friendship he found in the mansion of my fathers, with cruelty. He was ripe for the sickle, and time cut him off.—Tormentini and Galer were

his successors in office, but not in insolence and inhumanity; by them we were indeed carefully watched, but we also were treated with commiseration. We enjoyed air without a bribe, and the comfort of sweet water. Their precautions warded off jail distempers likewise, and rendered imprisonment less wretched. Ever shall I hold their memory sacred. Yet, benevolent as they were, their goodness was even exceeded by that of Rottensteiner, the head jailor.—Without education, without other principles than those an excellent understanding taught, he considered his unfortunate prisoners as his children; and, instead of enriching himself by plundering the poor and oppressed, he was himself their benefactor.—Of this I had continual experience, during two years after the release of Hallasch.—He deserved a better station—a station as noble as his own thoughts.

“Here, my friend, I but cursorily describe misery, at which the monarch shall shudder, if the blood of a tyrant flows not in his veins. Theresa could not wish these things; yet they were. But she was human; she was fallible, and not omniscient.

“From the above narrative you will perceive how opposite the effects must be, which the histories of Baron Trenck and myself must prove.

“Trenck left his dungeon, shielded from want and contempt: the day of freedom was the day of triumph. I, on the contrary, was exposed to every possible calamity. The spirit of Trenck, bowed as it had been by affliction, again raised itself. I have watched and laboured many a succeeding night, that I might neither beg nor perish the following day; working for judges who neither knew law, nor had sufficient powers of mind to behold the native beauty of justice; rectifying or settling accounts that, item after item,

did but prove the lord they were intended for was an imbecile dupe.

"Trenck remembers his calamities, but the remembrance is advantageous to himself and his family; while with me the past did but increase, did but agonize, the present and the future. He was not, like me, obliged to crouch in presence of those vulgar, those mean, those incapable minds, that do but consider the bent back as the footstool of pride. Every man is too busy in the gratification of self, too busy himself in behalf of others:—pity me, therefore, but advise me not to hope for assistance, by petitioning princes at second hand. I know your good wishes, and, for these, I have nothing to return but barren thanks.

I am, &c."

LETTER III.

"Yes, I do not, cannot doubt your friendship, your zeal, to serve me; but you have been often fortunate in the accomplishment of your hopes—I never.

"The prospect of gain makes the usurer adventurous; but by digging under the foundation, to conceal or to recover his treasure, he may chance to overthrow his house, and bury himself under its ruins. The voice of suffering Virtue is, alas! unable to be heard, amid the agitated waves of a court! she utters a feeble cry, sinks, and is no more seen. I fear the persecution of the clergy—Monarchs themselves bow before their power!

"Besides, is Trenck in that situation that justifies his interference in behalf of a stranger? Certainly not. Oh, no!—We have been dreaming; you to begin, and I to continue, a correspondence on such a subject. Were he, like you, my intimate, my old friend, per-

haps his great experience of the world might lead him to imagine some mode of procuring a supply sufficient fully to satisfy my very few wants, for few indeed they are. Unless he ask it, conceal my name. His silence will evince his real incapability to do me service; his good will cannot be doubted.

“Every caution is necessary; for, were I driven from this poor refuge of wretchedness, I might fall into the power of one who may be a tyrant, who might again rob me of light and air, and, adding torture to calamity, branding me as a traitor, might delight to inflict pangs incessant, and render death tedious. Farewell!”

The reasons why I published the foregoing letters are already stated, and will, I make no doubt, appear satisfactory to the reader. Once more to affairs that more immediately concern myself.

The following I yesterday received from Poland, from a correspondent who is likewise to me unknown.

“Reschow, in Gallicia, April 30, 1787..

“Sir,—Every feeling heart, every person who had the honour of being acquainted with you, during your abode in Austria, receives the purest satisfaction from the justice at present done you, and the high honours by which you are distinguished at the court of Berlin, and of which we are informed by the public papers. Yes, sir, it is a sweet subject of consolation for suffering inhumanity to behold that you now find favour and justice from a power where the most unbridled barbarity formerly gave birth to the bitterest sufferings, and the most inconceivable cruelty.

“Every compassionate person, in this our district of bears, has read, has wept over, those sufferings and

truly depicted in the history of your life. Thrice have the pages been bedewed by my tears. My present hope is to see a continuation of your history written on the now benevolent banks of the Spree. Alas! sure, like the first navigator of Homer, he must in oak and triple steel be armed, who should not feel pity in behalf of an honest man, an enlightened author, a brave soldier, and a good citizen.

"Let me entreat your acceptance of this testimony, of the heart, from a man who, though unknown to you, is, with the most worthy and best informed men of Poland, your sincere admirer. It is a respectful tribute paid to uncommon merit. I am, &c."

I have here published the foregoing letter, that I may have an opportunity of thanking the person who has paid me such high compliments, and who has concealed his name; that I might not have the difficulty of answering so flattering an epistle.

I feel the happiness of being held in estimation by the noble-minded; and if the Princess Czatoryska can credit her correspondent, and my writings, she will read how great my sensations of joy are at having the happiness to attain so invaluable an honour.

I might fill a volume with like letters, but they appertain to another collection.

I met at Berlin many old friends of both sexes; among others, an aged invalid came to see me who was at Glatz, in 1746, when I cut my way through the guard. He was one of the sentinels before my door, and whom I had thrown down the stairs.

Another invalid, who had assisted me, when imprisoned at Magdeburg, in ridding myself of my bags of sand, came also to visit me.

The hour of quitting Berlin, and continuing my journey into Prussia, towards Königsberg, my native country, approached. On the eve of my departure, I had once again the happiness of conversing, more than two hours, with her royal highness the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederic the Great. Possessed of native greatness of mind and deep penetration, she solely had the honour of gaining the entire confidence and friendship of Frederic. She, as far as she was able, protected me in my hour of extreme adversity; heaped benefits upon me; and, more than any other person in the world, contributed to gain my deliverance. Not as a foreign officer did she receive me, during my stay in Berlin, but as a friend, as an aged patriot; and laid her commands upon me to write immediately to my wife, and request that she would come to Berlin in the month of June, with her two eldest daughters. I received her promise, that the happiness of the latter should be her care; nay, that she would certainly remember my wife in her will.

At this moment, when about to depart, she affectionately asked me if I had money sufficient for the expenses of my journey? "Yes, madam," was my reply; "for myself I want nothing, ask nothing; but may you remember my children!"

The sensibility, the deep feeling with which I pronounced these words, moved the princess; she showed me how perfectly she comprehended my meaning, took me by the hand, and said—"Return, my friend, quickly; I shall be most happy to see you."

On the 22d of March, I departed from Berlin, and pursued my journey to Königsberg, but remained two days at the court of the margrave of Branden-

burg Schwedt, where I was received with kindness and esteem. The margrave had bestowed favours on me during my imprisonment at Magdeburg.

I departed thence through Soldin to Schildsburg, there to visit my relation Sidau, who had married the daughter of my sister, which daughter my sister had by her first husband, Waldow, of whom I have so often spoken. I found my kinsman a worthy and honourable man, and one who made the daughter of an unfortunate sister happy. I was received at his house with open arms, and for the first time during an interval of two-and-forty years, beheld one of my own relations.

On my journey thither, I had the unexpected pleasure to meet³ with Lieutenant-General Kowalsky. This good gentleman was a lieutenant in the garrison of Glatz, in the year 1746, and was an ocular witness when I leaped the wall of the rampart. He had read my history, with some of the principal facts of which he was previously acquainted. Should any one therefore doubt concerning those incidents which I have related of my escape from Glatz, and which, because of the difficulties attending their execution, have been by some, incapable themselves of a like enterprise, supposed incredible, I may refer them to him, whose testimony cannot be suspected.

From Schildsburg, I proceeded to Landsberg, on the Warta. Here I found my brother-in-law, Colonel Pape, commander of the Cotz dragoons, and the second husband of my deceased sister; and here I passed a happy and joyous day. Every body congratulated me on my glorious return into my country, and offered up their ardent prayers for my future felicity.

I found relations in almost every garrison, and was.

almost every where detained. Never did man receive more honourable marks of esteem throughout a kingdom. The general knowledge of my unmerited calamities procured me this sweet consolation; and I were insensible indeed, and ungrateful, did my heart remain unmoved on occasions like these.

Yes, this is my delectable reward—a reward which virtue only can inspire, and which has been bestowed upon me with profusion—a reward which the hatred of the puissant Frederic could retard, but could not prevent; Nature had given me too robust a body—a reward so great, so delightful, so dear to remembrance, that, when put as a counterpoise to the afflictions I have suffered for the space of two-and-forty years, I hold it more than equivalent, and I feel it overbalances them all! My heart glories in its past groans, all my wounds are healed, and, though the scars remain, they remain but the honourable proofs of victory.

Raised by misfortune, I live my country's monument, where many instructive, many exemplary lessons may be read. Remember me, oh, my friends, in the hour of sorrow! relate my story to your children—publish aloud that my bones have deserved to be laid in the sepulchre of my forefathers; and though I am not permitted to rest my white locks on the pillow of repose in my own country—though it may be my destiny to die in the land to which envy, imposture, imbecility, and a thirst of ill-gotten gain have banished me, still let my memory live among you—still let me hope my name shall be held in veneration! To you I leave my children! in them may you behold their father's probity revive—them may you distinguish from the children of those who have suffered nothing for, lost nothing in their country!

In Austria I never can expect a like reception; I am there mistaken; and I feel little inclination to labour at removing mistakes so rooted. Yet even there, as in Prussia, am I by the general voice approved. Yes, I am admired, but not known—pitied, but not supported—honoured, but not rewarded. The powerful are wilfully blind. Yet blind may they remain—I will not grieve.—“Who,” saith Gellert, “is the great man by whom thou art honoured? Say, doth he truly know to estimate merit? Imagine him deprived of titles, his riches lost, his badges of honour gone, and perhaps thou wouldst then condemn his applause; for thou wouldst despise his person.”

When at Berlin, I discovered an error I had committed in the first part of my life. At the time I wrote, having been wrong informed, I believed that the postmaster-general of Berlin, M. Derschau, was my mother's brother, and the same person who in 1742, was first grand counsellor at Glogau, and afterward president in East Friesland. I was deceived: the Derschau who is my mother's brother is still living, and president at Aurich, in East Friesland. The postmaster was the son of the old Derschau, who died a general, and who was only distantly related to my mother. Neither is the younger Derschau, who is the colonel of a regiment at Burg, the brother of my mother, but only the first cousin; one of their sisters married Lieutenant-Colonel Ostau, whose son, the President Ostau, now lives on his estate, at Lablack in Prussia.

I mention this at present for the information of a person who, because I had committed this trifling error, which was caused by my having been absent from my country above five-and-forty years, thence took occasion to persuade the world my history was

all false: having corrected the mistake, I may add, I do not suppose any Derschau has reason to be ashamed of being allied to the family of Trenck, which, for three hundred years past, has intermarried with the most ancient families in Prussia, and which, in the history of the country, has given incontestible proofs of real nobility of heart.

I was likewise deceived in having suspected a lieutenant, whose name is Mollinie, in the narrative I gave of my flight from Glatz, of having acted as a spy upon me at Braunau, and of having sent information to General Fouquet. I am sorry. This honest man is still alive, a captain in Brandenburg. He was affected at my suspicion, fully justified himself, and here I publicly apologize. He was then, and again is become my friend. The person who really gave information to General Fouquet was Captain Nimschowsky, my own cousin, who came to visit me at Braunau, and under the mask of friendship, concealed the traitor.

I have also received a singular letter from one Lieutenant Brodowsky. This extraordinary gentleman is offended at finding his mother's name in my narrative, and demands I should retract my words. Alas! how can I retract the truth—and truth too which cannot be offensive to any person? Menaces never yet could induce me to commit such an action.

My readers certainly will allow the virtue of Madam Brodowsky, at Elbink, is not impeached. Although I have said I had the fortune to be beloved by her, I have no where intimated that I asked, or that she granted improper favours.

Certainly I had no intention of injuring my preceptor, Brodowsky, who had lived in my father's house, and who afterward journeyed to my mother, purposely to

procure me speedy succour. I never meant to injure his honour living, nor his memory dead.

The parents having been my friends, I certainly wish I could oblige the son ; but I never can write that facts, inserted in the history of my life, which have happened to myself, are false or imaginary. A man of understanding will not be angry should another say to him—“Your mother once loved me.” M. Brodowsky, the father, never was jealous, and it is strange indeed that his son should be. I here declare that, with respect to myself, Madam Brodowsky was certainly chaste ; but I also here declare, I have a right to assume some merit to myself. This I think is a sufficient answer to the letter of the lieutenant.

I continued my journey, and arrived, on the 4th of April, at Königsberg, where my brother impatiently expected my arrival. We embraced, as brothers must, after an absence of two-and-forty years. Of all my brothers and sisters I had left in this city, he only remained. He lived a retired and peaceable life on his own estates, fulfilling all the duties of a man. He had no children living. I continued a fortnight in company with him and his worthy wife at Königsberg with infinite satisfaction of heart, and afterward went with him to his country seat, where I stayed six weeks.

Here, for the first time, I learnt what had happened to my relations, during my absence. The wrath of the Great Frederic extended itself to all my family. My second brother was an ensign in the regiment of cuirassiers at Kiow, in the year 1746, when I first incurred disgrace from the king. Six years he served, fought at three battles, but, because his name was Trenck, never was promoted. Weary of expectation, he at length quitted the army, married, and lived on his estate at Meicken, where he died, about three years

ago, and left two sons, who are an honour to the family of the Trencks.

Common fame spoke him a person capable of rendering the state essential service, as a military man, for the soldier's profession was his choice: but he was my brother, and the king would never suffer his name to be mentioned.

My youngest brother applied himself to the sciences; it was proposed that he should receive some civil employment, as an intelligent and well informed man; but the king answered, in the margin of the petition—"No Trenck is good for any thing."

Thus has all my family suffered, because of my unjust condemnation. My last-mentioned brother chose the life of a private man, and lived at ease, in estimation and independence, among the first people of the kingdom.

The hatred of the monarch extended itself to my sister, who had married the son of Waldow, and lived in widowhood from the year 1749, to her second marriage. The misfortunes of this excellent woman, in consequence of the treachery of Weingarten, and the aid she sent to me in my prison at Magdeburg, I have before related. She was possessed of the fine estate of Hammer, near Landsberg, on the Warta. The Russian army changed the whole face of the country, and laid it desert. She fled, with what effects she could collect, to Custrin, where every thing likewise was burnt and destroyed during the siege. The Prussian army itself demolished the fine forests.

After the war, the king assisted all the ruined families of Brandenburg; she alone obtained nothing, because she was my sister. She petitioned the king, who replied—She must seek for redress from her dear brother.

She died in the flower of her age, a short time after she had married her second husband, the present Colonel Pape: her son also died last year. He was captain in the regiment of the Gotz dragoons.

Thus were all my brothers and sister punished because they were mine. Who is she that shall afford retribution for so many tragical events. Could it ever be believed that the great Frederic, like the great Zabaoth, would revenge himself on the children, and the children's children? Was it not sufficient that he should wreak his wrath on my head alone? Why has the name of Trenck been hateful to him, to the very hour of his death. This must ever remain an incomprehensible enigma.

I never would basely kiss the foot that spurned me. When innocent, I sought to avoid being spurned, and know myself guilty of no other crime.

One Derchau, captain of horse, and uterine brother of my mother, secretly addressed himself to the king, in 1753, alleged he was my nearest relation, and feudal heir, and petitioned that he would bestow on him my confiscated estate of Great Scharlack.

The king demanded that the necessary proofs should be sent from the chamber at Konigsberg. He was informed that I had two brothers living, that Great Scharlack was an ancient family inheritance, and that it appertained to my brothers, and not to Derschau.

My brothers then announced themselves as the immediate successors to this fief; and the king bestowed on them the estate of Great Scharlack, conformable to the feudal laws. That it might be properly divided, it was put up to auction, and bought by the youngest of my brothers, who paid the surplus to the other, and my sister. He likewise paid

debts charged upon it, according to the express orders of the court. The persons who called themselves my creditors were impostors, for I had no creditors; I was but nineteen when my estates were confiscated, consequently was not of age. By what right, therefore, could such debts be demanded or paid? Let them explain this who can. Any man might say whatever he pleased, for I was not present to contradict.

The same thing happened when an account was given into the Fiscus of the guardianship, although I acknowledge my guardians were men of probity. One of them, however, was eight years in possession, and when he gave it up to my brothers, he did not account with them for a single shilling.

At present, therefore, the affair stands thus:—Frederic William has taken off the sentence of confiscation, and ordered me to be put in possession of my estates, by a gracious rescript: empowered by this, I come and demand restitution: my brother answers—"I have bought and paid for the estate; I am the legal possessor, have improved it so much, that Great Scharlaek at present is worth three or four times the sum it was at the time of confiscation. Let the Fiscus pay me its real value, and then let them bestow it on whom they please. If the reigning king gives what his predecessor sold to me, I ought not thereby to be a loser."

This is a problem which the people of Berlin must resolve. My brother has no children, and without going to law, will bequeath Great Scharlaek to mine, when he shall happen to die. If he is forced in effect to restore it, without being reimbursed, the king, instead of granting a favour, has not done justice. I do not request any restitution like this,"

such restitution would be made without asking it as a favour of the king. If his majesty takes off the confiscation, because he is convinced it was originally violent and unjust, then have I a right to demand the rents of two-and-forty years. This I am to require from the Fiscus, not from my brother.

And should the Fiscus only restore me the price for which it then sold, it would commit a manifest injustice, since all estates in the province of Prussia have, since the year 1746, tripled and quadrupled their value.

If the estate descends only to my children after my death, I receive neither right nor favour; for in this case I obtain nothing for myself. I shall remain deprived of the rents, which, as the estate is at present farmed by my brother, amount to four thousand rix-dollars per annum. This estate cannot be taken from him legally, since he enjoys it by right of purchase. It will not be the king who, when I am dead, will bestow it upon my children, but my brother, who will bequeath it them by will.

Such is the present state of the business. How the benevolent monarch shall think proper to decide, will be seen hereafter. I have demanded of the Fiscus that it shall make a fair valuation of Great Scharlack, reimburse my brother, and restore it to me. My brother has other estates. These he will dispose of by testament, according to his good pleasure.

Reader, if thou hast noble thoughts, rejoice with me, and from my history learn, that evil itself may convert to good. In the nineteenth year of my age, I lost my fortune, my liberty, my all—honour and fortitude excepted; and these it was not in the power of the despot to take. Two-and-forty years have I lived deprived of my property, two-and-forty years

endured poverty, and even excessive indigence, with the exception of some few intervals, without ever being guilty of meanness: and, in the moment of good fortune, I have been liberal even to prodigality. I often have been deceived, but never was a deceiver. Those who plundered me blush at my name. I walk proudly even in the presence of kings. I write truths without disguise, and my writings find toleration and privilege. I was despised, condemned, rejected, yet obtained, even in the dungeon's depth, than which no man could descend lower, the general esteem and approbation of the worthy.

Thou, great God! hast preserved me amidst my trouble;—the purest gratitude penetrates my heart. Oh, that it might please thee never to let mortal endure what I have endured; or, if so it cannot be, that thou wouldst grant him equal strength to wrestle with woe! Oh, that thou would shield man from arbitrary power, and banish despotism from the earth! Dishonour cast headlong down, and exterminate the enemy of man; and let all prevaricating judges be like mine, reduced to cleanse the streets of filth. Suffer not the hypocritical knave to injure and insult the virtuous. May this tragical narration be a lesson to the afflicted, afford hope to the despairing, fortitude to the wavering, and shake and humanize the hearts of kings!

Joyfully do I journey to the shores of death. My duty is fulfilled, my end attained, tranquillity deserved. My conscience is void of reproach, posterity shall bless my memory, and only the unfeeling, the wicked, the confessors of princes and the impious impostor, shall vent their rage against my writings. My few remaining hours of life shall still be dedicated to the love of men. For my own part, my want

are few. My mind is desirous of repose ; and, should this be denied me, still will I not murmur. I now wish to steal gently, though not wholly unknown, toward that last asylum, whither, if I had gone in my youth, it must have been with colours flying. Grant, Almighty God ! that the prayer I this day make may be heard, and that such may be the conclusion of my eventful life !

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